

테리판

파그마의 후예

MAYA&MARU GAME FANTASY STORY

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Overgeared

– 템빨 –

- Part 5 -

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GLOSSARY OF COMMON KOREAN TERMS

This is a page containing a list of common Korean honorifics and terms that might show up, so I won't have to give an explanation for them.

- Hyung: used by males to refer to an older male. It can be their actual older brother or someone they are close to.
- Hyungnim: more respectful way of saying Hyung.
- Oppa: used by females to refer to an older male.
- Unni: used by females to refer to an older female.
- Noona: used by males to refer to an older female.
- Noonim: more respectful way of saying Noona.
- Ahjussi: a term used for middle-aged men.
- Ajumma: a term used for middle-aged women.
- Orabeoni: more respectful way for females to refer to older males. More commonly used in the older days.
- Abamama: term used by princes and princesses to refer to their father, the king. More commonly used in the older days.
- Omamama: term used by princes and princesses to refer to their mother, the queen. More commonly used in the older days.
- nim: a title of respect. It is usually attached after an occupation.
- ssi: a title of respect. It is usually attached after actual names.
- Sunbae: used to refer to someone older than you who usually goes to the same school or works in the same place as you.
- Hoobae: used to refer to someone younger than you who usually goes to the same school or works in the same place as you.
- Chaebol: Type of family run business conglomerate. Members of that family are often called chaebols.

CHAPTER 161

Seoul Olympic Stadium was opened in 1984 and expanded in 20XX, becoming the world's fifth largest stadium that could accommodate a total of 198,000 spectators.

Currently, this huge arena was filled with many people from all over the world.

『 The opening of the First Satisfy National Competition, which the world has known about for two months, is starting in South Korea. 』

『 The criteria for selecting the participating countries is a 'country with more than 10 top players in the National Competition related quests.' So, it has been decided that 17 countries will participate in the First National Competition. 』

『 A total of 13 users are participating for each country. The team consists of 10 main players and 3 candidates. 』

『 There is a total of 221 athletes participating in the National Competition with an average level of 213, and most of the participants are within the top 500 rankings. However, it is known that some players who showed an outstanding performance in certain events are general level 100 users, not rankers. Reporter Braum is focused on the players, so let's go there together. 』

『 The 221 players from 17 countries will compete intensively in nine categories over the next five days. These categories are PvP, boss raid, labyrinth breakthrough, production competition, pet marathon, siege, target processing, sword drawing and treasure hunting... 』

『 21 of the top 50 users are participating in this competition. This is an unprecedented number of ranker participation, so it's good news for many fans. 』

『 People are disappointed that Kraugel, the no. 1 user, isn't participating, but all of the top five users except for Kraugel are participating. Many people are looking forward to seeing four of the top five in one place. 』

『 Experts predict that the United States will be the champion of the First National

Competition. Among the 17 participating countries, the average level of the United States users is overwhelmingly high. With six players in the top 20 of the unified rankings, it is anticipated that they will acquire medals in all fields without much difficulty. After that, it is expected that it will be Britain and China. However, the country that Pagma's Descendant belongs to will be a variable... 』

『 Our Japan is aiming to enter the top five in this competition. On the other hand, the host country, South Korea, is expected to be at the bottom, since their team is very thin except for Yura. 』

『 It is a miracle that South Korea is included, since the criteria is having 10 top players in the quests related to the National Competition. It seems they are participating as the host country. 』

The major broadcasting companies from each country had been talking about the First Satisfy National Competition for the last few days. The hundreds of broadcasting stations were smiling widely.

The ratings were higher than expected. It was a level where the audience ratings were well beyond the Olympics and World Cup, since people these days were mainly interested in Satisfy. Then the players of the 17 participating countries entered Seoul Olympic Stadium.

‘A country of Taekwondo...!’

The blond man on the British team was Regas. In his teens to early 20s, he became a British national Taekwondo player and always longed to go to Korea. He wanted to see the East, who had created the spirit of Taekwondo. He never had a chance and now he was 26 years old, so he was happy about finally visiting South Korea.

Meanwhile, Jishuka belonged to the Brazilian team and she was constantly staring at the South Korea team.

She was looking for Grid.

She was too busy with managing the guild and leveling up to participate in the competition. She wasn't standing here because of the Brazilian government's urgent request, but because she wanted to meet Grid. She wanted to meet the man who made her heart pound for the first time. But no matter how she looked, she couldn't see him

in the Korean national team.

‘Isn’t his name on the participant’s list? Surely I didn’t come all the way to South Korea only to not meet him?’

And a Spanish player. Pon raised his fingers and received an oath as a representative of the users.

‘I’m sorry to hear that Kraugel isn’t participating... Then I will test my current skills against Zibal.’

For the past four months, the Tzedakah Guild had been raising their level at a tremendous pace with the items that Grid produced for them. Jishuka, Regas and Pon entered the top 15 of the unified rankings, so they were confident.

Korea was the country that Grid belonged to, so Korea could surely enter the top rankings. That was what they thought. However, except for them, nobody was looking at the Korean team. They didn’t need to be conscious of South Korea, who only had sub-rankers except for Yura.

“...Thank you.”

An American man in his early 30s, with long tied up blonde hair, finished reciting the oath.

“Waaaaahhhhh!”

The 200,000 spectators cheered and stomped their feet. The atmosphere was more heated than the Olympics. The competition that would gain the participants honor and money at the same time started.



Fire stone.

It was the name of an ore containing a strong fire.

It had high affinity with the fire attribute, magic swords of the fire attribute could be used as a materials or armor against fire. There was a rare chance of the fire stones dropping when hunting certain bosses.

However, it was a material required to make the Fire Shield that Toban desired.

“Hey Toban.” Grid stared at the production method and materials of the Fire Shield and eventually frowned. “What is your motive for dumping the task of finding the important fire stones on me?”

Toban carefully said, “It is impossible for me to obtain the fire stones with my abilities. That... Minor is a minerals master, so I thought he might be able to find a place to obtain the fire stones.”

“What if he finds them? Do you want me to obtain them?”

“...Please. In order to succeed in the Phoenix raid scheduled in 10 days, the main tanker must have high fire resistance.”

Grid snorted.

“You should’ve realized over the past four months that the Minerals Master skill isn’t universal. Minor is worthless if you don’t provide accurate clues. There are one or two minerals that he hasn’t found. Then what? Fire stones? Do you think that Minor could find a place to collect such rare minerals?”

“Please try it once.”

Grid laughed at the anxious Toban. “Uhh, yes, yes. I will have him try it once. And if Minor finds the location of the mineral, I will go and collect it directly.”

It was because he didn’t think it was possible. Grid spoke with the certainty that Minor wouldn’t be able to find the fire stones location.

Then after a while...

Minor had only been studying for the past four months, despite having a mining talent. He now had an intelligence of 350 and could exert his talent as a Minerals Master. He rummaged through books for half a day before returning with shocking news.

“I have found out how to collect the fire stones from old documents. Fire stones pop up when Hell Gao, the owner of hellfire, emerges from hell.”

“ ... ”

Minor reported it with a spiteful expression. Grid frowned while Toban had a bright expression.

“Fire stones exist in Hell Gao’s habitat? So where does Hell Gao appear?”

Minor informed the excited Toban. “It is a dungeon on Cork Island.”

“Cork Island?”

It was a place located in the South Sea of the Eternal Kingdom. It would take a week to get to the nearest port and ride a boat there, but Grid was different. Thanks to Braham’s Boots, he could use Fly magic and ignore all types of obstacles, allowing him to arrive at Cork Island three times faster than usual.

Toban’s eyes started sparkling.

“Grid! Please!”

“...”

It was troublesome. He made a promise, but he didn’t feel like it.

Toban tried to persuade Grid. “Think about it. Aren’t fire stones a rare mineral that can be sold for money? Won’t you receive enormous profits? And remember what you told me before. You gain a lot of skill experience when smelting new minerals. Yes? Grid, this is a request.”

Toban made a big mistake with Grid in the past. Due to that, he always felt sorry for Grid and tried his best not to ask for unreasonable things. Thanks to that, Grid eventually forgave Toban and now he nodded.

“I understand. Be prepared to pay me a tip.”

“Thank you!”

Toban bowed deeply.

Grid had grown steadily and matured over the past few months, so Toban felt a great deal of gratitude. He respected Grid for giving to others despite having a legendary class, instead of becoming more arrogant.

It wasn't just Toban, but all of the Tzedakah Guild members. There was a saying that a place made a person, and Grid interacted with them very positively. He deserved respect.

"Find out the emergence cycle of Hell Gao."

"Yes!"

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Khan's smithy.

Grid starting making the items again after Toban left. Toban was the chief of staff of the Tzedakah Guild and had access to a vast intelligence network, so it was easy to confirm Hell Gao's emergence cycle.

After a while, Toban returned with a dark expression.

"What is it? Will it be a long time until he appears?"

Toban shook his head at Grid's question. "Hell Gao will appear in two days. If you leave right now, you will be able to arrive at Cork Island in time for Hell Gao's emergence."

"Isn't that great? What's with your expression?"

"Well... Cork Island's dungeon is fully controlled by the Silver Knights Guild. Hell Gao is dominated by the Silver Knights Guild."

Grid shrugged.

"What does it matter? I don't intend to raid Hell Gao, just collect some of the minerals."

"Of course it matters. There are no guilds that will allow an outsider into the zone they control. Since you are acting as a member of the guild, you have to ask for official cooperation or else a guild war might break out."

"Don't you have to give a lot of money when asking for cooperation?"

"It can't be helped."

The Silver Knights Guild was a fairly famous guild. They had over 200 members and the guild master was a Korean user with the ID of Peak Sword, who was ranked 16th. He was one of only two Koreans in the top 100 of the unified rankings.

Their overall power might be lower than the Tzedakah Guild, but they weren't on a level to be trifled with. Grid looked at Toban silently before pulling out a hooded clothing. Then he pulled up the zipper and completely hid himself.

"Can't I sneak in like this?"

[Hooded Zip Up]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 61/61 Defense: 12

* Movement speed will increase by 30%.

* Wind resistance will increase by 20%.

A cloak designed by the legendary blacksmith G. However, the appearance is different from the normal look of a cloak.

Thanks to the sylphid scales being used as the material, affinity with wind and movement speed will increase. You can hide while wearing it, but the stealth will be turned off when an enemy is attacked.

Conditions of Use: None.

Weight: 5

More than 200 years ago, the legendary tailor Kruger made five invisibility cloaks. But now there were only two invisibility cloaks remaining, and the owners were presumed to be royalty or a noble.

The fact that a invisibility cloak was made by a user was unknown to all of Satisfy's users except for the Tzedakah Guild.

"That's right! You have the invisibility cloak!"

Toban's face brightened.

The invisible Grid spoke in a confident voice, "Believe in me. I will sneak in while the Silver Knights are busy with the raid and collect the fire stones."

"Don't relax and be careful."

The worried Toban advised, but Grid had already left the smithy.

"I'm in the mood to travel."

The big city Winston in the north. None of the thousands of users staying there were able to identify Grid who flew in the sky.

CHAPTER 162

The whole process of the National Competition was possible to do inside Satisfy.

But the Korean government invited the players to South Korea for the purpose of attracting tourists and decided to take some events offline, including the opening ceremony. The result was a great success. Since the number of foreign tourists visiting Korea was close to 800,000, the economic effect created was expected to exceed the estimates of the Korean government.

“Thanks to this, the authority of the S.A. Group has risen.”

There were already many countries asking to be selected as the next host for the National Competition. The S.A. Group executives confirmed that the share prices had skyrocketed and made a toast.

“It is a win-win.”

The South Korean government was able to host the National Competition with the support of the S.A. Group, and they achieved high economic growth and gained overwhelming support from the public.

The S.A. Group’s stock prices rose and they could show an overwhelming influence. According to their policy of ‘returning 3.6% of the profits to society,’ the size of their charity businesses could be expanded and the number of poor people who benefited increased.

Rankers received an astronomical amount of money in exchange for visiting Korea, and billions of people around the world were provided with great entertainment. It was ideal for everyone, so it was understandable why they were laughing.

Satisfy was satisfying the world, like Lim Cheolho intended when he named it.

“I feel rewarded.”

Just like the gods created a world where everyone could be happy, the scientist was creating a world where everyone could be happy. Lim Cheolho created a virtual reality world with no limits.

He reached the point where he would leave his name in history as a transcendent scientist.



Cheongdamdong.

“There really are a lot of beautiful ladies. Their slim bodies are to my taste.”

Pon was feeling very good.

Thanks to this National Competition, he got a chance to play PvP with top ranking players, got a lot of money, and was also exposed to Oriental beauties. It was the feeling of walking on clouds.

“Girl, would you like to have a drink with me? I’ll buy you expensive liquor, so spend some time with me.”

Pon was just as handsome as he was in Satisfy, so he was confident as he weaved through the streets. Despite his cheesy words in awkward English, he easily caught women.

Jishuka was sitting at a cafe terrace and was startled at the sight of him.

‘Is that Pon?’ In L.T.S and Satisfy, Pon had never shown any interest in the opposite sex. Except when he was childishly fighting with Vantner, he was an exemplary person who only focused on fighting and levelling up.

Jishuka was embarrassed by his completely different personality in reality.

“I’ve known him for over three years already, but I didn’t realize he was a guy like this.”

Regas smiled at her from where he was sitting beside her and enjoying a parfait, “He’s so busy in Satisfy that he doesn’t have time for anything else, but he can relax as much as he wants in reality. There are quite a few rankers who are experiencing such a phenomenon.”

“A plausible logic... Huh?”

Jishuka nodded and belatedly saw what Regas was wearing.

“What are you? Since when have you been wearing Taekwondo clothing?”

“I was wearing it since coming to South Korea? Jishuka, what? Why aren’t you aware of the attire of a person who has been with you for hours? What are you thinking about that made you so preoccupied?”

Jishuka hissed at him without answering.

“Change your clothes. It’s fine when the three of us are together, but your clothes are very eye catching.”

Buzz buzz.

In fact, there were countless people crowded around Jishuka and Regas. The crowd wanted to get autographs and photos from both of them. But would Satisfy’s top rankers, who made enough money to represent a single company, go without guards? The two people were able to enjoy themselves without worrying about the crowd due to being attended by 10 security guards.

“If I don’t wear Taekwondo clothing in a Taekwondo country, what should I wear?”

“...”

Jishuka was shocked by Regas words and don’t bother trying to persuade him anymore.

“Yes, yes, do your own thing and eat the parfait.”

The way Jishuka saw it, there were two types of men.

Childish or wicked.

‘Grid is childish and wicked...’

Her first impression of Grid was the worst. He was stupid, stubborn, and only cared about big breasts.

However, he started to mentally mature at some point and that wickedness even left after marrying Irene. He was single-mindedly devoted to Irene and wasn’t swayed when he saw Jishuka’s big breasts anymore.

Was it because she witnessed the process of extreme change in real time? One day, Jishuka's eyes were chasing after Grid. After she was saved at a crucial moment in the Bairan battle, she became fully aware of Grid. But the Grid she saw was just a picture in Satisfy. She didn't know how he would look like in reality.

'If I actually meet Grid... I'm afraid he will be like Pon.'

Would she be disappointed? Still, it was okay.

'I'm in South Korea and have a chance to meet him. Yes, I've decided.'

Jishuka stood up. The men shouted as her voluptuous body, hidden by the chair, was revealed.

"I'm going back to the hotel."

"Why all of a sudden? This is the first time you are in South Korea, so shouldn't you go sightseeing?"

"I can come back to South Korea at any time, right now I want to connect to Satisfy."

"That's a good attitude." Regas suddenly looked very motivated as he got up from his seat after Jishuka. "Every moment is essential. Okay! Let's hunt and level up during our free time! In any case, both of us don't have anything on the tournament schedule today."

"You can level up alone. I am going to connect to ask for Grid's home address."

Regas questioned her, "Home address? Are you going to go there? Isn't it possible to naturally meet Grid if our schedules overlap? Isn't his ID on the list of participants? Why do you need to go visit his home? It's bad manners."

"Grid didn't even participate in the opening ceremony. Maybe he won't show up at all in this competition."

Jishuka hurried away after saying this.

'She is quite different from usual.'

He didn't know why. Regas shrugged and followed behind her with the bodyguards.

“Wait.”

Pon was about to enter a store with five beauties when he noticed Jishuka and Regas.

‘Are they going to level up?’

Rankings could fall quickly if a person was careless. Wouldn’t his playing time shrink significantly in Korea? Pon’s vigilance awakened as he left the beauties and followed the two people.



“Pant... Pant... I’ve finally arrived.”

He flew, drank potions, flew again, descended when his potion cooldown time wasn’t over, flew again and repeated until Grid reached Cork Island.

‘The good thing is that my persistence stat rose.’

He had flown for 46 hours without stopping, so his stamina had been exhausted several times. He had been tempted to rest a few times, but he didn’t want to miss Hell Gao’s spawning time. It was a hard journey that exceeded a triathlon, but he endured and was able to arrive at this place on time.

‘I feel good.’ He felt a tremendous sense of accomplishment. It wasn’t a material gain, but the sense of accomplishment was comparable to making a high rated item. ‘The sense of fullness I feel when I exceed my limits... Is this the reason why people climb mountains or do a marathon? I should climb the mountain in front of my house tomorrow.’

Grid flew in the sky with a refreshed expression. He looked over the island.

“Good city.”

Cork Island was one quarter the size of Jeju Island. It wasn’t a small island and the climate was mild, so the city built in the center of the island was very developed.

‘This is a level similar to Bairan... The population of the island should be in the tens of thousands? Aren’t there a lot of useful hunting grounds and specialties?’

Grid descended to the ground and entered the city. Thanks to the Hooded Zip Up, he didn't need to check in and could naturally emerge in the crowd. Then he stopped at a restaurant just before Hell Gao's dungeon in order to fill up his hunger.

"Turtle and whale meat? I've never tried it. Is it delicious?"

The restaurant owner confidently gave Grid a recommendation.

"Of course it's delicious. It is a delicacy to eat turtle and whale at the same time. You should try it."

He asked NPCs questions and responded the way they wanted in order to build up affinity. The most efficient way to built up affinity with a merchant NPC was to buy a lot of their merchandise.

The warrior Grid didn't know even these basics. He built up affinity by interacting with them for a long time. But Grid now had a strong colleague called Huroi. For the several months after the sylphid scales incident, he spent a lot of time with Huroi and learned how to build up affinity with NPCs.

"I believe in you and will try the turtle and whale meat. Please give me a plate of turtle and whale meat... Yes! Just give me the food that represents this island! Let's eat double portions today!"

"Ohh, a broad-hearted young man! Okay, I understand! I will bring you well-cooked duck!"

Grid liked grilled dishes, stir-fried dishes, fried foods and hot pot. But most of the food in the north of the Eternal Kingdom was steamed food, which didn't fit Grid's taste.

'Since I've moved to the north, I haven't felt the fun of eating food for a while...'

The menu of the restaurant on Cork Island was mainly fried and grilled dishes.

'I will eat until I'm satisfied!'

Grid drooled as he waited for food. Then the owner brought out the food. Due to Grid's high stamina and persistence stats, his stomach was huge and he could eat a lot. The restaurant owner's eyes widened as he saw Grid emptying the food.

“Eating enough food for three people at once... Great.”

‘In this case...’

What would Huroi do now? Grid thought before saying with a smile.

“I’m not usually like this, but your excellent cooking made me overeat.”

“Haha...”

Grid’s high dignity gave a sense of oppression to the target, but it could also inspire liking in them. Wasn’t it natural for him to give off a charming and polite atmosphere? The owner of the restaurant was instantly fascinated by Grid.

“You look like a traveller, so why did you come to Cork Island?”

‘I have succeeded.’

Grid responded to the owner’s curious and favorable eyes, “I came to see the monster who is the owner of hellfire. Can you tell me where the dungeon is located?”

“No, are you talking about Hell Gao?” The restaurant owner was aghast. “The dungeon he appears in is located in the north of the city... No, I can’t understand it. Why do you want to see him? Isn’t it an act of suicide?”

“Is he that strong?”

The restaurant owner trembled and explained.

“He is the demon who ruled this island perfectly and fed on my ancestors. Legend has it that the number of people sacrificed to him was in the thousands... One day, Muller appeared and turned his body to ashes, but Hell Gao still occasionally pops up because his soul can’t be sealed. The residents are nervous every day that he will be completely resurrected and will turn this island into a living hell.”

There were too many ambiguous words.

‘Is this the precursor to a quest? Surely he isn’t going to ask me to seal Hell Gao’s soul that even Muller couldn’t seal?’

It was ridiculous. The restaurant owner gave some advice to Grid, who was belatedly regretting it.

“The demon’s black flame is hotter than the jade flames of most demons, so you must be careful. If you go to ‘Ellen’ who lives on the south side of the city and say that I sent you, she will paint your armor with fire stone dyes... Before going to Hell Gao, I recommend that you meet Ellen Halmand to increase your fire resistance.”

“Dyes made from fire stones?”

Grid was interested and immediately rose from his spot. He asked the restaurant owner in detail for the position of Ellen’s house and headed straight there.

“Come in.”

Ellen was a kind person. She heard his situation and gladly welcomed Grid. Then she pointed to the large basin in her backyard.

“It isn’t that great, since it is a dye made from the fire stones. I just dip the fire stone in water mixed with my own recipe.”

“Ohu...”

The big basin contained one fire stone the size of a baby’s fist. But that one small fossil turned all the water in the basin red. Ellen explained to Grid, “It isn’t just a color change. Armors or clothes dyed with this will obtain increased fire resistance because they are tinted with fire.”

Grid pulled out the Holy Light armor and gloves.

“The material of the gloves are cloth, so they can be easily stained. But this armor is made of mithril, can it be dyed?”

Ellen easily nodded.

“Fire stones are the symbol of fusion... They can mix with anything.”

As expected of a rare mineral used in magic items.

‘My status immunity means I can’t be burned, but this can prevent additional damage

caused by the fire itself. Braham's Boots are black so the red color will match well with it... Good.'

Grid politely asked. "Can you please dye this armor and gloves?"

Ellen easily nodded. "I understand. I will dye it well if you pay me 500 gold."

"...Huh?"

Grid thought that Ellen was a hidden NPC. He believed it was an opportunity to get free benefits because of his affinity with the restaurant owner. Yet she was asking for money? As Grid was feeling confused, other users started to arrive at Ellen's house.

"Are you Grandmother Ellen? I heard about you from the grandmother at the grocery store."

"I heard about you from the blacksmith. You can increase my fire resistance?"

Grid looked at this and quickly realized.

'The tip that the restaurant owner gave me wasn't special.'

Ellen wasn't a hidden NPC. She was a mere trader, and the Cork Island residents were skilled at soliciting customers for her.

'The world is truly tough.'

Grid pulled out 500 gold with trembling hands. It wasn't bad to think of it as 500 gold to give extra options to two items. He couldn't know the numerical value of the additional options.

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“Here it is.”

Grid paid 500 gold and took out the Holy Light Armor and Holy Light Gloves from the inventory. He handed them over to Ellen and respectfully said, “Please add fire resistance to these.”

The two parts combined would have a 20% fire resistance, so this was an investment with huge benefits. Ellen smiled warmly at the expectant Grid.

“Hoho, I’ll dye it beautifully. Huh?”

Ellen was amazed as she received the armor and gloves. Her sagging eyes, that couldn’t bear the weight of the years, widened.

“How is this possible...?”

Ellen had been dying things since she was 15 years old, and she was 71 this year. Over her 56 years as a dyer, she had dyed many different types of clothes and armor of various colors. However, this was the first time she saw such a great white armor.

“A perfect harmony... I wondered if a better armor than this exists? So beautiful... The blacksmith who made this armor probably isn’t a regular person. Is this the skill of a master who surpasses dwarf craftsmen?”

Grid felt interested as he saw Ellen’s admiration.

‘This grandma’s eyes are more discerning than normal.’

Trust started to fill him. A person with this level of insight would surely dye his items well.

Ellen showed high motivation, “I will do my best not to ruin these wonderful armor and gloves.”

The Holy Light Armor covered the neck, shoulders, chest, waist and right arm. The Holy Light Gloves were several layers thick and had gold thread embroidered near the

wrist. It was a glamorous embroidered pattern that looked elegant. If the embroidery was dyed red as well, the armor and gloves would become too monotonous. Therefore, she had to do this work as delicately as possible.

Chwaack. Chwaack.

Every time the white gloves were immersed in the fire stone dye, they became a pale pink. As this process repeated, the pale pink became a dark pink and then gradually became a strong red. But surprisingly, the gold embroidery was preserved because not a single drop of dye touched it.

‘Great skills.’

Grid observed the work without missing a single thing. Following the gloves, the armor was dyed.

1 hour, 2 hours, 3 hours.

It took a considerable amount of time, but Grid didn’t lose focus until the end. He didn’t want to miss an opportunity to observe the craftsmanship of other fields.

[Insight has increased by 10.]

[Your dexterity has risen.]

[You have learned a little bit about how to dye cloth and paint metal.]

The Holy Light Armor and Gloves were reborn with a dark red color. Grid read the pleasant notification windows and Ellen smiled brightly.

“Please check it.”

Grid received the armor and gloves from Ellen and examined the details. Then he was delighted.

‘It’s better than I expected!’

The armor had 19% fire resistance and the gloves had 7% fire resistance. It was great

that Ellen gave new options to legendary items for just 500 gold.

“I will use it well.”

Ellen was grateful to the truly delighted Grid. “Thank you for giving me the opportunity to dye such an excellent armor and gloves before I die. Thanks to you, I have achieved a higher level. Now, please wear it.”

Ellen led Grid to the large full body mirror on one side. Grid didn’t delay in front of the mirror as he wore the armor and gloves. Then he marvelled at his own appearance.

‘I look much cooler.’

The Holy Light Armor was a legendary item made by Pagma. Despite the metal material, it was custom made and perfectly suited the lines of the wearer. The problem was that the color was pure white. Like many Asians, Grid had yellow skin and dark hair, so the pure white clothes didn’t suit him. The Holy Light Armor looked more awkward than cool. But now the red armor became a good match for Grid’s skin and hair.

Ellen’s eyes shone as she praised, “Very cool! I want to transfer your image to a picture frame!”

She wasn’t exaggerating. The harmonization of the black boots with the dark red armor and gloves with gold thread was a level that anyone would admire.

‘Is this really me?’

Everyone dreamed of looking nice. It was the same for Grid. However, he was despised because of his unimpressive appearance, and the shameful experiences significantly contributed to his personality.

Grid was no longer ugly.

‘...I’m not ugly.’

Grid closely observed his appearance in the mirror for a long time. Unlike the past where he always shrank back, his eyes were full of confidence and his shoulders were broad. His face had fattened, suiting the skeletal frame. From an objective point of view, he looked much better than before.

The armor looked so good that he wanted to take a photo.

‘But there is a little something missing...’

It was like a flaw in the jade. There was no gold embroidery on the lower part of his body, so it looked very monotonous. Grid thought it would look twice as nice if this part was supplemented, so he looked at Ellen. She was moving to greet the next guest.

“Pavranium.”

Grid spoke in a small voice. Then a fantastic sight was seen. Seven blades around 15cm long, 8cm wide and 3cm thick silently appeared and floated around him.

“Join together.”

Grid imagined the shape that the pavranium should form and ordered. Then the seven blades gathered together. The finished appearance was a thin sword around 1m in length. Grid made it like a wave or snake that could move to the left and right, then he fitted it onto the ring-belt that protruded near the tail of the armor.

“Kill.” The blade-like tail extending under the red armor was threatening, giving him a frightful feeling like a devil. “It is completely to my taste.”

Grid was making a happy face when he heard Toban’s voice.

–Grid, have you arrived at Cork Island? Hell Gao will appear in exactly one hour. Please take care, and I hope you find the fire stones.

Grid left Ellen’s house. He was conscious of people’s eyes as he released the armor and answered.

–Believe in me.



Cork Island was the largest of hundreds of islands in the Eternal Kingdom and was abundant in resources. The scenery was beautiful and countless guilds coveted the island.

The Sakura Guild was particularly ambitious. The guild considered only of Japanese

right-wing extremists. They wanted to put a flag on Cork Island because it looked similar to Takeshima Island which 'Korea was illegally occupying.'

When the war between the Alliance and the Yatan Church broke out, the Sakura Guild took this opportunity.

"We will join the Eternal Kingdom's army and gain enough achievements in order to receive Cork Island as a reward!"

The Sakura Guild's plan was successful. The Sakura Guild participated in the war, gained high contributions and got a chance to receive something from the king. They hoped to become the owner of Cork Island.

But forces barred their way.

It was the Silver Knights Guild, led by the 16th ranked Peak Sword. Most of the guild members, including Peak Sword, were Koreans, and they confronted the Sakura Guild because they wanted to 'stop the insane Japanese people who can't tell virtual reality apart from reality.'

The two guilds had similar contributions in the war, so the king couldn't easily determine the owner of the island. Both guilds had to fight for a long time. In the end, the Silver Knights Guild won. The average power of the Sakura Guild was higher, but thanks to the success of Peak Sword, the Silver Knights Guild could win the war and became the owner of Cork Island.

The sword and shield, which was the original symbol of the guild, changed to the three-legged raven four months ago. The Silver Knights Guild became one of the large guilds that represented Satisfy.

Their next goal was the Hell Gao raid.

'We can grow much faster if we clear the Hell Gao raid. We can nurture Korean rankers based on items dropped by Hell Gao.'

Despite the request of the South Korean government and Yura, he didn't participate in the National Competition this year. Peak Sword was more familiar than anyone else that South Korea couldn't obtain a good ranking in the competition, even if he participated.

‘But it will be different starting from next year.’

He would foster Korean rankers and regain Korea’s reputation as powerhouses in games! After the extreme patriotism war with the Sakura Guild, Peak Sword resumed the Hell Gao raid that he had already failed five times.

“Over the past month, we have become stronger and invested our money wisely. Now we will surely be able to take Hell Gao. Have courage and let’s defeat Hell Gao!”

“Ohhhh!”

The 4th floor of Cork Island’s dungeon.

It was 10 minutes until Hell Gao emerged. He encouraged the morale of the 200 elite guild members, but this morale wasn’t maintained for long.

Five minutes later.

Hell Gao’s emergence was near, so tension and anxiety started to appear on everyone’s faces.

“Four minutes left!”

They clearly remembered Hell Gao’s strength. Could they really beat that monster? They couldn’t help questioning.

“Three minutes left!”

After three minutes, Hell Gao would appear and this place would turn into a sea of fire. Some of them would die just due to the flames.

“Two minutes left!”

A hot heat started to slowly fill the room.

‘Shit.’

Peak Sword wanted to encourage everyone, but he was afraid. He was clearly reminded of the overwhelming appearance of Hell Gao, who was shrouded in flames and wielded a staff.

‘Are we still lacking the power to defeat him?’

It might be different if the power of the top 10 rankers were added, but he couldn’t help thinking that this expedition would fail with their current strength. However, the guild’s best ranker couldn’t show his weakness, so Peak Sword endured it.

‘Do it. We can do it. We are strong!’

Peak Sword steadied his heart and took various buffing potions, with the others following him. It was at that moment.

“One minute left... Eh? Intruder! There is an intruder!!”

“What?”

All of the guild members’ eyes headed towards the entrance. A young man had entered. It was unusual because he was covered by a cloak, with no armor or weapons visible.

‘Did he break through the defensive troops downstairs?’

Was it a highly trained assassin? No. An assassin wouldn’t openly reveal themselves in a place like this.

‘Grid?’

Peak Sword pondered on the name above the head of the black haired youth. However, no matter how much he looked through his memory, it was an unfamiliar name.

‘He isn’t a ranker?’

Peak Sword glanced at his companions, but they all shook their heads.

‘A non-ranker coming all the way here. Pathetic.’

Peak Sword came to this conclusion and warned the youth with a frown.

“This is an area controlled by the Silver Knights Guild. I don’t know how you managed to reach this point but if you don’t want to die, go back.”

“My stealth suddenly disappeared. Was it because I was detected by Hell Gao?”

The young man ignored Peak Sword’s warning and threw off his cloak while talking to himself.

“Ohh!”

There were exclamations from every direction. The appearance of the armor rapidly being equipped on the body of the youth was quite cool. It was an elegant blend of red, black and gold. The particularly unique point was the one meter long tail that stretched from the vicinity of the tailbone. It was sharp like a blade, and amazingly moving on its own.

“W-What, that armor?”

“It’s terrific... Unique grade?”

It was the first time they had seen such armor, so the guild members struggled to hide their interest. Peak Sword raised his voice, “That isn’t important right now! Why aren’t you throwing him out right now?”

Hell Gao would soon appear. Then no one would be able to escape from the dungeon. They had to deal with the outsider before that. The moment that the guild members interested in the armor tried to carry out Peak Sword’s order,

Kuwoooooh!

[Hell Gao, the owner of Hellfire has appeared.]

[Hell Gao’s roar has applied fear, chaos and debilitating effects.]

[Hell Gao’s fire reduces heat resistance by 50%.]

[Fire pillars have risen to cover you.]

“Kuack!”

“Hiiik!”

Due to the silent flames that surrounded the whole area, half of the guild members fell into a dying state, or were burned to the point where they couldn't even be recognized. Barely half of the people standing were able to hang on. Peak Sword was surprised at the notification window that popped up.

'I raised my fire resistance to 86%, but to still receive this degree of damage...!'

They would fail again. As Peak Sword was feeling despair, he suddenly doubted his eyes. The unknown young man with the ID of Grid. While the others were surrounded by flames, he alone was moving forward. He moved freely like he wasn't affected.

"H-how...? Heok?"

Peak Sword fell silent as he witnessed a ridiculous scene. As Hell Gao ran amok and slaughtered the guild members, the young man pulled out a pickaxe. Then he headed to the wall and started swinging the pickaxe?

Kaaang! Kaaang!

The young man swung it with good form and complained as he wiped off the sweat.

"Ugh, hot! Isn't the labor getting worse? Why does this mineral only appear when the boss mob is present? Based on this, I might have to visit a dragon's lair with my pickaxe!"

At that moment, a hot wind emerged from the staff that Hell Gao waved and hit the young man. Peak Sword expected the young man to receive huge damage and collapse. But unbelievably, the young man only suffered minor injuries.

'A huge defense power...! A guardian knight?'

"Excuse me, Mister." The youth stopped his pickaxe for the first time and turned his attention to Peak Sword. Then he said with an irate expression. "Why are you just standing there blankly? It's hot, but it will just get hotter."

What was he seeing now?

Peak Sword belatedly regained his spirit and asked, "How can you be fine?"

The young man replied like it was obvious.

“It’s the item effect.”

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

The tail on the young man’s armor moved by itself and fought against Hell Gao’s staff. Peak Sword couldn’t close his mouth as he gaped at the sight.

‘W-what is this...?’

He belatedly recalled that there were a few high level users who didn’t register their names in the rankings. They liked to play the game like hermits in a martial arts movie.

‘Is he one of those people?’

While Peak Sword was feeling suspicious, Grid couldn’t focus on his pickaxe anymore because of Hell Gao and opened his inventory. Then he pulled out the +8 Dainsleif.

“Hey, you monster. I don’t want to fight you, so don’t bother me and go away.”

Over the past four months, Grid had repeatedly disassembled, reassembled and repaired Dainsleif dozens of times, raising his understanding to 90%. He held the pickaxe in his left hand and wielded Dainsleif with his right hand.

Kwang!

Hell Gao defended against the attack, but he was pushed back a few steps. The flames grew bigger and he seemed to be at a loss. The members of the Silver Knights Guild, including Peak Sword, were speechless.

CHAPTER 164

‘Hell Gao, who didn’t move when the top three damage dealers of the guild attacked simultaneously...’

‘Pushing him back with one shot?’

‘What is that attack power?’

‘What is that tail that defended against Hell Gao’s attack?’

‘Why is he still holding the pickaxe...?’

It was an unbelievable and monstrous sight. The Silver Knights Guild, included Peak Sword, were confused at the sight of Grid.

‘I thought he was a tanker because of his high defense, but his attack power is actually higher?’

There were several classes with excellent balance. But balance-type classes had a chronic problem. It was that they didn’t excel in anything. However, both Grid’s attack power and defense were unreasonable.

‘He must have a hidden class. In addition...’

Grid’s words revolved around Peak Sword’s head. Item effect. Item effect. Item effect... Item...

‘...It really is the power of his items.’

In Satisfy, items could be enhanced up to +10.

However, the price of the enhancement stones was expensive, and the higher the enhancement value, the lower the probability of the enhancement succeeding.

In addition, if the enhancement was successful, the enhancement value would be +1. But if it failed, it would be -3, so the chances of ordinary users owning high enhanced equipment was like picking stars from the sky. Most rankers were using +7 items,

while the +8 or higher items were for the rich or fortunate.

However, Peak Sword belatedly realized that Grid's sword was surrounded by a deep orange light that was like the sunset. It was a +8 enhanced item.

'So he is a high level hidden class, rich, and lucky?'

Grid frowned at Peak Sword's expression.

"...What is your expression?"

It wasn't a coincidence that a big shot came here. Peak Sword was alarmed and started to feel doubts.

"You look like a Chinese or Japanese person. Did the Sakura Guild send you?"

Grid had the typical appearance of a Northeast Asian. Korea and Mongolia were countries weak in Satisfy, he judged that a bigshot couldn't be hiding among the Koreans or Mongols. Therefore, this person must be Chinese or Japanese. But the answer that came back was amazing.

"Sakura Guild? I didn't even know there was such a guild. Above all, I am South Korean."

"South Korean?"

The guild members started murmuring.

"There is such an amazing person among the Koreans..."

"Apart from Yura and Peak Sword hyung-nim... South Korea has another prominent figure."

"Kya~~! As expected from South Korea!"

Most of the members of the Silver Knights Guild were patriotic. They were the type of people who always asked 'Do you know Kimchi?' when they met foreigners. So they were glad to hear that Grid was Korean.

"We are Koreans like you!"

“I realized it while watching you! The Korean’s game DNA is still great!”

“I am proud that a great person like you is a Korean citizen like us!”

“Quiet!” Peak Sword calmed down his excited guild members and glared at Grid. “If you aren’t commissioned by the Sakura Guild, why did you come to disturb us?”

“Disturb?”

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

Grid was shaken as he drew Hell Gao’s aggro.

“Disturb? Is what I did a disturbance? Rather, I helped you.”

“What help? You barged in on another person’s raid!”

“What?”

Grid felt angry at Peak Sword’s words. Then he threw down his pickaxe and grabbed Dainsleif with both hands.

“Ridiculous humans! I will burn you to the soul!”

Hell Gao waved his staff while shouting and a heat storm struck. Grid started dancing.

‘Pagma’s Swordsmanship...’

“Become ashes!”

Kuwaaaaaang!

The materials in the area were melted and a hot wind blew over Grid. Then Grid’s dance finished.

“Kill.”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

It was truly an overwhelming sight. The big sword was surrounded by red and black

and pierced Hell Gao's heart with a huge momentum.

"Kuheok...!"

There wasn't one person who failed to notice that Hell Gao's face shrouded in flames was disturbed for a moment.

Hell Gao fell down and scattered blood like lava, while Grid spoke to the astonished Peak Sword. "I'm sorry that I barged in on your raid but honestly, if it wasn't for me, wouldn't you guys be dead to that monster by now? The only reason I got involved was because that annoying bastard attacked me first. I didn't actually do anything?"

His words weren't wrong. But that didn't mean Grid's behavior could be rationalized.

"I acknowledge that part. But the fact that you intruded doesn't change. How can we proceed with the raid while you are watching? Would you be able to if you were us? What if you hit our backs while we are in the middle of the fight?"

Grid snorted. "If I wanted to hit your backs, I would've done it earlier. Isn't that right?"

That's right. The guild was in trouble when Hell Gao appeared. But Grid was fine. At that time, the guild would've met a disaster if Grid had attacked.

"U-Um..."

It was evidence that Grid wasn't an enemy. However, he was still disturbing. Grid had completely stabbed a wedge of doubt in Peak Sword.

"In the first place, I didn't come here for that monster. Fire stones." Then Grid placed Dainsleif back in his inventory. Then he picked up the pickaxe and headed towards a firestone again. "I have no intention of interfering, so please ignore me and go on with the raid."

"..."

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Peak Sword no longer felt motivation as he looked at Grid.

'...He isn't an opponent that can be overpowered, so let's ignore him.'

They could deal with this when it was over. Peak Sword ignored Grid and started concentrating on the raid. Then the guild members quickly surrounded Hell Gao, who was on the ground. Grid glanced at them and clicked his tongue.

‘Do you really think you can raid that monster? It’s useless.’

The current Grid couldn’t measure Hell Gao’s combat strength.

‘That monstrous bastard, he was hit by Kill and didn’t even lose one-tenth of his life.’

Hell Gao was a monster that Muller couldn’t seal perfectly, and he was very strong. Grid speculated that he was a boss monster several degrees stronger than the Awakened Guardian of the Forest.

‘He is a monster that I can’t win against, even if I take advantage of my invincible passive. It’s better to avoid him.’

Grid’s judgment was correct.

Most users didn’t know the details of the demon-related episodes yet, but Hellfire’s Master Hell Gao was the 9th strongest among the 33 great demons of Hell and had members of the demonkin like Balak as subordinates. It wasn’t good to associate with him.

‘Hurry.’

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Grid’s pickaxe speed accelerated. He planned to use the time while the Silver Knights Guild was striking Hell Gao to mine the fire stones. That behavior was the problem. What was the reason why the fire stones always appeared with Hell Gao?

It wasn’t a coincidence. The fire stones were the source of Hell Gao’s power. Hell Gao needed the help of the fire stones to appear in the human world. A human kept trying to mine it, so Hell Gao couldn’t leave it alone.

“This damn human!”

Peeeeeeong!

Hell Gao released a black fire that burned the Silver Knights Guild and headed towards Grid.

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

The pavranium moved to protect Grid. However, it was impossible to completely block Hell Gao's attack with the present pavranium, which was attached to the armor and restricted in action.

Grid experienced a flash of heat every time the staff was wielded.

[You have suffered 2,930 damage.]

[You have suffered 3,190 damage.]

'How rotten... I've raised my fire resistance, but I've still received this much damage.'

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Grid took a potion to restore his health and quickened the pace of his pickaxe. He tried to ignore the attacking Hell Gao behind him.

'Just a bit more...!'

Five more swings would be enough to obtain one fire stone. Grid patiently relied on only pavranium to defend and Hell Gao's anger reached the peak.

"Stop right now!"

Kwaang!

Hell Gao's body was covered with blame flames, increasing the heat.

Kaang!

Hell Gao's attack power became stronger. The pavranium was hit by it and temporarily stiffened.

‘This is bad...!’

Hell Gao’s staff aimed at Grid’s side just as there were three swings left to obtain the fire stone. Grid tried to defend with a shield but it was already too late. At that moment, Peak Sword came forward.

“Draw Sword, string.”

Peak Sword stood 2m behind Hell Gao. He pulled out the sword at his waist so quickly that it was difficult to follow with the eyes. Then there was a sharp flash and blood spurted from Hell Gao’s neck.

“Kuooh!”

Hell Gao’s gaze angrily returned to Peak Sword.

“Insolent!”

Hell Gao approached Peak Sword and waved his staff. Then Peak Sword placed his sword back in its sheath.

“Sheath Sword, breadth.”

Kwaang!

Just before Hell Gao’s staff fell towards Peak Sword. A powerful wave of sword energy exploded around Peak Sword, causing Hell Gao to retreat. Peak Sword spoke to Grid with a grim expression.

“You are Korean and helped us once. With this, the debt is paid.”

Subsequently, the Silver Knights Guild started their onslaught.

“Die, you monster!”

“This time we’ll kill you!”

The Silver Knights were a highly trained guild. The qigong masters suppressed Hell Gao’s heat, while the damage dealers attacked Hell Gao without getting injured. It was a pincer attack they could unfold due to the experience challenging Hell Gao, but the

problem was that Hell Gao was too strong.

“This doesn’t even itch!”

Hell Gao ridiculed before launching flames in every direction. It was the inevitable fire AOE magic. In order to suppress the force of this, the qigong masters controlled the mana in the air while the magicians built water barriers. The momentum of the flames wasn’t suppressed at all and directly evaporated all the water at the water barriers.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

This caused hot steam to occur. Peak Sword and the knights defended with their weapons or shields, while the qigong masters and magicians used magic. However, everyone except for Peak Sword turned into grey light.

“What!?”

Sword Peak realized it the moment he received more than 100 messages about his guild members’ deaths.

‘This is impossible.’

The Hell Gao raid? It was a pipe dream. He had been confident about the guild’s power over the last month, but they were just pests in front of Hell Gao.

‘It was my mistake for not accurately measuring Hell Gao’s strength...’

He felt sorry for the guild members wiped out because of their foolish master. It was the moment that Peak Sword lost hope in his dream of fostering enough Korean rankers to play a role in next years National Competition.

He flopped down.

“Kukukuk.”

Hell Gao emitted a hot breath as he laughed and approached. He aimed his staff at Peak Sword who lost all his men and all hope. At that moment.

Kaaang!

[A fire stone has been acquired.]

Grid finally obtained a fire stone. At the same time, the black flames around Hell Gao's body noticeably weakened.

And.

Ttaak!

[You have suffered 4,200 damage.]

"...Eh?"

Peak Sword survived despite being hit by the staff. Both Peak Sword and Hell Gao were shocked.

'Weaker?'

It wasn't an illusion. Hell Gao had rapidly weakened. An awkward atmosphere flowed.

"Transcended Link."

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

20 blue and white energy blades flew and hit Hell Gao.

"Kuaaaaak!"

Blood spurted in every direction like boiling lava. Hell Gao let out a terrible scream of pain. Then he belatedly discovered the fire stone held in Grid's hand.

"You dare...! I will kill you!"

Pisik.

“Can you do it?”

Grid laughed before squeezing the blue sword that was reminiscent of a predator of the sea.

Peak Sword was surprised twice.

The first reason was that he figured out Grid was Pagma’s Descendant who appeared in the battle of Bairan several months ago. The second reason for his surprise was the white light around the blue greatsword.

“A +9 item?”

“Take this pickaxe.” Grid threw his pickaxe towards Peak Sword, whose mouth was gaping open. Then he explained to the puzzled Peak Sword. “Hell Gao’s weakness is the fire stone. The more fire stones that are collected, the weaker he will be. So collect the fire stones while I block him.”

This was it. Peak Sword’s expression darkened, “I understand what you’re saying. But I didn’t acquire the mining skill. It will be hard for me...”

“Don’t worry. Anyone can mine with that pickaxe.”

“...?”

Grid spoke confidently. Peak Sword was curious and checked the details of the pickaxe.

[Fantastic Pickaxe]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 155/219 Attack Power: 107

- * The chances of acquiring advanced minerals will increase by 10%.
- * The chances of acquiring the highest grade minerals will increase by 5%.
- * The skill ‘Intermediate Mining Technique’ Lv. 3 will be generated.

A pickaxe made by the legendary blacksmith G.

With this pickaxe, even a five year old child can collect high quality iron ore.

User Restriction: Level 200 or higher.

Weight: 45

“...”

“Why are you just watching?”

Hell Gao wasn't a fool. He couldn't let the humans touch the fire stones anymore, so he tried to get rid of the injured Peak Sword first. However, Grid wouldn't quietly let him do that. He detached the pavranium from his armor and aimed at Hell Gao's head with his fingers.

“Go.”

Chwachwachwachwachwa!

The combined pavranium separated into seven blade-like shapes. Then they spread out and attacked Hell Gao from different angles.

“Kuooh!”

Hell Gao missed Peak Sword. He lifted his staff and resisted the seven blades, but they couldn't be destroyed no matter what.

‘No, what is this...’

Peak Sword thought it was absurd. It felt like a feast of items kept appearing.

Item effect.

The words Grid said when he first appeared popped into Peak Sword's head. Then Grid prompted him, “What are you doing? Go and mine the fire stones.”

“Ah, y-yes... That... Yes...”

The 16th ranked Peak Sword, it was the first time he challenged mining since starting

Satisfy. And it was the day that Hell Gao, the master of hellfire, met the strongest enemy after the great sword saint Muller.

CHAPTER 165

Syuok! Syu syu syu syu syuk!

The seven golden blades simultaneously aimed at his eyes, cheeks, head and chin. The speed was equivalent to Memphis, who was the fastest in hell, so the demonkin would be unable to react.

But Hell Gao was one of the 33 great demons, so he didn't think of it as a threat.

'The human might be skilled at throwing, but this is just at the level of a pest.'

He drew a small circle with his staff.

Chaeeeeeng!

The seven blades didn't reach the target and scattered all over the place. However, they didn't fall towards the ground. Instead, they flew up again and attacked Hell Gao.

'Huh?'

Hell Gao was amazed. He thought the seven golden blades had been thrown by the human in red armor, but they were moving by themselves?

Kaang! Kakakang!

The golden blades that continued flying at Hell Gao were annoying. He decided to destroy them and firmly hit one with his staff. However, the blade was fine and didn't even get one scratch. It stiffened for a while before moving again.

'Outstanding durability. Is it adamantium? But why are they moving on their own?'

Fast and solid gold blades! They weren't controlled by magic, so how did they move by themselves? They didn't tire, and gave Hell Gao a feeling of pressure.

In the end.

"Get lost!"

Hell Gao released hot wind all over the place. The golden blades were pushed by the wind pressure and could no longer approach him.

“Come back.”

The human in red armor watched from a distance and gave them orders. Then the golden blades flew to him and started to rotate around him.

‘What a bizarre artifact.’

Hell Gao opened his mouth.

“I never dreamed in my thousands of years of existence that I would have a question for a human. Those blades, what are they? They have a durability comparable to the god mineral adamantium and they move by themselves? Why is an ordinary human carrying something like this?”

“Ordinary human?” The human in red armor, Grid, grinned at him. “You still think I’m ordinary?”

“What?” Hell Gao spoke cynically. “Kukuk! You only barely managed to wound this trash body! So what, you think that you are special?”

Hell Gao was the 9th strongest of the 33 great demons, but this was only applicable to hell. After being sealed by Sword Saint Muller 150 years ago, he had to borrow the body of a demonkin every time he appeared in the human world.

In other words, Hell Gao’s current body wasn’t originally his and he couldn’t exert his true strength. Grid was arrogant just because he managed to damage Hell Gao a little bit, so Hell Gao couldn’t help snorting.

“I know that you are a fairly strong human. But you aren’t particularly special.” The black flames around Hell Gao’s body flashed. “I only recognize the man called Muller. You’re just a trivial existence who can’t even reach Muller’s toes.”

Grid remarked, “Ah, Sword Saint Muller? Wasn’t he the one who turned your body into a rag in the past?”

Hell Gao’s eyes narrowed.

“What’s so funny?”

The smiling Grid kindly explained to him. “I am in the same class as Muller. It’s laughable that you can’t see that. Well, today you will die again.”

Hell Gao thought it was so absurd that it was funny.

“Kuhahahaha! This crazy person is talking nonsense!”

Sword Saint Muller was such a great figure that he broke Hell Gao’s common sense, who had lived for thousands of years. He was a mortal who transcended a great demon. His swordsmanship was enough to cut through the flames of hell, making them look like sheep.

In comparison, Grid was just plain. Grid was stronger than a normal human, but he was no match for Muller.

“A person who puts himself in the same class as Muller, he really doesn’t understand... Huh?”

Hell Gao stopped laughing as his gaze turned to a corner of the dungeon. Thanks to the golden blades, he had missed the other human. That human was aiming the pickaxe at a fire stone. It was Peak Sword. The 16th ranked Peak Sword, who was a fearful person to some and a target of respect for others, was challenging the act of mining for the first time.

Hell Gao was furious.

“I don’t like this pair!”

He was able to bring four fire stones to the human world from hell. He lost a quarter of his magic power when one of them was taken. He couldn’t allow another fire stone to be mined.

Kuoooooh!

Hell Gao ran while the dark flames wrapped around his body like a cloak. His target was naturally Peak Sword. He wanted to smash Peak Sword’s head and destroy that pickaxe. But his path was blocked by Grid.

“Where are you going during our conversation?”

Grid attacked while talking.

Chaaeng!

Hell Gao's arms shook after he defended against the blue greatsword with his staff.

‘It isn’t just that I’m weaker. He has grown stronger.’

Grid spoke to the somewhat shaken Hell Gao. “Of course, my current skills aren’t even one-hundredth of Sword Saint Muller’s skills. But it isn’t a lie that I am in the same class as him. I am also a legend.”

“Legend?”

Hell Gao spoke in a confused voice. Grid wielded a master weapon that had been enhanced to +9, and his utilization of it was already at 100% after several months of experience.

Jjang! Jjejejeok! Jjejeong!

Pagma’s Swordsmanship (Lv.2) increased physical attacks by 30%, critical hit rate by 20% and critical damage by 10%. The power of the +9 Failure combined with Pagma’s Swordsmanship was truly beyond imagination! Grid’s power brought confusion to Hell Gao.

‘This guy, the attack power in one blow...!’

Kwang!

“Kkuk!”

Hell Gao defended against the attack with his staff, and eventually threw up. A red light shone in the black flames and Grid grinned, revealing his white teeth.

“Can you feel it? This is strong enough to fill up the difference in abilities.”

“You...!”

Hell Gao finally felt alarmed. The man in front of him, he wasn't a master of swordsmanship like Muller was. His comprehensive physical abilities were far below Muller's.

But.

'Strong.'

Why was he so strong? Hell Gao's suspicious gaze was fixed on Grid.

'It's that greatsword.'

He had lived for thousands of years, but he had never seen a weapon like this blue greatsword. Hell Gao trembled. The golden blades that moved by themselves and this powerful greatsword, how did the man in front of him gobble up such powerful items?

'Does this person have the treasures of the gods?'

Hell Gao could no longer take it easy and needed to fight with all his strength. Hell Gao made a decision and shot out hellfire.

Peeng!

The flames that wouldn't fade away once they started burning hit Grid. Hell Gao confirmed that Grid's chest was burning and burst out laughing.

"Kuhahaha! It's useless even if you jump into the sea right now. Once the hellfire has started burning, it won't fade away until the target has been turned to ashes!"

Hell Gao didn't doubt that Grid would become ashes within seconds. However...

"It turned off?"

Grid waved a few times and the hellfire was extinguished.

"What!?"

How did you turn off hellfire like it was a match fire? It was the moment when Hell Gao's common sense that 'hellfire will never go out' was broken in his thousands of years of living. Yes, the last time his common sense was broken was when he met

Muller 150 years ago.

‘It isn’t a lie that he is in the same class as Muller...!’

Hell Gao felt a chill and reflexively took a step back.

[You have suffered 4,800 damage.]

[The black fires of hell have attached to your body. The flames won’t turn off until your body is turned to ashes.]

[You will receive 2,000 burn damage per second until death.]

[You have resisted.]

Grid felt pleasure as he confirmed the warning windows and started a dance. White light moved around the blue greatsword, like a shark swimming in the sea.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Link.”

The muscles that squeezed during the dance were released at once. At the same time, the greatsword moved explosively. 17 blue and white energy blades sped through the air at a terrible speed before compressing the air.

“...”

It was quiet.

Kaaang!

Only the sound of Peak Sword swinging the pickaxe was heard. Hell Gao had doubts.

‘What?’

Perhaps it was a vain attack? And.

Susuk.

The 17 strands of energy were drawn around Hell Gao’s body. This was followed by 17

sharp waves.

Pipit! Pipipipit!

The air that was compressed simultaneously exploded. At the same time, 17 wounds appeared on Hell Gao's body.

"Kuaaaak!"

Hell Gao belatedly screamed. It wasn't a missed attack. This was the true dignity of the sword of light, Link. It was the moment that Grid, who raised his stats and level to 246 during the past four months, perfectly reproduced one of Pagma's sword techniques.

"Didn't I tell you? I am also a legend."

Grid was even more impressed.

"T-This guy...!"

Hell Gao's body started wobbling. Before the fire stone was collected and Hell Gao was in perfect condition, a fatal strike barely decreased his health. Now he lost more than a tenth of his health the moment he was hit by Link.

Grid was convinced.

'It is enough to fight.'

Kaaang! Kaaang!

The sound of Peak Sword's pickaxe was heard non-stop from the rear and Grid felt more courageous. Then from a corner of his field of view, Hell Gao's staff came flying.

Peeok!

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have suffered 7,930 damage.]

“...Kuk!”

Grid was perfectly hit by the staff that moved between the rotating golden blades. Hell Gao shouted while chanting a spell.

“You aren’t Muller!”

That’s right. He wasn’t Sword Saint Muller. One strike from his sword had caused Hell Gao’s limbs to fall off. It was true that Grid’s weapons covered his deficiency, but it couldn’t be denied that he was very lacking compared to Muller.

Chaaeng! Chaaeng!

The seven golden blades moved briskly to contain Hell Gao, while protecting Grid at the same time. But Hell Gao was in complete combat mode and was very fast and powerful.

Jjejeong!

The golden blades that Hell Gao struck were stuck in place for two seconds and then,

Peeok!

Hell Gao’s staff moved flexibly, avoiding the other golden blades and striking Grid’s abdomen.

[You have suffered 3,550 damage.]

‘Damn! It hurts!’

All of Grid’s armor had been enhanced to +6. He had to spend a tremendous amount to enhance Failure up to +9, so he had to be satisfied with this much for his armor. But after many tests, he thought that his current defense was enough.

A month ago, he had faced the Awakened Guardian of the Forest and found his defense quite bearable. However, Hell Gao’s attack power was too strong.

‘This is after he was weakened by having the fire stone mined...!’

Peeok! Peeeeok!

[You have suffered 3,590 damage.]

[You have suffered 3,480 damage.]

[You have suffered 4,900 damage.]

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have suffered 7,700 damage.]

The chances of a critical hit were tremendous high. There was one critical hit in every three blows. Hell Gao’s basic damage was also tremendous. His crazed behavior restrained Grid’s actions. Grid barely survived with one-third of his health and fought back with Failure.

Kwang!

Grid used the repulsive force generated by the collision with the staff to open a distance, then he used a skill.

“Wave!”

A blue and white wave spread out around him.

[You have dealt 18,500 damage to the target.]

[The target’s attack speed has reduced.]

Hesitation.

Hell Gao’s overwhelming momentum that Grid couldn’t overcome was noticeably reduced. Grid counterattacked a few times during this gap while shouting to Peak

Sword.

“No, this damn guy! You still haven’t mined one fire stone?”

Peak Sword was frustrated, “I told you that it is my first time mining! I don’t know the tricks!”

“Ah, it’s frustrating!”

“...”

Hell Gao was the master of hellfire, while Grid was the first legendary class. There was such a large difference between Peak Sword and them, and he was frustrated at not proving his reputation as 16th on the unified rankings.

Grid explained to Peak Sword. “Take a good look around the fire stones! There is a part around the root where the ground will be weak, attack that place...!”

“Shut up.”

Pepepepeng!

Hundreds of spheres of hellfire flew. Grid took out the Divine Shield and defended with it and the golden blades.

Teook!

Hell Gao struck the ground with his staff. He leapt using the rebound and landed over Grid’s shoulder.

Puuok!

The golden knives mercilessly stabbed Hell Gao. But he couldn’t stop Hell Gao’s actions. Hell Gao grabbed Grid’s head with both hands and shouted.

“If you can’t burn then I will crush you!”

“...!”

Peeng!

Black flames emanated from both of Hell Gao's hands and swirled crazily.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

"Kuhahahahaha!"

Even a rock would quickly be turned to sand from this heat, let alone Grid! Hell Gao laughed as he anticipated flesh and brains to splatter everywhere. He didn't see it. Grid pulled out a blue ring and put it on his finger.

"Okay?"

"Hahaha...! Huh?"

The voice of the man who should've died was heard perfectly. As Hell Gao was surprised, Grid used Blacksmith's Rage and cut off both of Hell Gao's hands with the +9 failure.

[Critical!]

[Failure's option effect is activated, causing the skill 'Bisect' to be generated.]

Seokeok!

[You have dealt 46,940 damage to the target.]

[You have cut both wrists of Hell Gao, the master of hellfire. Hell Gao's actions will be limited and his attack power and attack speed will be greatly reduced.]

"Kuaaaack!"

Hell Gao's terrible screams echoed in the wide dungeon.

Grid smiled wickedly.

"This is the second round."

Grid had accumulated a lot of combat experience and he learned how to take advantage of Doran's Ring. For example, he would wear the ring when the enemy used a powerful skill.

This maximized the effect of Doran's Ring and the Holy Light Armor. On the other hand, Hell Gao's health was reduced by three-tenths after Grid consecutively used Kill, Transcended Link, Link and Wave.

Then just in time.

Kaaang!

"Yes! Success! I gathered a fire stone!"

Peak Sword, who had been playing Satisfy for a year and a half, felt the pleasure of mining for the first time.

"Kuk...! You guys...!"

The black flames around Hell Gao's body lost more momentum. Grid didn't doubt it. The second round would be a KO win.

CHAPTER 166

Kaaang!

[A fire stone has been acquired.]

While Grid was struggling with Hao Gao, Peak Sword successfully managed to mine the fire stone.

‘I did it!’

The red stone that clung deeply to the ground emerged, causing Peak Sword to feel a tremendous joy. It was like managing to pull out a fat lump accumulated in his nose for many years! Was it like pulling out the roots?

“Yes! Success! I gathered a fire stone!”

He played Satisfy for a year and a half, endured all types of trials, gained experience and earned the 16th rank on the unified rankings. He was able to raise his level through hunting, raiding a powerful boss or fighting against hostile forces. Now his eyes were opened to a new way of enjoying the game.

‘I felt so much pleasure the moment I extracted a mineral. Should I learn the mining skill?’

Peak Sword felt a serious sense of accomplishment and waved the fire stone at Grid.

“How about it? Didn’t I do well?”

Grid raised his thumb from where he was confronting Hell Gao. “Well done.”

“Ohh!”

It was amazing. He felt good about receiving praise from that guy. Peak Sword was laughing when he suddenly frowned.

‘No? What am I doing right now?’

He was 16th in the unified rankings and the master of the Silver Knights Guild, yet he was wagging his tail like a dog for someone at least 10 years younger than him?

‘Wake up.’

He became more excited than necessary after realizing that the first legendary class, Pagma’s Descendant, was a Korean. Peak Sword calmed his heart and watched Grid and Hell Gao. Grid looked relatively fine, while Hell Gao was wounded. He even had both hands cut off.

‘Amazing.’

The monster who slaughtered 200 Silver Knights members with an average level of 140 was being pushed back?

‘The dignity of a legendary class...’

He recalled the battle of Bairan, which caused an uproar in the world four months ago. One of the most powerful groups in Satisfy, the Tzedakah Guild, had been pushed on the defensive by the Yatan Church.

At the time, Peak Sword and his guild members gathered in a pub and predicted that the Tzedakah Guild would be wiped out. The Yatan servants Neberius and Balak were overwhelmingly strong, and were also superior in numbers, so the Tzedakah Guild seemed to have no hope.

Then a man suddenly appeared. He overturned the balance by throwing armor to Vantner, a weapon to Toon, and using the skill ‘Pagma’s Swordsmanship’ against Neberius. Peak Sword felt his blood boil and the people filling the pub cheered in unison. It wasn’t an exaggeration to say that the whole world was buzzing at that moment.

After the battle was over.

Pagma’s Descendant might be armed with powerful items, but the public mocked him for having weak control. However, Peak Sword thought differently. Pagma might be an excellent swordsman, but he was fundamentally a blacksmith. It was right that Pagma’s Descendant took advantage of his class traits to arm himself with excellent

items. He expressed his strength in a manner appropriate for him.

And now.

The Pagma's Descendant that he met was making good use of his class characteristics. His armor and weapon were estimated to have a legendary rating, there were the fraudulent seven blades that moved on their own, and the ring that seemed to have a recovery skill. His control skills were still bad, but thanks to the power of his items, he was strong enough to be compared to a ranker.

But Hell Gao's strength was endless. He lost both hands, but he continued his onslaught against Grid. Peak Sword hurriedly swung his pickaxe again.

'Hurry. I still need to collect two fire stones.'

Grid was the new hope for South Korea, a country weak in Satisfy. Peak Sword wanted to help Grid in this raid. Grid grew so fast, that one day he would enthrall the Korean people. However, he still a lot of mountains to cross to reach that point.

"Begin the mining!"

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Peak Sword found a new fire stone and swung his pickaxe. At that moment, he was Peak Pickaxe, not Peak Sword.



"I'm worried... Worried."

Bairan Village Castle's resting room.

The Tzedakah Guild's chief of staff, Toban, was anxious. The guild members who returned after hunting or work frowned at him.

"What happened? You have no spirit."

Toban, who was grabbing his head, carefully opened his mouth. "Grid went to mine fire stones..."

“What about Grid?”

“...He told me to believe him twice.”

The first time was before leaving for Cork Island. Then there was one time after arriving at Cork Island. He clearly said it two times.

Kwaduduk!

Toban broke his nail from worry. And the guild members were in great shock.

“Grid...”

“He said to believe in him, twice?”

“Huh, that’s the worst.”

It was after the Yatan’s massive raid was prevented. Grid spend most of the four months afterwards making items, and produced a total of 142 items. Out of those 142 items, 25 were normal rated, 84 were rare, 30 were epic and 3 were unique.

Was it simply bad luck, or the operator’s agenda as Grid claimed?

In the early days of joining the guild, Grid had a relatively high probability of making high rated items and even produced two legendary items. However, he had been in a slump for the last four months.

The items he produced had a 20% higher performance than normal items, so even the rare rated items were good, but the guild members couldn’t help feeling disappointed. In particular, the guild members who received normal items shed tears of blood. A legendary blacksmith ended up creating normal rated items? Their disappointment couldn’t be expressed.

Then they noticed something that Grid said every time he produced a normal rated item. It was ‘Believe in me.’ Grid said it every time he believed he would produce a legendary item. So when the guild members heard the words ‘Believe in me,’ they assumed the worst. In fact, it always produced the worst result whenever he said it.

But he said it again this time...

“Believe in me...”

Three fire stones were needed to produce the Fire Shield. Could Grid really collect three fire stones? It seemed like it might not happen. Toban was sad. His ominous feelings almost always came true.

The other guild members also expressed disappointment.

“If he fails to make the Fire Shield... Should the Phoenix Raid be delayed for the next time?”

“That’s probably the case. It is unlikely for the raid to succeed if the main tanker can’t hold on.”

It was a solemn atmosphere. After being armed with Grid’s equipment, they were strong enough to easily raid the Awakened Guardian of the Forest. Now it was possible to raid higher level boss monsters.



The 4th floor of Cork Island’s dungeon.

Jeurereuk.

There was a steady stream of blood from Hell Gao’s severed wrists.

Chiik!

There was smoke and an unpleasant smell as the blood touched the ground. Grid blocked his nose and suggested, “Why is a bad smell coming from your blood?”

“Shut up!”

Hell Gao’s body was suddenly full of wounds. The body of an advanced demonkin was weaker than Hell Gao thought. In addition, the second fire stone was taken, so Hell Gao’s magic power was weakening. More than half of the black flames that symbolized his power had turned to jade.

This was bad.

'I am going to suffer a disgraceful loss to a human again...!'

He thought that only Sword Saint Muller was special. But Muller had died over 100 years ago, and now a special human had appeared again. As other demons said, the potential of the human species couldn't be ignored.

'I will be ridiculed in hell if I lose to humans again.'

He couldn't give up yet.

"I will surely kill you!"

Hell Gao shouted and wielded his arms. Then he covered Grid with the blood pouring from his severed wrists.

[You have suffered 1,850 damage.]

[You have suffered 1,790 damage.]

'Damage is inflicted just from a drop of blood? This damn monster!'

The confused Grid flinched while Hell Gao burned his wounds with his blood. Then he made an expression of enormous hatred.

"I will take your soul to hell and make you my slave forever!"

Kwa kwa kwang!

Hell Gao changed the way he fought. He used his staff as his primary weapon when he had both hands, and hellfire as a secondary attack. Now that he lost both hands, he could only fight as a magician, launching hot winds and hellfire.

Pepepepeng!

"Ugh!"

Grid tried to avoid the flames. He wasn't able to easily approach Hell Gao. Hell Gao thought.

‘Yes, he’s a swordsman, so I have the advantage when fighting at a distance.’

Hell Gao was two times weaker than when he first appeared. But by human standards, his magic power was still infinite. He kept generating hellfire at 0.3 second intervals and fired continuously, looking like a laser gun that ran on solar energy.

“Come and burn to ashes!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Three rays of fire that flew in a straight line! Grid was constrained by his air being obstructed and hurriedly tried to avoid it. Then the pavranium moved.

Chwachwachwachwachwa!

The seven blades gathered in front of Grid and took the shape of a triangular shield.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The golden shield collided with the flames. The shield stiffened and fell to the ground, while the hot winds hit the body behind it. Hell Gao aimed at the heart of the floundering Grid and declared.

“You shall soon die.”

Kwaaaang!

[You have suffered 3,900 damage.]

[You have suffered 4,150 damage.]

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have suffered 8,870 damage.]

“Ohh!”

Flop!

Grid lying on the ground was hit. He was very confused.

‘I was sure the 2nd round would be a KO win after I cut off his hands. Rather, he was more comfortable to deal with when swinging his staff.’

Hell Gao had certainly weakened since Peak Sword took the fire stone. The damage from hellfire had noticeably fallen. But he was still strong. His strength couldn’t be measured.

‘I have to narrow the distance...’

He could use Transcend to attack from a distance. But unfortunately, Transcend only lasted for 30 seconds. He had to save this means of attack as a trump card, so it was better to approach and attack.

However, Hell Gao controlled the hot wind while simultaneously launching the hellfire, so a method to narrow the distance didn’t easily appear.

Hwaruruk!

The wounded Grid was unable to properly control his body and fire spheres appeared around Hell Gao. Hell Gao completed 30 spheres in flash and burst out laughing.

“Kuahahaha! This is the end!”

Pepepepeong!

The 30 spheres simultaneously attacked from different orbits. It was practically impossible to defend against all the fire spheres with only seven blades.

‘I have to take some damage.’

Grid judged and threw three darts from his belt.

Pepepeng!

A fog spread out in the spot where Grid was standing. Then the 30 spheres hit the fog and exploded in unison.

Kwaaaaang!

“Ugh!”

Peak Pickaxe who was swinging his pickaxe in the corner... No, Peak Sword, fell down. It was because a huge explosion shook the dungeon. Peak Sword turned in the direction of Grid and his expression hardened.

The fog cleared and revealed the point of explosion. Grid couldn't be seen at all.

“It can't be...”

Had he turned into a grey light after suffering from that attack?

“This can't be...!”

Peak Sword was frustrated. Hell Gao was delighted and laughed like crazy.

“Kuahahaha! That cockroach like man has finally been turned into ashes!”

Human flesh was weak, and couldn't be unharmed after being bombarded with 30 hellfire spheres. Grid was armed with excellent armor and received the protection of the golden blades, but there was a limit. Hell Gao was convinced that Grid had died.

However...

“...What!?”

The laughing Hell Gao suddenly looked back. The center of the dungeon. Hell Gao was the only one standing there after Grid became ashes.

“...Pagma's Swordsmanship.”

Grid pulled down the zip of his Hooded Zip Up and slowly appeared. Hatred and killing intent towards Hell Gao, one of the 33 great demons of hell, circled around the blue greatsword.

“Kill.”

Puooook!

A large wound was carved on Hell Gao's false body.

CHAPTER 167

Exactly 24 seconds ago.

‘Damn.’

Grid stiffened as he saw Hell Gao create dozens of black spheres in an instant. Could he withstand the huge bombardment of spheres that did 3,700~4,200 damage each?

‘29, 30... Surely he doesn’t intend to throw them all at once?’

The flames shot by Hell Gao were fast and explosive. If 30 spheres were fired at once, it was almost impossible for Grid to completely defend or avoid them.

‘In the worst case, I might need to rely on my invincible passive.’

He thought realistically and changed his mind about concentrating on defense.

‘I heard that a crisis is an opportunity.’

Pepepepeng!

Grid concentrated on the 30 fireballs. He saw a face that was a mixture between a monster and a male human face. A thick smile could be seen on Hell Gao’s bizarre face beyond the flames.

‘That monster, he will be off guard because he’s certain that he won.’

Grid had been through countless battles and was aware of the moment of greatest weakness. He decided to boldly confront Hell Gao rather than react timidly to the current crisis.

‘If I assume that I can’t rely on the invincible passive, it’s wiser to fight back rather than defend.’

This was a chance to overcome the crisis.

In his low level days, he had face the knight Leo of Winston. During his middle level

period, it was Malacus and the Guardian of the Labyrinth. After that, it was Shay's party, the pope, the Awakened Guardian of the Forest, and Neberius.

Grid had faced all types of enemies, so his eyes sharpened.

'I have to take some damage.'

Pepepeng!

It was good if simple fog or poison fog was generated, not so good if it was an explosion. Hell Gao's vision needed to be blocked. Therefore, he prayed while throwing Kenen's darts and fog appeared.

'It is good.' Grid smiled with satisfaction and commanded the pavranium. 'Protect me as much as possible.'

The seven golden blades moved at his command. They defended as the 30 black fireballs penetrated the fog.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The golden blades showed superior mobility, but it was impossible to defend against all 30 fireballs. Some fireballs broke through the barrier of blades and hit Grid.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

[You have suffered 3,870 damage.]

[You have suffered 3,920 damage.]

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have suffered 8,100 damage.]

"Ugh!"

He used the Divine Shield to minimize damage, but the areas that could be shielded were limited and his health fell sharply.

Gulp gulp. Grid hastily drank a potion and wore the Hooded Zip Up.

Suuuk.

The Hooded Zip Up perfectly reproduced the unique function of the invisibility cloaks made by the legendary tailor Kruger. As explosions occurred in rapid succession, Grid's body became completely invisible.

And.

"Kuahahaha! That cockroach like man has finally been turned into ashes!"

Grid equipped the Ideal Dagger and used Quick Movements to run towards Hell Gao at a fast pace. The weakened Hell Gao's detection ability was very different from when he first appeared.

[You have been detected by Hell Gao, the master of hellfire.]

[Stealth has been turned off.]

"...What!?"

Hell Gao detected Grid once the distance was narrowed to 3m, and the stealth was released.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship."

Grid had already summoned the red lightning bolt to surround Failure, used Blacksmith's Rage and hit Hell Gao's heart with his strongest skill.

"Kill!"

Puooook!

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 538,000 damage to the target.]

The red lightning, Blacksmith's Rage and the +9 Failure showed overwhelmingly dominant damage. Hell Gao's health gauge, which had lost three-tenths of its health, now fell to half. But Grid was disappointed. He was disappointed because neither the '5 Joint Attacks' skill attached to the Holy Light Gloves or Failure was activated.

'If both had been activated and there were 10 strikes, I could've killed him...'

It was a pity, but it had already passed. Grid was successful in approaching Hell Gao, so he shrugged his disappointment off.

"Cough! You bastard...!"

Hell Gao suffered damage that couldn't be overlooked anymore. His face stiffened as he sensed the danger.

Chwaack!

Grid twisted Failure that was in Hell Gao's chest and declared.

"Now it is your turn."

As the battle continued, the cooldown time of all his skills except for Transcended Link had ended. He just used Kill, but he still had Link left.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link!"

Pipit! Pipipipipit!

Grid skillfully used Pagma's Swordsmanship, and dozens of energy blades appeared.

[The level of Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link has increased.]

[Your damage will increase. The number of times a target is hit will increase by 5 times.]

[Link Lv. 3]

A dazzling sword dance that is like the wings of a butterfly.

Deals 1,100% of your attack power to a single target.

Skill Usage Conditions: Have a sword type weapon equipped.

Skill Mana Cost: 500

Skill Cooldown Time: 100 seconds

It had been five months since he killed the pope. After that, he used Link hundreds of times, and the level finally rose. Grid smiled joyfully and Hell Gao's face distorted horribly.

"Kuaaaack!"

[You have dealt 154,600 damage to the target.]

Hell Gao had been weakened two times, but 150,000 damage wasn't enough to kill him. Hell Gao recovered his poise and fired flames all over the place at Grid.

"Where are you aiming?"

Grid got as close to Hell Gao as possible. He used Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave to cancel out the flames. Then he subsequently used Restraint and made Hell Gao unable to do anything for three seconds.

'Looking back, the fusion of Transcended Link was only possible after Link reached level 2.

Grid's brain rapidly spun at this moment. He stepped towards Hell Gao who was shrinking back from Restraint, and triggered two skills in succession.

'Now that Link is level 3, is it possible to combine it with other techniques?'

He would give it a try. First, it was an attempt at fusion with the most anticipated Kill. If that didn't work, he would try it with Wave.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship...!"

Grid started to dance and killing intent once again gathered at the end of the greatsword. Meanwhile, Hell Gao escaped from the influence of Restraint and summoned a flame in his left hand and hot wind in his right hand, then he combined the two forces together.

‘It is a technique that I can’t stand again.’

Hell Gao fired the attack in a straight line.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The ground burned and the whirlwind of flames hit Grid. Then Grid’s dance finished.

“Kill, Link.”

If these skills failed to combine, Grid’s current health would fall and his invincible passive would activate.

‘Please...!’

It was less than a second. Grid hoped that the fusion of Kill and Link would be successful, and Hell Gao hoped that Grid would die.

And.

Kwajak!

Grid’s Failure collided with the whirlwind of flames. The flames were swallowed up by Failure, while the light around the greatsword became more intense than before.

‘I did it!’

Grid was delighted. It succeeded.

[The new skill fusion has succeeded.]

[Fusion skill ‘Linked Kill’ has been created.]

[Your intelligence has increased by 10 due to the successful fusion of a new skill.]

[Linked Kill]

It is a sword dance that combines hatred with the dazzling flapping of wings.

Due to the weight of Kill, the dazzling style is reduced, but the strength of Kill is overpowering.

A minimum of three to seven blows will be randomly generated that will deal 1500% damage per hit (the current damage of Kill -300%).

* This skill doesn't share a cooldown with Kill and Link.

* Please note that your stamina will be depleted if there are seven strikes.

Skill Mana consumption: 90% of the maximum mana.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.

It was a skill where the power of Kill was weakened.

It might not have compared to when 5 Joint Attacks was triggered with Kill, but the big advantage was that three strikes were always guaranteed, while it wasn't certain that 5 Joint Attacks would be triggered.

Duguen! Duguen!

Grid's heart beat wildly from joy. The first Linked Kill crushed the power of the fire whirlwind.

Jjejeong!

'He still has that much power left?'

The current Grid was clearly injured. Nevertheless, he unfolded powerful attacks in succession, so Hell Gao was forced to feel confused.

'Is he human?'

A tenacious vitality. Indeed, he was similar to Muller. Hell Gao was forced to

acknowledge Grid as the blue greatsword penetrated through the remnants of the flames.

[You have suffered 215,000 damage.]

The second blow.

[You have suffered 219,800 damage.]

The third blow.

[You have suffered 214,600 damage.]

The fourth blow.

[You have suffered 220,100 damage.]

The fifth blow.

[You have suffered 218,700 damage.]

The sixth blow.

[You have suffered 219,200 damage.]

The end? No. Was it like a Chinese restaurant offering good service when it was just opened? Even if he ordered one bowl of jajangmyeon, they would give a second bowl for free as a service. Grid received a lot of service for his success in a new skill fusion.

[Failure's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated.]

A notification window constantly popped up as Grid's attack hit Hell Gao.

[You have dealt 1,057,300 damage to the target.]

[Failure's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated.]

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 2,230,900 damage to the target.]

“...!”

Hell Gao couldn't even scream. The black flames around him turned to jade and were then extinguished. The strongest skill was used and the option of the strongest item was activated, meaning Grid drove Hell Gao to death in an instant.

He once again told the kneeling Hell Gao.

“I am in the same class as Muller.”

Pisik.

Hell Gao nodded for the first time, “I admit it.”

He saw and felt this human called Grid grow in battle. He would eventually follow Muller's course.

“I lost. I will put off my purpose of ingesting the souls of humans to increase my

strength for the moment.”

Hell Gao admitted his defeat. The body of the demonkin was destroyed and turned to fog.

At the same time,

Pepeng! Pepepeng!

The two fire stones that hadn't been mined yet exploded at Hell Gao's disappearance.

“T-The fire stones?”

Peak Sword panicked because he had been so busy watching the battle that he forgot about mining. Grid was looking at the notification windows and didn't see him.

[You have defeated Hell Gao, the master of hellfire, who seizes human souls.]

[Memphis' Egg has been acquired.]

[118,411,132 experience has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has...]

He gained 11 levels at once. Now Grid was level 253. It was a level comparable to the top 300 rankers, but it was still the lowest among the Tzedakah Guild. Furthermore, the reward was a strange item.

“In the end, only two fire stones were mined... It's big damage.”

Hell Gao was the most powerful boss he had ever met. Grid didn't receive enough rewards for the effort he put in, and he flopped to the ground in disappointment. His stamina was depleted and it was difficult to even lift one finger.

Peak Sword ran up to him. "Are you okay?"

"Am I okay?" Grid frowned and glared at Peak Sword. "What will you do if I'm not okay? Will you give me the fire stone you mined?"

"Of course." Peak Sword confidently replied and pulled out the fire stone he obtained. "I will give this to you."

The value of the fire stones were so high that it was difficult to price them. But Peak Sword's life and ranking were saved by Grid, so this was his way of showing gratitude.

"I need one more..." Grid grumbled as he grabbed the fire stone. "Sigh... I tied Hell Gao up for 10 minutes, so how did you only obtain one fire stone in that time? Perhaps your level isn't good enough... It is pretty pathetic."

"..."

Peak Sword was 16th on the unified rankings.

CHAPTER 168

Reality and Satisfy.

The 16th ranked Peak Sword had built a successful life in both worlds.

‘There is someone who actually treats me like this... Grid, you’re the first man since I went to the army 17 years ago.’

Peak Sword couldn’t adapt to Grid’s treatment of him. But he didn’t feel bad. He was ecstatic on the drug called patriotism and Grid seemed beautiful, no matter how he acted.

“Were there any good items?”

“Not at all.” Grid pulled out an egg. “This is the only thing that dropped. I didn’t even get one silver.”

“A bean?”

“It’s an egg.”

“What? That’s an egg?”

Peak Sword was surprised. The size was two times smaller than a quail egg, and it looked more like a bean or small bead. Grid shared the details of Memphis’ Egg.

[Memphis’s Egg]

Memphis’ egg.

Weight: 1

Peak Sword frowned.

“Hah... It’s really an egg? If so, is this a pet egg?”

Hell Gao, the master of hellfire was a formidable adversary. The item he dropped couldn't be ordinary. Peak Sword didn't doubt that a monster with the name of Memphis would hatch. But Grid thought differently.

"Do you know what a memphis is?"

"No? It's the first time I've heard of it."

"Look. It's impossible to grasp what type of pet it is."

Satisfy's pets gave their owners various effects. In rare cases, there were pets that increased the amount of experience or drop rate of items, so the users' interest in pets was very high. South Korea broadcasted several Satisfy pet related programs, so Grid knew the basic information about pets.

However, the name Memphis was unfamiliar.

Even more.

"If this is a pet, there should be a hatching method in the item description."

Grid had a point. All pets had a brief explanation of the hatching method. However, Memphis' Egg didn't describe how to hatch it. Rather, it only had a short description of 'Memphis' egg.'

"Even if you are right that it is a pet, it's useless if I don't know how to hatch it."

Peak Sword agreed, "That's right. Even if that bean is an egg, it looks like you'll never see what is inside."

Grid frowned and put Memphis' Egg back into his inventory.

"I'll ask the guild members to research the identity of the egg."

"I will also use my network to find out."

"Thank you."

Grid didn't have any expectations. This egg was more likely to be a cooking ingredient than a pet.

‘Considering that Hell Gao is such a strong guy... Eating it might be similar to an elixir that permanently raises my stats.’

For ordinary users, elixirs that permanently raised stats were very rare. But in the case of production class users like Grid, they didn’t feel a huge need for elixirs because producing items raised their stats.

‘That damn Hell Gao. He should’ve dropped equipment instead of this.’

Didn’t the pope drop three legendary items, despite being much weaker than Hell Gao? Grid had been hoping that Hell Gao would drop legendary items. But the reality was the worst, so he felt down.

‘I don’t know exactly what the item is, so I can’t sell it.’

As he lay on the floor and looked up at the ceiling, Peak Sword held out a hand.

“Get up. I want to invite you to my castle. You can eat delicious food and rest there.”

Grid questioned him, “Why are you acting so favorable towards me? Are you hoping for something? I didn’t lie about the item dropped by Hell Gao. I can’t give you anything.”

“I don’t want anything. Didn’t you save my life? I’m just grateful for that.”

“But didn’t I steal your guild’s prey as a result? You must be angry.”

“In the first place, it was a battle that we couldn’t have succeeded with our strength. So I don’t feel like it was taken away. It’s true that you walked into an area controlled by our guild, but aren’t you a Korean? I am happy and grateful to have discovered that the first legendary class is a Korean.”

“I see.”

Grid smiled and grabbed Peak Sword’s hand. At that moment, Peak Sword made a cold expression. Grid stopped.

‘Did he really have ulterior motives?’

Peak Sword shouted.

“Logout!”

“What are you saying?”

“The Sakura Guild is attacking!”

The resurrection point of the Silver Knights members was at Cork Castle. Therefore, the guild members wiped out by Hell Gao resurrected at Cork Castle. Peak Sword had commanded them to wait there and not come back.

But was someone a mole? The guild discovered that the Sakura Guild somehow knew the situation and came here, where only a minimum of troops guarded the entry. They had already reached the 2nd floor.

“Those guys received information that we were challenging the Hell Gao raid today and waited.”

“What is the Sakura Guild?”

It was a power in Satisfy that Grid had no clue about. Peak Sword gave a brief description.

“They are one of the three guilds that represents Japan. Unlike the other two guilds, they are nationalists who are very malicious. Even the Japanese users avoid them.”

“They have a grudge against your guild and came here to hurt you, is that right?”

“Yes.” Peak Sword nodded and placed a hand on the sword at his waist. He took a fighting posture and declared. “Log out first.”

“What about you?”

“I will never run away from guys like that. The guild members are coming, so I will hold on until then.”

Peak Sword denounced the Sakura Guild as nationalists, but he also seemed quite nationalistic.

‘I am tired.’

Grid tried to logout.

But.

[The remnants of the great demon Hell Gao's magic power is scattered into the atmosphere. It is impossible to logout due to this disturbance.]

“Shit.”

This damn monster was screwing with him even after death. A chill went down Grid's spine. His stamina was depleted after Linked Kill, and only 60 points had been recovered. With 60 stamina, he couldn't fight for even one minute. This was a huge crisis, because stamina was a different concept from health.

‘My invincible passive might activate, but if my stamina is zero, I can't move a single finger and will eventually die.’

Potions to restore stamina didn't exist. Only rest was required to restore stamina, but that was slow. The speed could be slightly increased by eating. In other words, this was bad. Grid hardly ever felt the constraints of stamina thanks to his unusually high persistence stat, making this crisis unfamiliar to Grid.

He urgently shoved beef jerky into his mouth as he asked, “What is the Sakura Guild's power? What is the level of their strongest users? How many minutes can you hold on by yourself? When will your guild members arrive?”

Peak Sword had encountered countless crises while playing Satisfy. He was able to explain calmly, in contrast to the agitated Grid.

“The Sakura Guild has 180 people. Their master Yoshimura is 2nd in the archer rankings and 98th on the unified rankings. Apart from him, there are eight more rankers in the top 300.”

‘Isn't this formidable?’

Grid's expression stiffened. Peak Sword made a grim prediction.

“The guild members will take 15 minutes to get here and the amount of time I can hold up alone... If I am being generous, it’s seven minutes.”

Kwaduduk.

Peak Sword finished his explanation and shouted to Grid.

“Don’t think about helping! It is a matter that doesn’t have anything to do with you! Go ahead and logout!”

“...I can’t logout.”

Originally, it was impossible to logout in raid rooms. But that was only when the boss was present. There were few cases where a user couldn’t logout after the boss had died. So Peak Sword misunderstood.

“Grid... Do you want to help me because I’m also Korean? While you aren’t in a perfect state? Hah, you are a true Korean...”

“No, don’t talk such nonsense! What drivel are you saying when I really can’t logout? I can’t logout! I really can’t!”

At that moment, the Sakura Guild came pouring down the stairs. Peak Sword gulped and continued to babble nonsense.

“I would like to encourage you to logout. Don’t worry. It isn’t shameful to logout in front of enemies.”

‘Why? Ah, this really sucks.’

Grid didn’t know. The man Peak Sword admired since childhood was Admiral Yi Sunshin.

“How dare you guys! I will turn you into a river of blood today!”

“Bah! Peak Sword! You’re the one who will shed blood on this earth today, not us! I’ll pay you back for taking Takeshima from us!”

A small man emerged from among the Sakura Guild members and shouted. It was Yoshimura, the best archer after Jishuka and 98th on the unified rankings.

‘It’s like a drama.’

Grid was able to grasp the atmosphere of the two people with one glance. The Silver Knights Guild and the Sakura Guild. It was clear that the two people enjoyed the Korea-Japan war in Satisfy more than anyone else.

Yoshimura declared, “Since you’re alive, I guess you succeeded in the Hell Gao raid? You, I don’t know the jackpot you received, but that joy is short-lived. I will take away everything you obtained.”

Peak Sword yelled. “Try it! And this is Cork Island, so stop calling it Takeshima!”

“Bah! You still can’t grasp the situation!”

Yoshimura made a sly smile, like someone from a Japanese historical drama! He pointed fingers covered in calluses as he commanded his men.

“Kill that damn Korean person.” *(TL: The word Yoshimura uses is actually more like Joseon person, with Joseon being a name for a Korean kingdom in the past. It basically means Korean person but it was first used by the Japanese during the Japanese colonial period of Japan. It isn’t exactly derogatory, but it is a term only used by Japanese and Koreans don’t like it because of the context.)*

“Ohhh!”

Several months ago, at the time of the contest over Cork Island. Peak Sword had caused terrible agony to the Sakura Guild. It was due to Peak Sword that they lost Cork Island, and many guild members died and lost experience. This was a perfect chance to pay back the grudge of that time.

Peak Sword was ‘alone’ so their morale skyrocketed. Peak Sword pulled out his sword from the sheath.

“Draw Sword, annihilate.”

Multiple lights flashed. The eight knights of the Sakura Guild, who had been rushing at the front, vomited and collapsed.

“Your skills haven’t gone rusty!”

This was the dignity of the 16th rank that made level 150 knights fall into a critical state with one blow. Yoshimura truly admired it. But there wasn't the slightest bit of tension in his expression. Only eight out of the 180 guild members were injured, so the situation didn't change.

On the other hand, Grid hadn't seen Peak Sword's swordsmanship and was amazed.

Then he heard a strange voice.

-Hungry.

"...?"

-I want to eat.

"..."

It was the voice of a young boy or girl. It wasn't a hallucination. Where did this voice, filled with a strong greed, come from? Then a notification window flashed in front of Grid.

[A memphis, the first demonic beast of hell, has hatched due to his greed for human souls.]

[You are the first user in Satisfy to become the master of a demonic beast from hell!]

[Title, 'Man who has Touched Hell' has been acquired.]

[Health has increased by 3,000 points.]

[Demonic power stat has opened.]

"What?"

"Huh?"

Grid made a surprised noise at the notification windows and Yoshimura was surprised to hear it.

“W-What? That guy?”

At this point, all of his followers except for him were struggling with Peak Sword 10m ahead. Yoshimura was nervous when he suddenly heard someone else’s voice near him. Then he flinched. A long tail suddenly protruded from empty space! There was an enormous gaping mouth?

“H-Hik?”

Yoshimura reflexively tried to shoot his bow, but it was already too late. His body was swallowed by that huge mouth.

[You have lost a part of your soul to the memphis.]

[You are more likely to be affected by status conditions.]

[There will be a 50% decline in your main stats for 3 seconds.]

Suuk.

Yoshimura was spat out after being swallowed, and saw the image of a cat. It was a typical Persian cat. However, it was black, had a small horn on its forehead and small devil wings on its back.

The cat licked its paws and winked.

“Hello!”

The cat with a horn and wings was talking? In particular, the color of its fur was attractive. It was black all over, except for its four paws which were white as snow.

“K-Kawaii...”

Yoshimura was a cat lover, so he couldn’t help feeling thrilled. He wanted to bring this cat into reality and raise it at home. Then the cat revealed its canines.

“Delicious!”

“Y-You?”

Yoshimura’s face turned pale. It was due to the appearance of an person behind the cat. There was no one there a little while ago, but he appeared like he always existed and naturally stabbed with a black greatsword.

“Keok!”

It was a surprise attack. Yoshimura’s agility was decreased by 50% so he was slow to move, while his opponent was too fast. Yoshimura lost two-thirds of his health from a single strike and fell into a confused state.

“Master!”

The Sakura Guild noticed the crisis of their master and belatedly shifted their gaze. They were able to see it. A flying cat demon. Then a black-haired man in red armor and a gold tail was cutting down their guild master.

“T-This is ridiculous...!”

Was it so easy to kill someone that was ranked 98th on the unified rankings? It was hard just going against Peak Sword. How could they deal with that monster as well? The Sakura Guild lost their willpower and retreated.

Grid and Peak Sword didn’t chase after them. Meanwhile, the cat with an enlarged belly walked around Grid and rejoiced.

“My master is a killer ~~ my master is a killer ~~ killer~~ nyang!”

The cat singing the eerie song innocently was the first demonic beast of hell, memphis. It was the worst pet that stole some of the stats from the souls he ate and temporarily gave them to his master.

Grid faced an unfamiliar notification window after killing Yoshimura.

[Your demonic power has increased by one.]

[Demonic Power]

You can communicate with demonic beasts. The higher the number, the more likely

you are to enter hell.

* Stat points can't be distributed to this stat.

"I want to go to heaven."

The word 'hell' wasn't very good.

CHAPTER 169

Hell? He never wanted to go there.

‘Won’t there be more guys like Hell Gao in hell?’

The demons were too strong. He also didn’t want to fight them again, because the dropped items were too bad.

‘No, it was a misunderstanding that the dropped items were bad.’

Grid watched the grinning memphis who was licking his fur with a red tongue.

‘An amazing pet dropped. Hell Gao was the most powerful boss I’ve faced. I might’ve only obtained two fire stones, but I was able to get a tremendous treasure in return for raiding him.’

[Memphis]

The most powerful species among the thousands of demonic beasts inhabiting hell.

As an adult, their fighting abilities are superior to the higher-ranked demonkin, so they are the favorite of the 33 great demons.

But they are a species in danger of extinction, due to their lack of breeding ability.

Their natural habitat is hell.

‘I managed to obtain such a precious pet and I ignored it.’

Grid reprimanded himself and brought up the status window of his pet.

Name: Not Set

Level: 1 (0/200)

Affinity: 0/100

Health: 5,000/5,000

Physical Attack Power: 60 Magic Attack Power: 30

Defense: 50 Magic Resistance: 80

Attribute: Dark

Status: Narcissistic

(As soon as I was born, I ate a human soul with my own strength! I am the best demonic beast of hell! Nyang!)

-Current Skills List-

[Fluidization]

When attacked, the body can become fluid like a slime to minimize damage. However, the damage from some attribute magic might become even greater.

[Soul Ingestion Lv. 1]

Has the ability to take away half of the target's highest stats and transfer it to your master.

Skill Cooldown Time: Your own decision.

[Scratch Lv. 1]

Your paws will attack and poison the target.

Skill Cooldown Time: Whenever you like.

'He gained zero experience points from defeating Yoshimura, so is it impossible to gain experience from PK? Anyway, his abilities at level 1 are terrific. The skill called Soul Ingestion is a complete scam.

The fact that the skill cooldown time depended on the memphis was quite annoying,

but he would take it step by step. Grid laughed with joy.

“Master, do you like me? Nyang!”

The memphis was great. Grid made a pleasant expression as he looked at the cat.

‘Sehee likes cute things like this. I’m worried because she has no hobby other than studying... Should I buy her a capsule?’

The memphis’ eyes in the shape of a ‘人’ looked sweet and cute even to Grid. He thought about buying his little sister a capsule, because he wanted to show her the memphis. Grid quickly nodded.

“Yes, I like you.”

“Of course you do! I am elegant, beautiful, and powerful. I am the best demonic beast of hell! Nyang!”

Pisik.

The memphis’ big and round eyes narrowed. Then he sniffed and spoke words that stabbed at Grid’s heart.

“But I don’t like Master.”

“Eh? Why?”

“You are ugly! I don’t like you!”

“...”

“Take a look twice~ can’t~ unsee~ it~~ nyang!”

Recently, Grid hadn’t been hearing that he was ugly. He had built up confidence, so there wasn’t anyone who became sick or tried to run away when he smiled at them. Therefore, he was shocked to hear that he was ugly from a cat.

Then the memphis tried to comfort him. “Don’t worry! I won’t abandon you because you’re ugly! You can be ugly! Master just needs to entertain me!”

“..”

The cat should honor and serve his master, yet he was asking for his master to entertain him?

“This damn cat, does he not know the meaning of the words Master?”

Grid’s expression distorted while Peak Sword laughed at the sight.

“It looks like a cat, but its nature is different from a cat. Won’t you be struggling in the future?”

“Well... I can tolerate some things if I have this pet.”

The first way to build affinity with a pet was to name it. Grid worried about what he should call the memphis.

‘If it was a dog, not a cat with wings, the name Dog would be perfect...’

Was there a name he could give to this prideful cat? Grid thought of an appropriate name.

“Slave.”

“Nyang?”

“Your name is slave.”

“Kyaak!”

Padak padak!

The memphis flapped his wings hard around Grid and bristled.

“Master’s naming sense sucks! How can a noble beast of hell be a slave? Master is crazy! Nyang!”

Grid was surprised to see that the memphis had even extended his claws.

“This cat doesn’t know the meaning of the word master, but it knows the meaning of

slave?’

If affinity entered into the negatives then the pet could escape. Grid wanted to prevent the worst so he quickly changed the name.

“You heard wrong. It isn’t slave, it is Noe, Noe.” *(TL: Slave in Korean is pronounced like Noye)*

“Noe?” The memphis was confused. “What does Noe mean? Nyang?”

Grid replied roughly. “A slave is a slave... Noe means you are not a slave.... That is what it means.”

“Oh...! Ohhhh!”

The memphis’ wild eyes became lanterns again. As a demonic beast of hell, he had a lot of knowledge after being born, but he was still just a kitten. He felt like there was something wonderful and cool about Grid’s words. And then...

“Good! I am Noe! Nyang!”

He felt better and rubbed his cheeks against Grid. Grid laughed at the poor little guy.

“Okay! With this, your name is Noe!”

[Do you want to set the memphis’ name to ‘Noe’?]

‘Yes.’

[The memphis’ name has been set to Noe.]

[Affinity with Noe has risen by 5.]

The memphis raised a paw to his engorged belly and shouted.

“You are Master and I am Noe!”

“Correct.”

Grid made a serious expression and raised his thumb. Memphis. No, Noe was satisfied! He laughed. Peak Sword saw this and clicked his tongue.

‘Giving that name to a demonic beast...’

Grid truly wasn’t an ordinary person. After that, they left the dungeon and headed for Cork Castle.

“Ohh! The return of the heroes!”

“You cut down Yoshimura?”

The guild members praised Grid and Peak Sword, who had defeated Hell Gao and the Sakura Guild. They tried to question Grid, but were stopped by Peak Sword.

‘He didn’t register in the rankings, so he probably doesn’t want the public to know that he is Pagma’s Descendant.’

Peak Sword had keen insight as the head of an organization, so he didn’t spill Grid’s identity. He highlighted that they succeeded in the Hell Gao raid because of the fire stones weakness.

During the night.

Grid enjoyed a banquet and built up a friendship with Peak Sword and the Silver Knights Guild. Some guild members caused a fuss after they became drunk, but fortunately it ended without anything serious happening.

The next day. In the early morning, Peak Sword carefully asked Grid who was preparing to leave.

“You aren’t participating in the National Competition this year?”

Grid nodded. “A strange woman put down my name on the list of participants, but I have no intention of participating. I don’t want to expose my identity, and there isn’t much merit to participating.”

“Yes. But I hope that you change your mind next year. As a man, fighting for the honor of your country isn’t a bad experience... I will participate next year, so let’s join together.”

“I will think about it then. As a reservist, I am already in the arduous position of striving for the security of our country.”

Grid went out to the terrace. He savored the smell of salt on the wind and told Peak Sword.

“Please let me know if Hell Gao responds normally during the next cycle. I need one more fire stone.”

“I understand. But as I said yesterday, Hell Gao probably won’t appear for a while. He’s likely to be replaced by other high ranking demonkin.”

“I guess I’ll have to look forward to it. Then I’m going now.”

Grid immediately used Fly. Then he flew away from the island and disappeared into the horizon. Peak Sword watched Grid and thought.

‘The greatsword with fraudulent attack power, the golden blades, the invisibility cloak and now the boots with Fly magic attached to them... Amazing. This game truly is about items.’

To be honest, he was really envious.

‘I want to obtain items like that soon.’

Then Grid’s voice entered his ears.

–If you have a request to produce an item, please contact me. I will add you to the schedule. Of course, it’s a paid service.

“Ohh...!”

He could request the production of an item from a legendary blacksmith! Peak Sword shook with joy.

–Thank you Grid!

The two people rapidly became closer after sharing secrets.



“Grid!”

Toban was waiting at Khan’s smithy as Grid returned after six days. Grid’s face, which had been happy since obtaining Noe, stiffened as soon as he saw Toban.

“Good work! Did you obtain the fire stones?”

Grid looked at Toban’s expectant expression and pulled out two fire stones.

“...I am lacking one.”

“Kuk...!”

Toban had already predicted this situation since Grid said ‘Believe in me.’ However, he couldn’t help feeling disappointed as it was proven true. Grid apologized to the frustrated Toban.

“I’m sorry. I did my best, but Hell Gao was too strong. It was impossible to focus on mining.”

Toban panicked. “Why are you apologizing? Is it something you should be apologizing for? I’m just grateful that you tried.”

To think he would apologize. Grid really had changed. He felt like a completely different Grid compared to the one Toban first met.

‘Can people mature while playing the game?’

Anyone could become strong if they levelled up. That was all. The level up system wasn’t one designed for people to grow internally. So how could Grid change in this way?

Toban thought it was a miracle. “In the past four months, Vantner had put his stat points in stamina and he can now play the role of tanker. Even if I don’t have the Fire Shield, there’s a chance we can succeed in the Phoenix Raid with him. So don’t worry about it.”

“Then I’m glad. I will keep these fire stones for the Fire Shield production.”

“Yes, thank you. By the way, why did you ignore Jishuka’s whisper?”

“Jishuka?” Grid was confused. “Jishuka never whispered me?”

“On the day you left for Cork Island, Jishuka kept whispering to you, but there was no response.”

Grid looked through his memories and nodded.

“Ah, I was busy with flying that day and ignored some whispers. It might’ve included Jishuka’s whispers. But why was she trying to contact me?”

“She wanted to ask for your home address...”

“My home?”

“She came to South Korea and wanted to meet you.”

“Hrmm...”

Grid thought about it and was sad to miss the opportunity. The guild members who came to South Korea because of this National Competition was Jishuka, Pon and Regas, so it was a chance to meet all of them.

‘I definitely want to meet them... If I don’t meet them this time, I might not get another chance?’

Wouldn’t he regret it someday if he missed the chance to appreciate Jishuka’s fantastic body, who made hundreds of millions of won for taking pictures for a few hours? Grid checked the time.

“It will be the second day of events in reality. What events is Jishuka participating in?”

“Target processing and the siege. And it seems like the last one is treasure hunting.”

“The second day... It is the day with target processing and siege.”

The National Competition was everywhere when he turned on the TV, so Grid couldn’t

help memorizing the schedule.

“Maybe I should go there.”

He said goodbye to Toban and logged out.

CHAPTER 170

The first day of the First Satisfy National Competition opened with the expectations of the world. The crowd cheered as the boss raid and labyrinth breakthrough proceeded.

There was nothing unusual. The United States, Canada and France were strong candidates for the championship. The three countries received medals. In particular, the 2nd ranked Zibal, the 3rd ranked Chris and the 8th ranked Bondre were remarkable.

Zibal participated in the boss raid. He played the perfect role of a defender and led his team calmly, allowing the United States to be more stable and quicker at the raid than any other country.

On the other hand, Bondre participated in the labyrinth breakthrough. He grasped the structure of the labyrinth quicker than anyone else and gave his country, France, a medal.

Finally, Chris participated in both events. As the leader of the largest guild, the Canadian had excellent leadership and succeeded in the boss raid after the United States. He also broke through the labyrinth. Based on his overwhelming combat power, he was able to defeat other rankers and break through the labyrinth after Bondre.

As a result, the United States and France got one gold medal each. Canada had two silver medals.

The Canadian people were frustrated by such results. Players could only participate in a maximum of three events, so Canada was desperate at not winning a gold medal despite the fact that Chris, Canada's strongest player, had already participated in two events.

In the end, most people predicted that the two countries competing for the general championship would be the United States and France.

Today was the second day. People were paying attention to two countries other than the United States and France. South Korea and Brazil. Who were the most beautiful

women in the world? If you asked any person, they would say two names.

Yura and Jishuka. Billions of people anticipated their competition in today's target processing match.

"A long description isn't needed. Jishuka is the expert archer, expert archer. She is Satisfy's best archer. Of course she will win the target processing."

"I think Yura will win. Yura's ability to control magic power has always been well known. Her magic casting speed and accuracy are second to none. She has the ability to hit the targets."

"What? There is a limitation that she must chant the spells in order to activate the magic. Arrows are much faster than magic. Jishuka's arrows will penetrate all the targets before magic is cast."

"Hrmm, you don't know. Don't forget that the range of magic is much wider than arrows. While an arrow will penetrate through a few targets, Yura's magic will destroy dozens of targets."

Yura had maintained the 5th ranking since Satisfy opened. Jishuka started Satisfy half a year later than others but she was 13th on the unified rankings. In today's target processing, they were the ones who would win gold and silver.

The hundreds of thousands of spectators and hundreds of millions of viewers around the world predicted so. However, the opinions of the experts were different.

『 It can't be overlooked that 17 countries are participating in the National Competition. 』

『 Unless the players from other countries are stupid, they will focus on Yura and Jishuka. 』

『 Unfortunately, the target processing match isn't a solo exhibition. It's a contest of pairs. One person will focus on handling the targets, while the other one has to protect their teammate. But Korea and Brazil are countries weak in Satisfy, so they don't have the capacity to protect Yura or Jishuka. Unfortunately, it's painful, but they will certainly be excluded. 』

The rules for target processing were simple.

The S.A. Group designated nine uninhabited islands for the National Competition. Two representatives of each country would be placed on the uninhabited island called 'Tira.'

Each representative had to destroy small targets 5cm in diameter that were moving at a speed of 40m per second. Each target would give points, and the players themselves could be attacked and logged out.

Destroying one target gave one point, and no additional points were gained by logging out another user. The country that earned a total of 150 points first would win.

『 Before the event starts, let's take a look at a map of Tira. The area is 67.21km, slightly smaller than Ulleungdo, and there are two mountains standing 589m high in the centre of the island. The island is made up of dense forests, and there are areas where monsters spawn and deep cliffs, so the participants need to be careful. 』

『 Is there a point where the targets are? 』

『 No. There are a total of 1,500 targets distributed evenly throughout the island, and they continue to move. The targets are small, fast and have various movement patterns, so it is very difficult to destroy them while the enemies are interfering. 』

『 I heard that the colors of the targets vary. Are all points equal, regardless of the color? 』

『 That's right. But there is one exception. It's the gold target. Unlike the other targets, destroying the gold target will give the player 50 points. Therefore, the gold target is what we should pay attention to in this competition. It is an important target that will help a team win. However, it moves 10 times faster than normal targets... It will be very difficult to shoot at it. 』

『 10 times faster is 400m per second? Isn't that similar to the speed of a bullet fired by a pistol? How can it be destroyed? Since the targets have 100% resistance to status conditions, isn't it impossible to restrain the targets' movements with magic? 』

『 A target that is smaller than a human and faster than bullets. It's impossible in

reality, although Satisfy is different. Isn't Satisfy an impossible world? Maybe Jishuka can easily handle the gold target? 』

『 As we are speaking, the players are entering. 』

Seoul Olympic Stadium. The hundreds of thousands of spectators welcomed the 33 participants who headed to the capsule room in the middle of the stadium. That's right. There were 33 people, not 34. All the countries had two people participating, except for South Korea, who only had Yura.

The crowd belatedly realized the situation.

"What? Yura doesn't have a partner?"

"Won't she be at a disadvantage if she joins alone?"

"Ohh! South Korea! What are you doing?"

"South Korea must be crazy! Are you going to bully Goddess Yura now? Huh? You deserve a scolding!"

There was booing from the stands.

Inside the capsule room. The players started laughing.

"South Korea has no one except for Yura. The second person who would participate would just be trash, so Yura has probably given up."

"I feel sorry for her."

"In the first place, it is just significant that South Korea managed to participate in this National Competition. To be honest, it was almost a miracle that South Korea was able to put its name on the list of participating counties. They should be satisfied with just that."

"Indeed... South Korea doesn't have anyone except for Yura and Peak Sword. Peak Sword isn't even participating in this competition."

"It is funny. How was South Korea able to participate in the National Competition? Wouldn't it be difficult for them to do well in the selection quests?"

“The host country is South Korea and S.A. is a Korean company. There was probably some manipulation.”

“Maybe Yura entertained them? Kilkil.”

Everyone was gossiping and murmuring. But Yura had a unconcerned expression on her face. She prepared to enter the capsule without caring about anyone else.

A British representative approached her. It was Regas. He was unable to hide his uncomfortable tone as he asked Yura.

“Miss Yura, why are you participating alone? It would’ve been hard originally, but now that you’re fighting alone? Surely you aren’t giving up on the competition like everyone else said?”

Regas had moderately accurate Korean pronunciation. He had studied hard to learn Korean. But there was a sense of stiffness. In order to ease his efforts, Yura replied in fluent English.

“I don’t know the words ‘giving up.’ It might be hard when fighting alone, but I will surely win. So don’t worry.”

Yura was beautiful and 5th on the unified rankings. She was a remarkable commodity. Most of Satisfy’s rankers had been exposed to the media. This was the first time they met directly, but Regas had seen interviews of her and knew her personality.

“You mean it. You really plan to win by yourself? But is it possible? I don’t understand why you are playing alone without a partner.”

“My partner can’t be contacted.”

“Partner...?”

What was this?

‘Her teammate...!’

A representative couldn’t be contacted? They were the worst. The angry Regas turned his gaze to the capsule next to Yura’s capsule. Then he was surprised to see the participant ID on the badge attached to the capsule.

“...Grid? Grid was supposed to be the one to participate in the target processing with you?”

“Grid-ssi didn’t agree. I registered him as a participant without telling him. I don’t blame him if he doesn’t come. Rather, Grid will probably grumble since I acted arbitrarily.”

‘Does Yura know Grid’s identity? So she wanted to depend on Grid?’

Certainly, South Korea would get a high ranking if Grid participated in the National Competition. But it was regrettable. Regas was a fellow guild member, so he knew that Grid wasn’t willing to participate in the National Competition.

“...It will be a struggle. The British team won’t attack the lone Korean team.”

Regas said with a grim expression on his face, while Yura sent him a taunting smile.

“You might get hurt if you ignore a lone woman.”

“...”

This was truly the confidence of a top 5 player. Regas reminded himself.

‘That’s right. There is no weak person here.’

Everyone who participated in the National Competition... There might be gaps between them, but they were excellent representatives of each country. Regas was reminded of that thanks to Yura. He was delighted to be able to compete with the strongest players.

Meanwhile, Jishuka was pouting over at the Brazilian team.

‘What? Grid isn’t coming?’

It was a large shock when Grid ignored her whispers in Satisfy. However, she didn’t despair because of her strong mental state. She grasped all the events that Grid was signed up to in the National Competition.

She was looking forward to seeing him in the target processing event. She hoped she could meet Grid. But in the end, Grid didn’t come. Her disappointment couldn’t be

hidden.

‘Really... I can’t meet him despite being in South Korea?’

This was the first time she was interested in the opposite sex. She wanted to see his face, but it was too hard. It seemed too much when she was a star.

“I am angry.” But she needed to separate her priorities. She calmed down and ordered her partner, Samuel. “We will enter the forest as soon as we log into the game.”

Samuel had the strongest fighting power among the remaining Brazilian users, but his overall ranking was very low. Samuel questioned her.

“As an archer, isn’t it better for you to occupy the top of a mountain? Isn’t it easier to snipe the enemies from a high place?”

“On the contrary, it is easier to become a target. It isn’t just one team participating, but 17. We’ll be attacked if we stand out in the beginning. Let’s hide as much as possible until the enemies are annihilated.”

“Indeed...!”

Jishuka was the leader of the Tzedakah Guild, a strong group in Satisfy. She was much smarter than Samuel, so he vowed to always obey her orders. Then all the players entered their capsules.

After a while.

The large screens installed all around the stadium started to show Satisfy. 33 players appeared on the small but lushly forested island of Tira. They were logged in at regular intervals, so they could move quickly to secure their safety. Most teams ran to occupy the top of the mountains, but some teams were hiding in the forest like the Brazilian team.

Then Yura aimed at magic spell at the small targets flying around in the sky.

“Dark Storm.”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

“...!”

It was truly an overwhelming sight. One-fifth of the forest that made up the island was swept away by the storm and completely destroyed. The commentators shouted in a trembling voice.

『 The South Korean team has acquired 28 points! The Italian team has been logged out! 』

“What...?”

The crowd was shocked and fell silent. The players participating in the game were also confused.

“What? Why are the Italian people dead?”

“They seem to have fallen off a cliff because of the storm.”

“It’s crazy.”

“Wow, look at the forest. What type of magic is that? How high is her magic power?”

“Indeed... It’s true that she’s the Eighth Servant.”

The 5th place on the unified rankings was a special place. Since Satisfy opened, many rankers tried their best, but the 5th rank never changed. It was because the wall of Yura blocking them was too high and solid. The 5th place wall was insurmountable.

When they actually faced her, it was really great. But they weren’t afraid.

‘We are also strong.’

Right now, she was just a lamp in front of the wind.

The waiting room of the United States team. Zibal smiled as he watched the live relay on the monitors.

“She is choosing a quick victory. Indeed, she’s a girl that I acknowledge.”

In the first place, she was outnumbered. If they enemies allied together and dragged

out the time, Yura would be helpless. She planned to win before the other teams could block her. She judged that it was wiser to move fast and hit hard.

“But Yura. You would do well not to ignore the participants. Everyone is wise and strong.”

Zibal was sure. Yura would soon meet her end. This was her limit, despite her 5th rank.

At the same time.

“The sound of the shouts are amazing.”

Youngwoo arrived at the entrance to the stadium.

CHAPTER 171

Yura controlled her base with Dark Storm and continued by using magic that combined two attributes.

“Dark Lightning.”

Pachik! Pachichik!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

This was the level of a natural disaster. Dark clouds formed in the sky and lightning poured all over the place. The forest burned and the ground crumbled. An excited commentator shouted as he watched the series of exploding targets.

『 38, 39, 40...! 45! 46! The South Korean team! 46 points! It's an unmatched speed! 』

“Waaahhhhhhhh!”

The spectators were baffled by the unrealistic sight, but they finally woke up from their silence. It was such a huge shout that it seemed like the earth shaking would be transmitted to North Korea.

Jishuka shook her head.

“It's like looking at Neberius. That magic power and casting speed is already beyond the level of a player. As the Eighth Servant, she's like a boss monster.”

Samuel was nervous. “The other teams are going to attack Yura. Shouldn't we join as well? If you add support with your shooting, won't Yura be defeated?”

Jishuka scoffed. “It's a stupid thing to do.”

Kkirik.

Jishuka's bow aimed for the sky. A dazzling quick fire was unfolded.

Pa pa pa pa pak!

The small targets flying at a speed of 40m per second were pierced by arrows at once. The focus moved from Yura to Jishuka. The crowd screamed with delight. The continuously fired arrows exploded the targets. It was truly the majesty of an expert archer.

『 The Brazil team, 13 points! 14 points! 15 points! They are continuing to raise the score while the other teams are focusing on Yura! Ah! As soon as I spoke, the US team, the French team, the Chinese team and the Japanese team have started to quickly score points. 』

Someone needed to contain Yura. But there was no need for it to be their team. This was the wise decision made by some countries, including the United States, France and Brazil. The teams acting to stop Yura were trash. They would become the scapegoats.

“Dammit!” A member of the Spanish national team, Med, cursed while rushing towards Yura with other teams. The other teams were sucking honey while they had to control Yura? The scores weren’t climbing quickly, but it was still burdensome.

‘Would it be better for us to focus on the targets now?’

The representatives were troubled, but it was too late to return. They couldn’t step back now. In the end, eight teams, including the Spanish team, continued to assault Yura.

Pepeng! Peng!

The dark magic bombardment continued. Yura’s ability to control her magic power to attack the players and deal with the targets was indeed first-rate. The crowd and players’ mouths were wide open, while the commentators were drooling while praising her.

But she wasn’t the only special one. All the people participating in the National Competition were influential people who represented their country. In particular, the top rankers had a high participation rate in events that emphasized individual combat ability like target processing and PvP.

There was only one person below the top 80 of the unified rankings. It was Jishuka’s partner, Samuel.

Kwa kwang! Kwang!

The players used powerful defense skills or the features of the land to neutralize Yura's magic as much as possible, and quickly narrowed the distance to her. Yura was somewhat surprised.

'They're more talented than I thought.'

If her fast paced operation failed, it would inevitably drag into a long battle. Yura had no hope when she was alone.

'In the end... Should I give up?'

Yura had been interviewed by foreign media as a representative of South Korea.

The foreign interviewers always said that she was the 'only hope of a declining South Korea.' Was it possible for another talented person like Yura to be born in South Korea? There were also questions about whether she was secretly supported by the South Korean government and S.A. Group.

Yura didn't like the foreigners who disregarded the country that she was born and grew up in. It was almost like instinct. She never thought that her patriotism was special, but it was unacceptable for foreigners to treat her country like this. She wanted to make them look at South Korea again through this National Competition. But it was too much for her alone.

A man fell down in front of her while she was making a gloomy expression. He appeared splendidly from the tree tops. It was Regas, the British representative.

"What are 16 men and women doing against one woman?"

"Hah, don't be stupid."

Regas' partner, Natasha had a headache.

Med gritted his teeth, "Regas! Do you still not understand the situation? If you help Yura, then South Korea will receive a gold medal! Leave your cheap justice aside for a moment!"

"Cheap justice?" Regas' usually mild face stiffened. "Why are you treating my martial

path cheaply?”

One month ago, Regas finally surpassed Jishuka and reached 12th on the unified rankings. He had the nickname of Taekwon Master at an early age, and he flew like a butterfly.

Pak! Papat! Pa pa pa pat!

“Kuk!”

The kick combo of a former Taekwondo gold medalist hit Med. The brilliant attack pierced him like an awl. The Koreans in the audience cheered.

“Taekwondo!”

“Indeed, Regas! Show them the dignity of Taekwondo!”

Regas was a famous British person, and he appeared with perfect timing to save Yura, looking as beautiful as a main character from a movie. Not just the Korean and British audiences, the spectators from other countries started to support him.

Med’s group was well aware of how good Regas was. However, Med wasn’t a villain. He was just doing what he had to.

‘I can hold on.’

Med was a 33rd ranked monk, so he didn’t fall easily to Regas’ powerful and brutal attacks. He stood firm and shouted to his companions, “Leave this guy to me and get Yura! Hurry and finish up here, then we need to keep the United States and France in check!”

The eight teams had no choice but to join hands, and they had 15 members if Med was excluded. Regas was worried that Yura would be hit by them and used a lightning aura.

Chaaeng!

The golden aura knocked down Med’s iron body.

“Keeok!”

Med coughed up blood and fell down.

Kwajak!

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have suffered 10,900 damage.]

“T-This guy...!”

Med hurriedly took a potion and fought back. However, Regas naturally turned to avoid the attack and kicked.

Chaaeng!

The kick enhanced by lightning hit Med’s face.

[You have suffered 4,800 damage.]

It was over. There was a flurry of strikes.

Jjejejeok!

[You have suffered 4,350 damage.]

“Force Palm.”

Peeng!

[You have suffered 9,200 damage.]

“...!”

Med couldn't even moan as he coughed up blood. Then he tumbled down the hill to avoid Yura's magic bombardment.

“Damn bastard...!”

Unlike the paladins, a monk didn't serve any of the three main religions. He served a local god, Boris, whose name was very weak compared to the three great religions who had temples scattered all over the continent. Due to that, Med had to go to a crumbling village in a corner of the continent to change into a monk. He even had to visit that temple every time he wanted to learn new skills.

That wasn't the only downside to being a monk. Unlike the paladins, they couldn't wear heavy armor. They also couldn't use swordsmanship. The only defense they wore were clothes made of cloth. The only weapon they could use was a club, which had weak attack power and slow attack speed.

Therefore, it was hard to raise a monk. It was a class that most users avoided.

“Reverse Origin.”

[Your health has been fully restored.]

[Your damaged body has been reversed to its original state.]

[You will suffer a continuous decline in health. This effect won't stop until your health is at the minimum.]

“Origin Opportunity.”

[You can temporarily redistribute your stats. Please set them.]

“Invest my intelligence, indomitable, persistence and luck points into agility.”

[Intelligence, indomitable, persistence and luck have fallen to 1 point. Your agility stat is now at 2,137 points.]

A monk was a religious class, but the concept was different from a paladin or priest. They were pilgrims who walked the path of suffering. They always had to sacrifice something in order to obtain something. The rewards were great, depending on what they gave up.

“Ohhhhhh!”

The 1st ranked monk, Med, climbed the hill and was clearly different than before. The world watched one of the few monk users.

Peeok!

The power of his club aimed at the Taekwon Master.

Ku tang tang tang!

Regas fell and hurriedly raised his body. He spoke with amazement, “You, isn’t your recovery quite fast?”

“If a martial artist trains their martial arts, a monk trains their body. I have patiently built it up, so it won’t fall so easily. I will never fall down.”

It was shameful to attack a woman with a lot of people?

‘Don’t make me laugh.’

This was a battlefield. It was unreasonable and hypocritical to look at the opponent’s situation when fighting.

‘I am a Spanish representative and have received the expectations of my people.’

Countries got fired up even over an unpopular event, let alone Satisfy that one third of the world’s population enjoyed. The sense of weight on him was different. As long as he was the representative, he had to do his best.

Med was filled with a fighting spirit as he attacked Regas. He knew that his opponent was stronger than him, but he didn't want to show weakness when representing his country. He struggled with Regas while the remaining 15 people intensively attacked Yura.

'This is annoying.'

Regas' partner Natasha was different. She didn't help Yura because she wasn't the type of person to forget her duty. She settled in a safe place and started concentrating on destroying the targets.

Yura faced 15 enemies alone. Her relaxed expression had long been lost.



It was an obvious story but the tickets for the National Competition had been sold out several months ago. However, Youngwoo entered the Olympic Stadium without hesitation.

"You can't enter if you can't prove your identity."

The guarded blocked Youngwoo's way.

"Do you mean this?"

Youngwoo pulled out the ID card he received in the mail a few days ago. Then the path opened. He was able to easily enter the corridor to the participants' waiting rooms and he headed straight to the Brazilian waiting room.

But Jishuka wasn't there. She appeared on a large monitor in the waiting room.

'Is it the target processing?'

Youngwoo's expression slowly distorted as he looked at the monitor. He realized that Yura was alone.

'Foolish girl.'

It was annoying. Was she trying to make him look bad?

‘Why did you put a person who didn’t want to participate on the list? A persistent and selfish woman. Ah, look at this.’

Youngwoo sat down in a gap between the Brazilian players. Nobody cared about him. Everybody was busy watching the monitor.

『 Player Yura is in a crisis! The representatives of eight countries have started to focus their attacks on her. 』

『 The 15 people are strong. At least six of the users are in the top 30 rankings. It is frustrating. South Korea’s only hope is crashing down. 』

『 Ahh...! They struggled against Yura’s overwhelming ability, but now she is allowing some attacks...! 』

『 A magician’s defense and health is very low. Once they allow an attack, they will collapse rapidly. This must hurt. Yura was the person most likely to win a medal in the target processing... As many people have predicted, it seems that South Korea won’t be able to make any achievements in the national competition. 』

『 This is the reality of South Korea. They are trying to regain their past reputation as powerhouses in the game, but it’s just an illusion. 』

『 As soon as I spoke, Player Yura has allowed another attack. Now she’s reaching her limit. It’s over when she collapses. 』

Youngwoo’s expression gradually stiffened as he looked at the monitor. On the other hand, the Brazilian players were laughing while watching.

‘Annoying.’

He didn’t like it. Was it because he experienced years of being crushed by the strong while alone, without a friend? Recently, Youngwoo had felt the desire to help when he saw the weak being trampled on by the strong.

At this moment, the weak existences were Yura and South Korea.

It was confusing. In his childhood, he didn’t understand the heroes who unconditionally helped others and he empathized with realistic villains. But now he

felt a sense of heterogeneity in himself.

‘Didn’t I promise that I would live as a solitary self-centred person when I succeeded? Then why is this happening now? Huh? Shin Youngwoo.’

When he was going through tough times. Other people didn’t help him. Rather, they turned away and felt disgusted by him. But now that other people needed his help? He didn’t have a reason to do so.

“Ah, I don’t know.”

He didn’t know why, but he couldn’t stay still. He eventually got up. Then he rationalized to himself.

‘Won’t I gain money if I win a medal in the National Competition? It was 200 million won for one gold medal?’

That wasn’t all. The Korean government had promised special benefits to the players if the team came at least in third place.

‘Yes, it’s because of that.’

That was why he was going out. It wasn’t because he was a hero. He didn’t feel sorry for Yura who was facing the enemies all alone. He wasn’t the type. Then what? Did he dislike seeing the foreigners laughing at South Korea?

No. It was for his own self-interest.

That thought eased his mind.

CHAPTER 172

Talent could be grown.

Study, exercise, work. They would be able to reach first place in any field if they tried hard enough.

But it was different in Satisfy. There were many geniuses among the two billion users. If they crossed tens of thousands of mountains, there were still thousands of mountains remaining. After crossing those thousands of mountains, there were dozens of mountains blocking them again.

Among the many mountains, the highest mountain was Yura. She was immovable in her 5th place on the unified rankings.

Kwa kwang!

Pepepeng!

‘She truly is a monster.’

Bubat was a member of the Turkish national team and 25th on the unified rankings. He combined bold judgments and powerful CC to be called Satisfy’s best initiator. The battlefield was always favorable to his allies when he was fighting in the lead.

However, that didn’t work in front of Yura.

Peng!

‘Damn, it’s perfect timing without any errors. Is she a human? She isn’t a computer?’

The rare hidden class, Crusher. Just like its name, the Crusher class was designed to shatter formations. He used the ‘Unconditional’ skill to rush within 3m of the target and used CC combos to instantly destroy the enemy. But Yura’s calm and clever responses made the Crusher’s advantages ineffective.

‘There is a 0.5 second gap between approaching and the CC combo. She properly counters at the right timing, making my posture collapse and my techniques not work

properly.'

It wasn't even a 1-on-1 situation. Yura alone was dealing with 15 people. She perfectly poured out magic towards 14 people while keeping the CC in check.

'If this is the 5th place, then what are the freaks above her?'

Kwa kwang! Kwa kwa kwang!

"Kuak!"

"Crazy!"

Was attack called the best defense? Yura still hadn't used defense magic once. She used curse magic to neutralize the tankers and damage dealers, then attacked them. Her ability to suppress the enemy attacks by just attacking was overwhelming.

'Too strong. Isn't this at the level of a boss monster?'

'Unless we use CC on her, this will turn into a war of attrition. We need to create the perfect opportunity for Bubat.'

The defenders did their best to expose a loophole in Yura. Due to their resistance to magic, the curse magic wasn't perfect, but they still suffered some damage. Therefore, this wasn't an easy task.

Yura's strength wasn't her curse magic or powerful attack spells. It was her analysis, prediction and choices. She analyzed the enemy's behavioral patterns and predicted how to deal with their attacks. Then she used magic that was difficult to deal with. She forced two or three choices on their opponent, making them feel confused about what would be their best action.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

『 This is truly amazing...! This is the dignity of the 5th ranked user! 』

The experts from all over the world, including the commentator. In addition, the spectators and viewers were shocked beyond admiration. It was because Yura's power was so unrealistic that she managed to last five minutes against the top rankers representing eight countries.

“But now she has reached her limit.”

It was the moment that Zibal in the US waiting room had been waiting for.

Seokeok!

“...Uh!”

Yura started to allow attacks. Her concentration didn't drop. It was because her magic power was at its limit.

‘She is weakened!’

The curse magic that restrained the rankers was loosened. Yura's mana was on the verge of being depleted, so she couldn't afford to use new curses. Thanks to that, the tankers burst through the magical bombardment with their solid bodies.

“This is the end!”

“Hiyaaack!”

The swords, spears, axes and shields aimed at Yura.

‘They were released from the curse magic too early. Their methods of dealing with my magic is also good. They are strong.’

Yura expressed her displeasure and used defense magic for the first time.

“Diamond Shield.”

Jjeejeeong!

The weakness of the black magicians was that they had less defense spells than other magicians.

Yura was level 291 and close to her third advancement, but she used a defense magic that she obtained at level 230. Yes, it was the diamond shield that she learned on the day she first met Grid at the Yatan Temple.

And the damage that the diamond shield could absorb wasn't great.

Jjejeok! Jjejejeok!

‘Victory!’

They were convinced after seeing cracks in the shield. Then Yura pulled out an orb.

“Divine Punishment.”

[Divine Punishment]

Summons a lightning bolt that deals 15,000~23,000 damage within 10 metres.

Range of Damage: 3m radius around the target.

The dark spells stored in the orb could be used without any casting time. In addition, the target of the magic wasn’t the tankers. It was the damage dealers in the rear.

Kwajajajak!

Obvious limitations existed for skills with a fixed damage. They weren’t effective against people with high health. Once time passed and the level of the users became higher, this Divine Punishment skill was likely to become obsolete.

But it was still useful in the present time. The damage dealers in the mid 200s only had around 15,000 health.

“Kuaaaaak!”

She ignored the threat from the tankers and dealt with the damage dealers? The four damage dealers didn’t have time to use defensive or evasive skills as they screamed and turned into grey light.

“Ray!”

“Dammit! Vas was struck!”

Once their partners were logged out, the angry tankers poured their attack skills onto Yura.

Jjejeong!

Seokeok!

The newly deployed diamond shield was shattered and scratches started to appear on Yura's white skin.

Puk! Puuok!

Her slender body was pierced with sharp iron.

Stagger.

The commentators sighed as the treasure of South Korea was about to collapse.

『Ahh...! They struggled against Yura's overwhelming ability, but now she is allowing some attacks...! 』

『A magician's defense and health are very low. Once they allow an attack, they will collapse rapidly. This must hurt. Yura was the person most likely to win a medal in the target processing... As many people have predicted, it seems that South Korea won't be able to make any achievements in the national competition. 』

The Korean audiences were outraged.

"Do it in moderation! Don't mess up Yura's pretty face!"

"You damn bastards! Why are you bothering a girl who is fighting alone?"

"Dog-like bastards! I will remember your IDs. Let's see if we meet in the field later! I will sacrifice my life to get revenge for the goddess!"

Crash!

Yura allowed an attack and collapsed. In the end, she fell to one knee.

"Ah...!"

"Serves you right!"

The Korean audiences gasped while the foreign audiences cheered.

Jebeok jebeok.

A young Asian man was admitted to the stadium under the guidance of staff members. He was heading in the direction of the capsule room.

“Huh? What’s going on?”

“Who is that person?”

There was sudden confusion. The commentator belatedly spread the news.

『 That person’s ID is Grid. He is a member of the South Korean national team and scheduled to be Yura’s partner in the target processing match. He was unavoidably delayed and arrived late.』

The Korean audiences booed.

“Grid? It is the first time I’ve heard that name.”

“Ah... What is this? This scum that I’ve never heard of has arrived at the last minute? Is this a comedy?”

“That bastard is going to appear now? Yura is suffering because of him!”

There was also backlash from the foreign audience.

“What? How can he participate midway?”

“It is against the rules!”

The commentator explained.

『 According to the organizers, there is no rule that prohibits participating while the event is going on. So it seems that the Korean team member’s belated admission isn’t a problem. 』

The experts from various international media outlets frowned.

『 For a player to participate in the middle of a match... 』

『 I know that the National Competition's Organizational Committee is made up of Korean government personnel and executives of the S.A. Group. Their lack of professionalism is showing. 』

『 This is the first year the National Competition is held so there are a lot of loopholes. Well, won't it improve gradually? There is a story that the organizational committee is restructuring with experts. 』

『 ...The bottom line is that the Korean team member is going to participate. How will this change the situation? 』

『 What will change? Yura is already at her limit. The man called 'Grid' who is joining late isn't even on the list of 1,000 top ranker players. The fate of the Korean team won't change. At this rate, they will be eliminated. 』

The odds of an unknown player participating in the target processing match filled with only players in the top 80 was close to zero. That's why no one was expecting anything from Grid. On the other hand, the players from eight countries surrounding Yura and were trying to deal the final blow.

"Forcing my player to logout...! It's over for our country now! I will kill you myself!"

"This..."

Regas tried to stop them but it was impossible. Med was suddenly more agile than Faker and persistently pursued him, not allowing Regas to escape.

Pepeok!

Med attacked Regas with a club while glaring sharply.

"You ruined everything. If it wasn't for you, Yura would've been easily managed and we wouldn't have wasted so much time."

Looking at the scoreboard, the US, France, Brazil, China and Japan all exceeded 50 points. South Korea had 78 points, but sooner or later Yura would die. She wasn't the problem. But the players from other countries were still going strong. It was

impossible to cover that 50 point gap.

“Die!”

Yura was attacked by several weapons, while the club aimed at Regas. Regas could break through the crisis on his own. He could give up his flesh and bones. He counterattacked right after being hit by the club.

On the other hand, Yura was helpless. Her mana was depleted and a weapon was just about to stab into her neck.

“No!”

“Yura!”

It was the end of South Korea’s sole hope. The Korean spectators and viewers screamed. On the other hand, the foreign audiences cheered.

“South Korea should exit here! It’s obvious!”

The millions of people watching the competition didn’t doubt that Yura would die. Ah, except for one person.

Chaeeeeeng!

Seven golden blades fell from the sky. They accurately deflected the weapons about to hit Yura.

“...What?!”

The rankers who were prevented from taking Yura’s life were astonished. Who had interfered? They felt doubt and raised their heads in the direction that the blades came from. The cameras also followed them.

The blue sky was caught in the relay being sent to the whole world. That’s right. It was just the sky.

“No one?”

Surely the blades came from there?

『 What is this? 』

The rankers, commentators and experts. As the spectators and viewers were feeling puzzled...

“The villain has appeared.”

A young man called ‘Grid’ appeared behind the rankers who were staring at the sky.

“Heok?”

“When?”

It was an unexpected situation. A man’s voice was heard where there was nothing?

‘Is it a person with Faker level stealth?’

If so, the person must be a powerhouse. The rankers felt an eerier sensation and turned around. But it was too late. The dark greatsword was already being swung.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

“Kuak!”

The strongest representatives of each country were taken out with a single blow. The people supporting the eight countries were in great shock. Grid knew better than anyone else how shock could turn to despair and warned them.

“Be fully prepared. You will experience the same thing from now on.”

Ttaak!

Grid snapped his fingers. Then the seven blades protecting Yura flew into the sky and started attacking the targets flying at 40m per second.

Pepepepeng!

The fragments of the exploded targets filled the screen. The stopped score of the Korean team started again, while Grid took off his Hooded Zip Up while the enemies were gazing at the golden blades. He wore brilliant armor that was red, gold and black.

“The one-sided game, start.”

Was this a devil? An arrogant black-haired man in the sky. His mouth wasn't the problem.

‘It is serious.’

They lost four damage dealers to Yura. Now eight of the remaining eleven players from eight countries were unable to move.

“Waaahhhhhhhh!”

The Korean spectators cheered in unison. There was no one who frowned at Grid now. They were thrilled by Grid's spectacular appearance.

CHAPTER 173

Talent, skills, appearance, wealth, and background. Yura was born with everything. Nothing was lacking. That's why people thought she lived without ever experiencing a single trial. But that was a misconception.

They didn't know all the trails she went through and the effort she made. In fact, Yura had suffered numerous trials and had many frustrating experiences. She tried to withstand the trials and failed. But she was able to mature because she didn't give in to her frustration.

It was a process that took place in both reality and Satisfy. It was how she could become 5th ranked and a star that people were envious of.

'I can learn from today's failure and grow even more.'

There was a flash and weapons aimed at her organs. She closed her eyes and accepted death. Then...

Chaeeeeeng!

Something flew from the sky.

'This..'

Yura opened her eyes and saw seven beautiful blades. Then a familiar voice was heard.

"The villain has appeared."

A powerful and confident voice. That voice was weak just a few months ago. Would anyone believe her if she said that?

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The black-haired man wielded his greatsword and proudly showed off his overwhelming strength. The person was Grid! It was the moment when the person who once made Yura very frustrated appeared.

‘You came. You decided to accept my compulsion.’

Due to her innate talent, she lived a life of solitude. She didn’t have the experience of relying on someone. Ever since her parents died, she was completely isolated. She had a heart of steel because she had to face the world alone.

But at this moment. Yura’s solid heart melted like snow before sunlight.

“...Thank you.”

Yura smiled as she blushed for the first time. Her smile was more brilliant than ever.



Tira Island.

The world’s attention was focused on the small island that was the stage for the target processing match.

‘A brilliant debut.’

It was the honest impression of Turkey’s representative, Bubat. The young man called Grid appeared and saved Yura just before her death, blowing the rankers away. Then he used the unidentified golden blades to destroy the targets.

The appearance was dramatic enough to seem like the main character of a movie. Right now, the outside world would be in an uproar. It was obvious that the ID Grid would occupy the number one spot on the Internet real time searches of each country.

There was a common question that everyone in the world had.

“Who are you?” Bubat asked on behalf of the world.

Grid replied sarcastically, “Isn’t it obvious after I saved Yura? South Korea’s representative.”

Bubat frowned at the words.

‘He doesn’t feel any tension despite being surrounded by renowned rankers. He is an arrogant person.’

Grid was certainly a private ranker.

‘A person who hides behind a curtain and doesn’t know the enormity of the world, he believes he is the best frog in the well... I have met many people like you.’

The private rankers all had one thing in common. It was that they didn’t know the reality of the world. They mocked the rankers who competed on stage with courage and honor, not realizing it was just an illusion. Bubatz had experience humbling such people.

‘You should always be vigilant.’

Sneak sneak.

Bubatz fixed his gaze on Grid and moved a few steps with skillful footwork. He narrowed the distance to 3m and used a skill.

“Bull Headbutt!”

Bull Headbutt was the Crusher’s unique skill and had a higher concept than Blink magic. He leapt through space itself, so he could approach the target no matter what obstacles were in his way.

Kung!

Bubatz emerged in front of Grid and used a skill at the same time. He bent his waist. Then his hard forehead hit Grid. Yura countered Bubatz using precise timing, but Grid didn’t have the same control as Yura. He allowed the attack.

[You have dealt 1,730 damage to the target.]

[The target will become rigid for 0.3 seconds.]

[The target has resisted.]

‘Resisted?’

Bubatz was confused but linked his CC skills out of habit.

“Star Wish!”

Kwang!

Bubat’s one-handed hammer hit Grid’s temple. There was the special effect of stars floating above Grid’s head.

[You have dealt 2,280 damage to the target.]

[The target will be stunned for 2.5 seconds.]

He did it properly. This was the power of a Crusher, who could neutralize the enemy.

“Well done Bubat!”

The 10 remaining representatives moved in unison. They were intent on killing Grid.

‘It doesn’t matter who you are!’

‘I’ll make your face distort with pain!’

They would force Grid to exit, making his spectacular emergence be in vain. He would go back to hiding behind his curtain as usual, like all private rankers. The rankers ridiculed Grid and prepared to attack him.

“Danger!”

Bubat hurriedly exclaimed. It was due to the incredible notification window that appeared in front of him.

[The target has resisted.]

He saw many people who could reduce the duration of CCs using stats, skills or item effects. Therefore, he didn’t think much of it when he saw that Grid resisted Bull Headbutt’s 0.3 second rigid state. But to be perfectly resistant to a 2.5 second CC?

‘Is he immune to CC?’

If so, it was a total scam. A chill went down Bubat’s spine. However, the other rankers were confident. They couldn’t imagine that Grid was immune to CC and ignored Bubat’s warnings, swinging their weapons as hard as possible.

Pahat!

Syuok!

The onslaught revealed their weakness, because they didn’t expect a counterattack.

Pisik.

Grid laughed and moved lightly.

Sukakak!

First of all, he would leave Bubat for later.

“What...?”

Grid evaded the attacks and advanced while counterattacking.

Seokeok!

Puok!

“Keook!”

“Ugh!”

It was undeniable that Grid’s control skills were lacking compared to a ranker. However, he had experience raiding powerful bosses and he had grown slightly beyond the category of ordinary people. It meant he couldn’t fail to counterattack against the enemies who weren’t vigilant and exposed their weak points.

“What is this... Ugh!”

Grid, who shouldn’t be able to move, had neatly avoided their attacks and

counterattacked. Thus, the rankers were caught off guard and wounded. They hurriedly took a health potion while shock filled their eyes.

[You have suffered 6,230 damage.]

[You have suffered 6,100 damage.]

[You have suffered 6,450 damage.]

Putting aside his immunity to CC, his flat damage was this much?

“What is this guy...?”

If a ranker received damage from a damage dealer with a level in the mid-200s, they would suffer around 3,000 damage. Yet this was more than 6,000 damage? In addition, this was the damage without using a skill?

“You..! What is your identity?”

Grid was different from the usual private rankers that they met. He was a monster like Yura. The South Korean team was hiding another bigshot like Yura? The rankers became tense. At this moment, someone saw the golden blades destroying the targets by themselves and belatedly recalled something.

“That reminds me, those golden blades... Don’t they look like the golden discs used by Pagma’s Descendant at the Bairan battle?”

“...Heok?”

“It can’t be...”

The rankers frowned. At the same time, the commentators were making the same guess.

『 The seven golden blades are moving by themselves! The actions, material and color are similar to the golden discs used by Pagma’s Descendant! 』

『 We should pay attention to that black greatsword! That greatsword has an orange

color around it like the sunset, so I failed to recognize it at first. But look closely! It is the greatsword that Pagma's Descendant threw to Toon in the Bairan Battle! 』

“Come to think of it...”

“Then perhaps...?”

“That man called Grid...”

Was he Pagma's Descendant? The millions of viewers around the world, including the rankers and audience members all wondered the same thing. On the other hand, Grid was frowning.

‘They only lost one-fifth of their health, despite being hit by Dainsleif? They are truly top rankers.’

[+8 Dainsleif (Reproduction)]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 500/500 Attack Power: 703~991 Attack Speed: -8% (-2)%

* Additional damage equal to 10% of the target's current defense will be dealt.

* The greater the number of enemies, the greater the damage.

(Additional 15 (+3) damage per enemy)

* The skill ‘Golden Flash’ will be generated.

The weapon was strengthened to +8.

Compared to the +0 weapon, the base attack power increased by 56% and the option effects increased by 20%.

Currently, Dainsleif perceived 11 people as enemies. This meant that the +8 Dainsleif had an attack power of 901~1,189+@ (damage proportional to the opponent's defense). This alone was enough for it to be a great weapon, so Grid had judged that it wasn't necessary to bring out Failure.

‘I really can’t ignore the rankers.’

Grid opened his inventory. Then he put Dainsleif away and pulled out Failure.

[+9 Failure]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 1,090/1,090

Attack Power: 1,768~3,682 Defense: 80 (+24)

* Agility +50 (+15)

* There is a low probability of blocking the enemy’s attacks.

* There is a certain probability of activating the ‘5 Joint Attacks’ skill.

* There is a high probability of activating the ‘Cutting’ skill.

* The skill ‘Bisect’ will be generated.

* There will be a fear effect if the enemy is more than 20 (-6) levels lower than the user.

* Attack power +20% (+6) in dark places.

A +9 item was on a different dimension from a +8 item. Compared to the +0 weapon, the base attack power increased by 70% and the option effects increased by 30%. In addition, Failure was a weapon that was fundamentally more powerful than Dainsleif. The absolute majesty of the +9 Failure couldn’t be compared with the +8 Dainsleif.

‘In the first place, I am participating in the National Competition...’

Grid himself was well aware that it was impossible to conceal his identity anymore. So what if he let the world know?

‘I will have a glamorous debut.’

He was reluctant to be a celebrity because it was annoying in many ways. But on the contrary, if he could endure it, then he would be able to obtain a lot of benefits. He

would become more popular with women. Or he would become more popular with women.

‘I will become more popular with women!’

After the incident with Ahyoung, he had a distrust of women and couldn’t think of dating immediately. However, he wasn’t celibate. Who knew what would happen? He might meet his fate if he got many female fans.

“Huhuhu...!”

He smiled. But from the enemy’s point of view, Grid’s smile was very wicked. “Pagma’s Swordsmanship...!”

“P-Pagma...!”

“It’s real!”

The rankers started frantically thinking. The legendary class, Pagma’s Descendant. The person who made the whole world shake was a Korean? And what was that white light around the greatsword?

‘+9 sword...!’

“Transcended Link.”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

It was the first appearance of Pagma’s Descendant after the Bairan battle. This was much more powerful compared to the bombardment he fired at Neberius during the Bairan battle.

[You have suffered 18,050 damage.]

[You have suffered 19,900 damage.]

[You have suffered 18,410 damage.]

“Kuaaaaak!”

The rankers were hurt due to the battle with Yura, and their health wasn't full despite taking potions. They couldn't cope with the blue and white bombardment and started to turn into a grey light.

Some people who calmly deployed their defense skills survived, but there was only a handful of them. There were only four people left. Except for them, seven rankers were logged out with one skill.

‘A wide area skill has this much damage?’

‘Why didn't he get affected by the CC?’

The four survivors were confused by the aftermath of the absurd attack. On the other hand, Grid didn't stay still.

“Quick Movements!”

He pulled out the Ideal Dagger and used its skills, then he chased after the survivors. Then he swapped again to the +9 Failure and used Blacksmith's Rage, raising his attack power and attack speed. A large storm raged from the greatsword.

Jjejeong! Jjang! Jjejejeok!

[The durability of Zilron's Sword has decreased by 32.]

[The durability of Ragel's Shield has decreased by 19.]

[The durability of the Tuhon Armor has decreased by 9.]

Puk! Peok! Sakak!

[You have suffered 9,820 damage.]

[You have suffered 12,030 damage.]

[You have suffered 10,550 damage.]

“Ugh! What is this...?”

“Every time I defend, my item durability...!”

“Dammit! Isn’t this crazy? Kuhak!”

Was this really a player’s attack power? It was comparable to a boss monster. Yura was strong in magic, but they couldn’t endure this bastard’s strength. Then what about the attack speed? It was unbelievably fast for a greatsword.

Seokeok!

“Kuaaaaak!”

It was impossible for only four people to cope with Grid. Somehow they counterattacked, but their damage wasn’t as high as Grid’s. His defense was at the level of a tanker and they couldn’t deal any fatal damage.

“You!”

Bubat had persistent health and continued to use CC, blocking Grid’s path several times. But Grid was immune to CC, making it useless. A Crusher’s worst counter was Pagma’s Descendant.

‘How absurd...!’

A legendary class was different. It didn’t matter about the lack of control. He was just strong. Furthermore, the items he was armed with were too good.

“This is a fraudulent character... Cough!”

“Kuak!”

In the end, the four survivors, including Bubat, died and were logged out.

“This place is all cleaned up.”

Grid defeated 11 rankers that represented their country. He recovered his health by drinking potions and extended his sight to the entire island.

“ ”
...

On one side, Regas and Med were having a confrontation. Natasha left Regas alone and was absorbed in aiming at the targets. Jishuka and Samuel who represented Brazil were in the forest. The US, French, Chinese and Japanese representatives were busy keeping each other in check.

All those who met Grid's eyes shrank back. Jishuka and Regas weren't an exception. Right now, they were Grid's enemies. They all stayed silent and couldn't act carelessly, causing Grid to shrug.

“Well, there is no need to fight.”

Pepeng! Peng!

In the sky above. Even at this moment, the seven golden blades were moving on their own to destroy the targets. South Korea's points were now at 110. On the other hand, the average score of the other teams was only 70 points.

This status quo just needed to be maintained, and it was clear that South Korea would win.

『 ... 』

The commentators were overwhelmed at the majesty of the legendary class and couldn't say anything.

“ ”
...

The hundreds of thousands of spectators were silent with astonishment. The Olympic main stadium was as calm as dead rats.

“ ”
...

Even the millions of people watching via TV or the Internet had lost their souls. Had there ever been such a quiet day since the human race started breeding on Earth? Many people were feeling doubt.

“Indeed, you truly are Pagma's Descendant.”

Yura smiled. She was still beautiful despite being wounded. She couldn't raise her slender body, so Grid approached her.

"Don't exaggerate and stand up. Isn't it funny that a woman like you has fallen down?"

"Please help me." Yura asked and held out a hand.

"Che."

Grid clicked his tongue and grabbed her hand. It was clearly caught on camera. Then...

"W... Waaahhhhhhhh!"

"Grid! Grid! Grid!"

"Yura! Yura! Yura!"

The Korean audience members started to cheer on the two people. South Korea, a country ignored for being weak in Satisfy. This man and woman were about to end that long disgrace.

On this day. A true legend began.

CHAPTER 174

“Bad person.” Jishuka muttered.

Deep in the forest. She had struggled with Samuel, the weakest of the participants in the target processing match, and her anger finally exploded.

“He ignored my whisper, only to come for another girl?”

The day of the opening ceremony. Jishuka had logged onto Satisfy in South Korea and whispered to Grid to find out his location. But Grid continued to ignore her whispers. At the time, Jishuka had tried to understand. He must be busy.

But what was this? He didn’t seem too busy to rescue another woman.

‘Did he ignore my whispers because he wasn’t interested in me? He didn’t want to meet up with me, so he ignored it?’

She had thousands of fan clubs all over the world. Hundreds of millions of men wanted her. She had been courted by the best men, such as handsome actors, oil tycoons, and successful intellectuals. But now she was being ignored.

Jishuka’s pride was crushed as she was holding a Special Jaffa Arrow! It was broken in half. She ignored it and asked Samuel, “Who is prettier between me and Yura?”

The people of the world enjoyed comparing Jishuka and Yura. It was their hobby to evaluate who was more beautiful. It wasn’t just their appearance. They were often compared in all respects because they were international stars and top rankers of Satisfy. Even the payment they received for their TV appearances or photo shoots was the same.

Jishuka recognized Yura as her rival. However, she was confident that she was superior to Yura. But she seemed to be defeated when it came to the man she was interested in. She never knew that Grid and Yura were so close.

‘A person who would rather make items rushed to participate in the National Competition... Is Yura a special presence to him?’

Samuel looked at her and responded honestly.

“Jishuka, you are much sexier. Your qualities are definitely better. Objectively, I think that you are more beautiful? But I personally prefer elegant women, so Yura seems more beautiful to me. In addition, Yura is Asian, right? She has calm eyes, no freckles, and a mysterious charm in many ways. Hehe, she is a goddess.”

“Shut up.”

Puok!

[The effect of the Special Jaffa arrow is activated, meaning the enemy's defense is completely ignored.]

[The Special Jaffa Arrow has poisoned the enemy.]

“Keok!”

Samuel shuddered in pain as the arrow stabbed his thigh. Then Jishuka pulled back her bowstring.

“I am angry.”

Papapat!

Her quick fire was unfolded. The targets flying between the trees and bushes exploded without being able to escape Jishuka's arrows.

“I am becoming heated up!”

Pepepepeng!

The Brazilian team's score keep increasing thanks to her furious firing. The commentator shouted.

『 Brazil 72... 73 points! Truly an expert archer! The Brazilian representative, Jishuka's arrows ignore all obstacles and are wiping out the targets in a flash! Ah! As soon as I spoke, the Chinese team and Japanese team have started attacking Jishuka! 』

“Wahhhh!”

The audience’s attention that was focused on Pagma’s Descendant finally returned to the battlefield. They once again began to cheer for the players of their country. On the other hand, the United States representative, Hurent, was looking at the scoreboard with a perplexed expression.

“Um~ what is this?”

South Korea – 113 points.

United States- 77 points.

Brazil – 73 points.

Canada – 71 points.

France – 69 points.

China – 62 points.

Japan – 61 points.

United Kingdom – 49 points.

Spain – 0 points.

It was the Korean team’s solo play.

He had almost caught up with the Korean team’s score when Yura was attacked by the representatives of eight countries, but the sudden appearance of Pagma’s Descendant made his efforts useless.

‘Destroying 11 top rankers alone and controlling the blades to handle the targets...’

During the Bairan battle, he had been ‘passable.’

“Really, isn’t it a foul to introduce a legendary class at this time?”

Hurent made a frightened expression on the outside, but his eyes were calm. He

scratched his grey hair and his middle-aged brain started to spin quickly. The situation had changed due to a single influence. How should he deal with it?

He worried about it before calling out his partner's name.

"Lauel."

"Yes."

The young silver-haired man, who was watching Grid, replied with an expressionless face.

Hurent asked him, "Those golden blades, can you handle them?"

"..."

Lauel's gaze headed back towards the sky where Grid was. He briefly observed the seven blades that were moving around 1.5 times faster than the target and explained.

"Sniping is possible if I can get within 30m of them. However, if those blades are made of the same material as the golden discs that appeared during the Bairan battle, they won't be destroyed."

Hurent nodded.

"Okay. Then we will give up on the gold medal."

The United States was the world's strongest power.

As representatives of the United States, Hurent and Lauel were great. As the number two person on the US team, Hurent was 8th on the unified rankings and had a hidden class. Meanwhile, Lauel was one of the Ten Rookies. They originally aimed to win, but they changed their target without faltering.

"Pagma's Descendant and Yura. It might be possible with just one of them, but it is folly to become enemies with both of them at the same time. Let's leave both of them alone and focus on our own fight."

They would aim for the silver medal. Hurent made the decision and decided to defeat his rivals.

“First of all, our first target should be the Canadian team.”

The United States, France, Brazil, China and Japan were the five teams in the forest. They were busy keeping each other in check. The British team were near the Korean team, but their score was slowly rising because Natasha was handling the targets alone. The Spanish team? Med was the only survivor and he was confronting Regas. His score was also zero, so there was no need to worry about him.

On the other hand, the Canadian team was an eyesore.

They were hidden halfway up a mountain and were persistently handling the targets. Thanks to their exquisite position, their speed of points acquisition was fast and no one was disturbing them. They were the obvious choice.

“..”

The French representatives and Chinese representatives on the right and left looked over here with frightened eyes. Hurent laughed at them and spoke, “Three minutes. Just hold on for three minutes without me.”

Lauel’s face distorted. “Hold on alone for three minutes? Won’t the other teams focus their attacks on me the moment you leave my side? I won’t even be able to last two minutes.”

“No, you can hold on. If not, just endure for 2 minutes and 50 seconds. I will come back in that time.”

“Shouldn’t we go together?”

“No. Then the Canadian team can cooperate with other teams to isolate us. Then I am going~”

Hurent spoke one-sidedly before jumping high in a manner that didn’t fit his large size. Like a martial artist, he ran along the trees and reached the mountain in a minute.

“Have you come to be killed?”

The Canadian representative ridiculed Hurent. There were two of them, while Hurent was alone. Lauel was left alone and was being attacked by the representatives of other countries. This was the end for the US.

“You’re foolish, Hurent.”

After the Korean team that had Pagma’s Descendant and Yura, the United States had the next best power. Now the Canadian team had an opportunity to defeat the United States. Hurent might be ranked 8th, but they were also in the top 30 rankings. The two of them believed they could defeat Hurent if they worked together.

‘Hurent isn’t a monster like Yura and Pagma’s Descendant. If he was a monster like them, he would’ve already smashed the other teams alone.’

The Canadian representatives thought so. But in fact, Hurent was a monster. He was one of the seven rankers that Yura analyzed to be stronger than her.

“I have to hurry.”

Hwaruruk!

A red aura like fire blazed on both of Hurent’s hands.

“Eh?”

It was different from their information? Hurent had a rare hidden class called ‘Aura Master,’ and didn’t he originally deal with blue aura? As they felt confused and wary, Hurent gave them new information.

“Among the hidden classes, ‘growth’ types exist. My Aura Master was a rare class when I first acquired it, but now it’s been promoted to an epic class. My aura has become stronger.”

“Bullshit!”

This was the first time they heard of growth type classes. The Canadian team thought it was a bluff and attacked. The aura around both of Hurent’s hands formed swords.

“I will let you learn the glory of a future legendary class.”

Hurent spoke sincerely and swung his two aura blades.

Chaaeng! Chaaeng!

The Canadian representatives struggled. They exchanged a few blows with Hurent. But Hurent's swordsmanship was much better. The Canadian representatives started to be injured. Hurent's aura blades completely ignored their defenses, so they suffered a 100% fixed damage.

The Canadian representatives were shocked by their injuries, while Hurent's aura blades moved like a whip.

Puuok!

"Kuk... Kuak!"

"From this angle, how...?"

A Canadian representative was pierced in the heart and was stunned after suffering massive damage. Their survival was already in Hurent's hands.

"Your abilities are good, but... Somehow, the recent rankers are too weak in PvP. Is it because they are only focused on levelling up? You don't know how to fight~"

Hurent was unable to conceal his relaxed expression as he logged out the Canadian rankers. He checked the time while taking a potion and hit his forehead.

"Damn, it has already been over three minutes."

Hurent operated aura around his lower half, allowing him to move at a tremendous speed and to quickly reach Lael. Then he laughed. Lael, who he thought would already be dead, was relatively fine?

"No wonder he's called the strongest rookie."

Lael glared sharply while Hurent was admiring him.

"It took you 4 minutes and 9 seconds."

"Sorry, sorry~ The enemies were further than I thought."

The apologetic Hurent attacked the French and Chinese representatives who had attacked Lael. At that moment, an arrow flew towards his heart.

Puok!

Hurent avoided it hitting his heart with breathtaking reflexes and expressed his disapproval. He pulled out the arrow and said, "I wanted to avoid a melee because of that woman."

An archer was vulnerable in a one-on-one match. But it was a scary class when hidden behind allies. In the first place, Jishuka was an outstanding talent.

"Well, she was my second goal. Cover me Lauel."

Hurent leapt in the direction of the Brazilian team.

'We can't beat the US team if Jishuka is killed.'

The other teams judged simultaneously and blocked him. But there was one problem.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Hurent dispersed aura around him. Then they transformed into aura spears and pierced the bodies of the enemies.

"Kuk...! 'Aura, is this its true power?'

'This is the strength of a top 10 ranker...!'

Surprises kept appearing.

Zibal, Chris, Bondre and Yura. Then there was Pagma's Descendant and Hurent.

They showed strength that transcended common sense in this National Competition. Even if all participants were rankers, the level was different. It was to a point where they felt insignificant.

Hurent pierced through the disgruntled representatives and reached the Brazilian team. Samuel blocked his way, but Samuel was the weakest one here. He couldn't beat Hurent.

"Eek!"

Samuel was struck and fell down. Hurent had been hit with arrows several times, but he ignored them and narrowed the distance to Jishuka instantly.

“Isn’t this quite hard?” Hurent explained to the sweaty Jishuka. “It’s possible to operate my aura defensively. Anyway, it’s great. This is the first time I’ve become a hedgehog.”

“Why don’t you experience your body being cut in half?”

“...!”

An unexpected voice was heard above his head? Hurent freaked out and moved.

Kwang!

The greatsword hit the place where he had been standing.

Jjejeok! Jjejejeok!

The ground shook like an earthquake had occurred. Grid descended.

Hurent noticed his mistake.

“That’s right. Didn’t Pagma’s Descendant belong to the Tzedakah Guild? Ah, I tried to touch someone I should’ve not have.”

“You saw it right away.”

He might’ve never expressed it, but the Tzedakah Guild was very precious to Grid. They noticed his value more quickly than anyone else, and they were people who respected and cared about him.

He originally built a relationship with them because of money, but not anymore. This was a relationship built up over half a year. They helped him in many ways. Grid might laugh at some of them, but to him, they were his only friends.

How could he not protect his friends when he had enough strength? It was no different from his past friends who ignored him when he was in pain.

‘Yes, I will never do so.’

At this moment, he realized why he wanted to enter the competition despite having to reveal his identity.

Sururuk.

Grid's eyes changed.

The arrogance cleared from his eyes. The reasons he used to convince himself about why he participated in this competition was just a means to conceal his confusion, because he couldn't understand his own psychology. At this moment, his eyes were shining deeply and gently.

Hurent witnessed the change in real time and was amazed.

'It feels like he has become another person.'

On the other hand, Jishuka's eyes were shining from next to Grid.

'W-What? Why is he so good looking today?'

Jishuka was always confident and didn't pay attention to men. Her eyes couldn't leave Grid.

Grid moved her behind him and declared, "Watch me."

"Ye... Huh?"

Duguen!

Jishuka looked at Grid's wide back and turned red. And right now, this situation was being broadcasted around the world.

"Damn! This isn't a drama!"

"Boo! Boo-!"

The men around the world started to boo together. Pagma's Descendant, Yura, wasn't enough for him? He was aiming for Jishuka as well? Wasn't he a very bad person?

"Damn bastard!"

“Rotten guy!”

One man was gobbling up the hearts of two of the world’s most beautiful women. There was a lot of swearing around the world.

At the same time.

A young man in his 30’s was watching the competition on TV and stood up. Then towards the Grid on TV... *Clap. Clap.* A standing ovation.

“Plant flags all around you. Bravo...!”

This man had posters of Rebecca’s Daughters all over his house. Thanks to Grid, the pope was killed and he became the first to receive a unique hidden class. He was cheering for Grid from a distance.

CHAPTER 175

When he was a highschool student. Lee Junho only believed in his fist, and tormented children weaker than him. Mental and physical abuse were basic, and he also extorted money. In school, he was the king.

No one could resist and had to obey him. One of the tormented was Shin Youngwoo. He would shiver when frightened and would become grumpy if his pride was trampled on. Youngwoo was the same, even after going to university and the military.

Lee Junho mocked him every time they met at the alumni meeting. But what was this? The person who appeared at this year's reunion was significantly different. He was economically successful and confident.

On the other hand, Lee Junho hadn't changed from his school days. He couldn't abandon his gangster mentality and couldn't adapt to society. He was in his late 20's and could only find part time jobs.

Lee Junho became ashamed of himself. He got off the throne he was sitting on and faced reality.

'I need to change, like Youngwoo.'

Lee Junho was determined. Like Youngwoo, he tried to overcome his past self in order to achieve a new and successful life.

First of all, he abandoned his futile pride. He worked hard to find jobs at gas stations, convenience stores, PC Cafes and construction sites. He didn't boast. He didn't spend much money. He saved one penny, two pennies, and eventually realized something.

How wasteful was it to rob others of money with violence? He also realized it every time he was ignored by the customers for being a part-time worker. He believed that the act of ignoring the weak was a sin that shouldn't be forgiven.

'...I'm sorry, Shin Youngwoo.'

On his way back home after his part time job. Lee Junho was smoking in a smoking booth and apologized to Youngwoo in his mind. There was a bitter smile on his face.

“If I could have an opportunity to apologize to you, I will never show up in front of you again.”

The Satisfy National Competition was relayed on billboards on skyscrapers. He was able to see Youngwoo’s appearance there. Now he was a person in a completely different world.

Many people stopped along the way and looked up at Youngwoo on the billboard. Among the crowd was Youngwoo’s sister, Sehee.

“Cool.”

Yerim was with Sehee and sincerely admired him. She was completely fascinated by Youngwoo, who appeared to save Yura and overwhelm the foreign teams.

“He is capable, strong and overflowing with confidence. Your brother is really the best man.”

“The game and reality are different. I admire my brother, but he isn’t the best man.”

Sehee tried to return Yerim to reality, but it was useless.

“Aren’t you aware that Satisfy isn’t a simple game? Satisfy is already another reality. He is the best man in that reality.”

Yerim knew it more accurately than Sehee. She had a more mature appearance than her age and proclaimed with a giggle, “I will surely have your brother.”

Gulp.

The men starting around them were attracted to Yerim and lost their souls. There was the sound of gulping here and there. Several men who looked like gangsters were already approaching. Sehee glared at them and asserted to Yerim.

“You don’t fit Oppa’s taste.”

“Huh?” Yerim’s eyes widened. She looked at Sehee’s sulky expression and laughed. “Sorry, sorry. Sehee, I forgot how much you love your brother. I’m sorry for making you jealous.”

“I’m not just saying this. You really don’t fit Oppa’s taste.”

“Ye~? What man would dislike me?”

Yerim was considered the best queen of South Korea’s high school system along with Sehee, so her self-esteem was very high. Sehee explained the reason for her confident words.

“Oppa likes busty girls.”

Yerim tilted her head to one side.

“Aren’t I pretty big?”

“You need to at least have a D cup.”

On the billboard, Youngwoo was saving Jishuka from Hurent. It was natural to save Yura because she was a Korean, but wasn’t Jishuka a representative of another country? Why did he save her? Yerim confirmed Jishuka’s large chest and pouted.

“Really, that’s his taste?”

“He’s a dog in rut.”

Sehee was furious. She was annoyed to see that woman hanging onto her brother.

“I’m going.”

In the end, Sehee turned away from the electronic billboard and moved towards the library. Yerim wanted to see more of the broadcast, but was forced to follow Sehee. Then she thought.

‘I’m not even 20 years old yet, so should I try for a D cup?’

She was seriously considering it.



Hurent gazed at Jishuka and Grid.

He took a health potion and an antidote before speaking.

“This isn’t a common antidote... The poison arrows are quite awful.”

He checked the scoreboard.

‘Korea has 131 points, the US has 82 points, Brazil has 73 points, the United Kingdom has 60 points and Spain has 0.’

Now there were only five countries left. Spain was ruled out. The Spanish team’s Med was on the verge of being logged out by Regas. Hurent understood the battlefield and sent a whisper to Lauel in the rear.

–Get out of battle and focus on handling the targets. We have given up on the gold medal, but we need to take the silver medal.

—Isn’t the damage pretty big? Can you afford to go against Pagma’s Descendant in that state?

The seven golden blades were still moving by themselves and destroying the targets. Hurent confirmed the scene and smiled darkly.

–Why not?

Ttadak.

Hurent looked at Grid.

“Since the situation is like this, shall I enjoy it a little?”

It was an obvious provocation! The confident Grid wasn’t going to fall for that provocation.

“Stop fooling around.”

The 1st ranked Kraugel. The 2nd ranked Zibal. The 3rd ranked Chris. The 7th ranked

Agnus. The 8th ranked Hurent. The 11th ranked Bondre. Finally, the 14th ranked Hao. Yura had called them the seven people stronger than her.

Grid distinctly remembered it. However, he wasn't nervous at all, despite Hurent being one of them. He was someone who raided the strongest boss monsters alone! He was confident that he could beat high rankers with his stats, skills and items.

"Jishuka, leave him to me and concentrate on the targets. Don't you want the silver medal?"

"Yes...! Thank you!"

Jishuka thanked Grid and disappeared into the forest with Samuel. Once Grid was alone with Hurent, he immediately unfolded his sword dance.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship!"

The moment Grid moved two steps.

Puok!

A 5m long red blade emerged from Hurent's fingertip and pierced Grid's chest.

[You have suffered 4,600 damage.]

'Eh?'

Hurent attacked with timing that couldn't be coped with, because Grid was busy with his sword dance. The damage was considerable.

'I suffered that much damage despite my legendary armor set?'

Or was it the default damage of aura? Grid was confused but his best skill was already being used.

"Kill!"

Kuoooooh!

The giant blue greatsword filled with hatred roared as it headed for Hurent.

Kwarururung!

The trees in the area vibrated due to the overwhelming waves of energy coming from it. Grid had planned to blow Hurent away. However...

Hurent moved sideways at the correct timing and avoided Kill. Then he moved back to Grid and aimed his aura blades at the gap exposed by the greatsword swing.

[You have suffered 4,600 damage.]

[You have suffered 4,600 damage.]

‘It’s constant damage. Aura, does it ignore defense and deal a fixed damage?’

Grid frowned as he belatedly understood. The energy of Kill pierced empty air and faded. Hurent clicked his tongue. “In order to hit with a non-targeted skill, you first have to restrain your opponent’s movements. If that isn’t possible, you should predict their movements. Isn’t that part of the basics?”

Grid took a potion to restore his health and asked, “Are you attempting to teach me right now?”

“Teach? Hahat! Nonsense. Is there any reason to do that type of favor for you? I’m simply disappointed. You have the strongest class and this is the extent of your skills~? Don’t you have any combat experience?”

Grid snapped at him.

“Of course I have combat experience...! You can’t imagine how many bosses I’ve raided alone so far!”

Hurent chuckled.

“Is your combat experience limited to boss raids? Kukuk, of course, bosses are strong. But don’t they just fight with strength or with a fixed pattern? They don’t fight cleverly. Yes, just like you. Can’t you see that the difference in our combat experience is too

big?”

“Talking nonsense just because you avoided my skill once.”

The heated Grid moved his sword like butterflies dancing. This time, he was going to hit Hurent’s cheeky face. But Pagma’s Swordsmanship had a weakness. In order to activate the skill, the name must be said. This took a minimum of 0.8 to 2 seconds before the skill was activated.

Obviously, some people would feel that this was a short amount of time. In fact, none of the players, monsters and bosses Grid met had touched him during this time. But didn’t Yura counter in 0.5 seconds when facing a Crusher? Furthermore, Hurent was much better than her.

Teook!

The moment that Grid took the first step of his sword dance.

Puuok!

[You have suffered 4,600 damage.]

[You have suffered 4,600 damage.]

Hurent hit Grid twice during that time. At the same time, he escaped to the rear, opening up a distance.

“Kuk!”

Grid checked the distance and decided it was impossible, cancelling his activation of Link.

‘It stinks.’

He admitted that Hurent was strong. It was accepted compared to the bosses he had faced so far. The aura’s fixed damage and ability to freely transform its shape was quite annoying, but the vulnerable part was that he couldn’t use a skill.

Certainly, Grid had experience fighting. However, he perceived it after two skills became useless.

“Are you going to use a skill haphazardly again? Do you have no learning ability?”

Hurent sighed as if Grid was pathetic. In the end, Grid rushed to him.

“Okay! I can just swing my sword instead of using skills. Then will you be able to avoid it? Eh? Blacksmith’s Rage!”

Jjejeong!

The +9 Failure clashed with the aura blades.

‘Strong.’

Hurent confirmed that his aura shook like a fire in front of wind and clicked his tongue. He tried to open a distance with Grid, but his basic movement speed wasn’t enough.

Jjejeong! Jjang!

Grid persistently stuck to Hurent and swung his sword. Hurent barely managed to defend and confirmed that the cooldown of his Escape skill was over.

“Escape.”

Peeng!

This close-range distance skill was something that all warrior classes possessed. Hurent managed to get 5m away from Grid and shifted some of his aura to his lower half.

[Attack power is reduced by 30%.]

[Movement speed has increased by 30%.]

‘Faster?’

Grid was no longer able to narrow down the distance to Hurent, who was running away like a coward. In the end, he swapped out to the Ideal Dagger, used Quick Movements and shouted at Hurent.

“Let’s finish this game.”

Pepepepeok!

Hurent leaped towards where there were a lot of targets and released his aura all around him. There was an explosion and the US team’s score quickly updated.

『 The United States has 109 points! Really amazing! After logging out the representatives from France, China and Japan, Hurent destroyed 16 targets in a single strike while running from Pagma’s Descendant! 』

“What are you trying to do?”

Grid wanted to help Jishuka and Regas. He wanted their countries to win the silver and bronze medals. Therefore, he chased after Hurent to stop him. Thanks to his high persistence, Grid’s stamina remained steady while Hurent gradually became exhausted.

‘I thought he invested most of his stats into strength, then some into agility and stamina. But now I see that his stats are high overall. Indeed, a blacksmith can increase their stats dramatically through the production of items.’

Over time, Hurent could grasp more about Grid. But his breathing was becoming labored and he was slowing down.

‘I almost caught up!’

Grid’s eyes sparkled. This was the end. He would soon catch that annoying guy.

Grid was filled with pleasure, but there was a problem.

『 South Korean team-! 150 points! Victoryyyy! 』

“What...?”

Grid noticed his mistake. He forgot about the presence of Yura and the pavranium. He

didn't tell Yura that he wanted to beat the US team, and he didn't recall the target destruction order that he gave to the pavranium. Yura and the pavranium kept destroying the targets while he pursued Hurent, eventually leading to this.

"Bye-bye~?"

Hurent laughed, as he had predicted this situation from the beginning. Grid was forced to log out. It was a rule that the team who achieved the quota could no longer remain on the battlefield.

After that.

The United States were the next to reach 150 points after South Korea and achieved the silver medal. Britain and Brazil was left behind to compete for third place, and Britain eventually became the winner.

Jishuka's ability to destroy targets was much better than Natasha, but her partner was the problem. Samuel was too lacking and couldn't protect Jishuka from Regas. In the end, hundreds of thousands of spectators watched as the Korean, United States, and United Kingdom team got on the podium.

"It was enjoyable, newbie."

"Dammit...!"

A funny scene was produced. Grid won the gold medal and was scowling from the top of the podium, while Hurent received the silver medal next to him and was laughing loudly. Looking at the atmosphere of the two men, it was like the US had won.

CHAPTER 176

“Is there a reason you didn’t use your ranged skill called Transcended Link? Isn’t it a skill optimized to catch Hurent when he’s running away?”

It was Yura’s question.

They were heading back to the waiting room after the awards ceremony. Youngwoo was humming happily. No one would’ve believed that he had been angry during the awards ceremony.

[The target processing match, South Korean’s unexpected win! The whole nation is enthusiastic! Praise Pagma’s Descendant!]

[The owner of the first legendary class is Korean? Shin Youngwoo, who is he?]

[The brilliant appearance of the man called Grid! A strong impact! Women’s hearts are thumping!]

[<Column> Will Grid be able to regain South Korea’s reputation as a gaming powerhouse?]

[The whole world is watching Korea and Pagma’s Descendant! Entering the National Competition, it isn’t a dream!]

[Grid helped Jishuka, the Brazilian representative. What is the meaning of this action? Are the two people lovers?]

Indeed, Satisfy’s influence was amazing. He became a global star in a manner of minutes. Shin Youngwoo read the Internet articles on his phone. He was completely excited, so he answered honestly.

“Transcended Link? I wanted to use it. But the cooldown time wasn’t over, so I didn’t.”

“I thought so.”

It took exactly 14 minutes and 47 seconds for the Korean team to score 150 points after Youngwoo entered the competition and used Transcended Link. Based on that,

Yura could figure out that the cooldown time of Transcended Link was at least 15 minutes.

‘Youngwoo-ssi didn’t use several of the skills he showed in the Bairan battle. Pagma’s Swordsmanship is strong, but its weakness is that it needs a sword dance to be invoked and has a long cooldown time.’

Yura had analyzed Pagma’s Descendant dozens of times since the Bairan battle.

Pagma’s Descendant. In other words, she was able to grasp the functions and power of the four skills that Youngwoo used during the Bairan battle, which were Transcended Link, Link, Kill and Wave.

And the conclusion she came to was that it was ‘insufficient.’ It wasn’t a matter of talent, such as good or bad control. Pagma’s Descendant was a class that was basically a blacksmith, so the combat skills were poor. The weaknesses were also clear. Despite being a legendary class, the fighting power seemed to be less than the epic classes.

‘He has the strongest passive skill of ‘Status Immune’ and has the advantage of making legendary items.’

However, he couldn’t stand up to the best players. It was the limit of a production class. Pagma’s Descendant might be able to generate tremendous economic value, but it was relatively unimpressive in combat.

This was the analysis of Yura and other experts. However, they were mistaken. Pagma was the best blacksmith and swordsman.

In fact, Youngwoo had several skills that hadn’t been shown to the public. They were Restraint, Transcend and Linked Kill. If Youngwoo used either Restraint or Transcend, he would’ve been able to easily overpower Hurent.

Restraint limited movements for three seconds, and it was possible to deal a fatal wound during that time. Or he could destroy Hurent with the overwhelming firepower of Transcend.

That wasn’t all. In the past, Youngwoo acquired the title of Apostle of Justice and learned the Unbreakable Justice skill. The mana consumption was burdensome and it was more efficient to use Pagma’s Swordsmanship, so he had sealed it for a long time.

Youngwoo's intelligence stat had steadily grown to 643 after four months of producing hundreds of items, including Failure. He would gain 200 more intelligence if he wore Malacus' Cloak. A level 200 user would gain 6 mana per one point in intelligence.

Now Youngwoo was in a position to be able to use Unbreakable Justice easily with Pagma's Swordsmanship. Unbreakable Justice was an immediate use skill, unlike Pagma's Swordsmanship. Youngwoo could've used Unbreakable Justice against Hurent.

That wasn't the end. There was the Wind Blast and Wind of Justice attached to the Ideal Dagger, and Golden Flash attached to Dainsleif. Among them, Golden Flash was the only skill that dealt damage proportional to his magic power, so it was good at penetrating the enemy.

In other words, Youngwoo's power was much more than what people grasped. Then why hadn't Youngwoo used them? He saved his skills despite being humiliated by Hurent? The reason was simple. He didn't want to expose his power.

'If it wasn't for the pavranium, I would've eventually forced Hurent to logout. It was a disappointing result, because I stupidly overlooked the pavranium.'

The National Competition wasn't over yet. Today was only the second day. The Korean team was lacking and very reliant on Youngwoo. But Youngwoo was going to participate in the PvP event.

That's right. He was prepared to unveil his real skills in the PvP event. Every time he met a new enemy, he would be able to demonstrate a more powerful appearance by introducing a new skill. He would be able to become a star by being a hot topic.

'I'll get you back sooner or later ,Hurent. I will make you suffer the embarrassment I felt.'

Control? It was nothing in front of the trinity of skills, stats and items. Aura Master? A hidden growth type class?

'I am a legendary class from the beginning.'

He was participating in the National Competition now. He would win a gold medal in his three events! Youngwoo thought like that.

“Grid!”

“Pagma’s Descendant has come!”

In front of the Korean team’s waiting room. Hundreds of reporters were gathered. The domestic and foreign reporters were all only paying attention to Youngwoo.

“Oh my.”

She was being ignored. Yura was always treated the best wherever she went, so this was a strange experience for her. Was her pride hurt? Not at all. Yura was excited too.

‘Be calm.’

There was a lot of people. In particular, dealing with the press was very tiring. Thanks to Youngwoo, she was able to be freed from them, so she should stick to him in the future. On the other hand, Youngwoo was surrounded by reporters.

“When did you become Pagma’s Descendant?”

“Please tell us the process of becoming Pagma’s Descendant.”

“What was your reason for hiding your identity in the meantime?”

“You aren’t registered in the rankings, so what level are you?”

“The current 1st ranked Kraugel is level 297. Have you already achieved level 300?”

“Can you disclose the information of your items? In particular, many people are wondering about the blue greatsword.”

“What are those golden blades?”

“Why weren’t you seen when you first entered the National Competition? Was it a skill? Or did you create an invisibility cloak, like many experts speculated?”

“What exactly is your relationship with Jishuka?”

“What school did you go to? Your age? Where do you live? Your family?”

“Are you married?”

“What type of animal do you like?”

“What is your favorite food?”

It started from questions that pierced to the core to absurd questions. The languages of different countries surrounded him.

‘This is crazy.’

Youngwoo was confused because this was the first time he was experiencing it. In the end, Yura interfered. She said in English.

“First of all, give Youngwoo-ssi time to wear an interpreter.”

“Ah...”

The reporters briefly fell silent. Yura belatedly received an interpreting device from a staff member and persuaded Youngwoo.

“You’ve revealed yourself, so it’s good to be interviewed. Answer as much as you want, but don’t be stupid. Keep as much privacy as possible while satisfying the reporters. If the reporters aren’t satisfied, you will be stuck with their persistent stalking.”

“Yes.”

Youngwoo had vowed to become a star from the moment he decided to participate in the National Competition. Youngwoo took a deep breath and agreed.

“Sigh... I understand. I’m nervous because I’m unfamiliar with interviews, but I will do it because it’s a gateway I must go through.”

“Huhut.”

This man, sometimes he made nice expressions. Yura smiled and handed the interpreter to Youngwoo. Then finally, Youngwoo met the reporters.

“Hello.”

But he was surprised from the first question.

“It looks like you have a special relationship with Yura. Are you perhaps lovers?”

“Then what about Jishuka?”

“ ... ”

Weren't these questions supposed to be from third-rate magazines that dealt with celebrity scandals? Youngwoo thought the question was ridiculous and fell silent.

Yura skillfully answered on his behalf. “We are close, but we aren't lovers. It is a relationship where we share the purpose of gaining good achievements for South Korea in the National Competition. His relationship with Jishuka is similar. Youngwoo-ssi is part of the Tzedakah Guild.”

“I see.”

Yura's words didn't show any interest in Youngwoo. The reporters no longer doubted the relationship between the three people. Then they started asking other questions.

“40 days ago in real time, there was a phrase that suggested the first legendary class emerged in Satisfy. Was that the moment you became Pagma's Descendant?”

No. Youngwoo became Pagma's Descendant eight months ago. 40 days ago was when he produced his fifth legendary item and was truly recognized as Pagma's Descendant. But Youngwoo didn't tell the truth. There was no need to.

“That's correct.”

“What's your current level?”

“I don't want to reveal it.”

“What are those golden discs and blades that move by themselves? Don't they boast tremendous durability and mobility?”

“ ... ”

He also didn't want to reveal this. But the reporters would become more persistent if

he was too uncooperative. Yura's advice about moderately satisfying the reporters went around in Youngwoo's head.

"You can think of it as a private item for Pagma's Descendant."

"Private item?"

"Is it an item that exists to supplement the somewhat lacking combat power of Pagma's Descendant?"

Youngwoo glared at the reporter who said 'lacking combat power.' An American reporter didn't miss this look and threw a provocative question.

"You were one-sidedly hit by the US representative, Hurent. Experts from all over the world have doubts about the combat capabilities of Pagma's Descendant. Pagma's Descendant is the greatest blacksmith and swordsman, but did you inherit all his skills as a descendant?"

"I was one-sidedly hit?" Youngwoo scoffed and stared straight at the American reporter who asked the question. Then he said something shocking. "That's correct. I have yet to fully inherit Pagma's power. My class change quest still isn't finished yet."

"...!"

Yura standing beside Youngwoo and the reporters all looked amazed.

"You haven't finished the class quest yet?"

"This is the incomplete state...!"

Yet he still won against many rankers and obtained the gold medal in the target processing event?

"I'm only a child compared to the legendary Pagma, but that is only when compared to Pagma." Youngwoo made a prideful expression and declared in front of the reporters. "Hurent? If he participates in PvP, I will log him out in 30 seconds."

"Heok!"

He was going to log out Hurent in 30 seconds, one of the best rankers, and 8th on the

unified rankings! It was a huge scoop.

“...Write it down.”

Shin Youngwoo made a ridiculous declaration without a single tense look. Yura’s heart jumped from beside him.

CHAPTER 177

“Hurent? If he participates in PvP, I will log him out in 30 seconds.”

It was a shocking declaration. There was only the sound of breathing everywhere.

‘Are you making fun of the United States?’

The United States’ power was superior to all the countries that competed in the National Competition. It wasn’t uncommon for people to think that the United States would win the overall competition.

Hurent was the number two user in the US team. Yet Hurent was going to be logged out in only 30 seconds? Youngwoo’s remark was dangerous enough to stimulate the entire American population.

‘This will unconditionally be a front page headline!’

Amazing. A scoop above all other scoops. The reporters’ eyes shone. In particular, the Korean reporters were thrilled. How excited would Koreans become when they heard Youngwoo’s remark? They couldn’t even fathom it.

On the other hand, the American reporters were uncomfortable.

“The experts have analyzed that Hurent is better than you. Don’t you think you are acting too proudly? It seems to be an exaggeration.”

“You declared it publicly, but what if you can’t log out Hurent in 30 seconds? Then you will be disgraced globally. Can you afford the mockery and criticism from the public?”

“The world will become disappointed that the first legendary class is a simple braggart. Do you have any intention of withdrawing your remark?”

There was no question if this was a question or a threat. Youngwoo drove home his point to the American reporters who were subtly threatening him.

“I am better than you think.”

Originally, Youngwoo was a below average player. He took a leave of absence from school and played Satisfy as soon as it was released, but he fell behind others instead of getting ahead. Then he fell to hell when he performed Earl Ashur's quest to find Pagma's Rare Book. He wasted several months on the quest, and kept dying and losing his possessions.

Thanks to his unyielding spirit, he barely managed to become Pagma's Descendant, but his personality and lack of talent were problems. He was unable to properly handle the fraudulent class and wasted several months.

But it changed after the Malacus raid. After building a relationship with the Tzedakah Guild and going through all types of incidents, Youngwoo gradually changed. He surely grew. Now at this moment. Youngwoo was confident that he was the best player.

"Please don't overlook the fact that I am a legend."

He was proud about overcoming the trials that accompanied his pathetic nature and lacking talent. He expressed this pride without any shame.

"I am the best. Control? You shouldn't judge and ignore people because of that."

Gulp.

The reporters swallowed their dry saliva. The hundreds of reporters were convinced at this moment.

'He's a star.'

Not all of Satisfy's talents were stars. Only a handful of people who had something special that would stimulate and make the public enthusiastic could become a star. From that perspective, Youngwoo was a true star.

He was the first legendary class and had a pride that matched it. The uncompromising words might make someone feel uncomfortable, but it would give others excitement. He would be a hot topic whenever he opened his mouth, regardless of whether it was positive or negative.

The excited reporters continued to question him.

"A successor to Pagma's techniques and will has emerged. He's the only one in the

world that can create legendary items.' That phrase appeared in Satisfy. As the phrase suggests, can you create legendary items?"

"That's right."

"Ohh...!"

"Truly a legendary blacksmith!"

"How likely is it that a legendary item would be produced?"

"It isn't high right?"

"What is the difference between your legendary items and the legendary items that can be acquired from raids?"

"Do all your equipped items have a legendary rating?"

"It's predicted that many top guilds will invite you. Have you ever thought about leaving the Tzedakah Guild?"

"What is your stealth? Or did you create an invisibility cloak like many experts speculated?"

The interview lasted more than 30 minutes. But the reporters' questions never seemed to end. On the other hand, Youngwoo was a beginner at interviews and reached the limit of his concentration.

'This is crazy.'

In the first place, Youngwoo wasn't a clever person. Until now, he had been able to lead the interview with full confidence, but he couldn't grasp the point of the current questions. Yura noticed his difficulty and restrained the reporters.

"The interview ends here."

"Isn't there time to spare until the next event? Can't you cooperate a bit more?"

"No. It will end here."

Yura had a definite personality. Her decision was final. The reporters were well aware of her nature and retreated. They were already satisfied with the scoops that they got.

“Sigh... That wasn’t an easy task.”

After the reporters left.

Youngwoo finally let out a deep breath.

Yura encouraged him, “You did well.”

Her ebony hair flicked back as she smiled beautifully, making her seem like a refreshing tonic. Youngwoo felt like all his fatigue was released just looking at her.

“Thank you. I was able to do well thanks to you.”

“Rather, I should be the one thanking you. Thanks to you coming today, I was able to win a gold medal.”

Youngwoo had clearly stated his intention to not participate in the National Competition. Nevertheless, the Korean government and Yura arbitrarily put him on the list. It would’ve been very unpleasant for Youngwoo.

To be honest, Yura knew that Youngwoo wouldn’t participate in the competition. She was grateful that he appeared at an unexpected moment and got good results. On the other hand, she was sorry.

“...Aren’t you angry at me?” Yura carefully asked Youngwoo.

“I was mad that you got me involved as you pleased.”

“ ... ”

Yura bowed her head. Then Youngwoo spoke to her with a soft expression.

“But in the end, it was me who decided to participate in the National Competition.”

That’s right. He made the decision himself.

“I don’t blame you. And I unexpectedly like this stage. I really like the situation right

now. Ah~ it's enjoyable."

"I'm glad." Yura smiled.

She looked at Youngwoo with clear affection. Unfortunately, Youngwoo failed to notice this fact. On the other hand, articles about Youngwoo were being spread all over the world.

[Shocking news! Pagma's Descendant isn't complete yet!]

[The golden discs and blades are Pagma's Descendant's exclusive items! Will future legendary classes also have exclusive items?]

[The owner of the first legendary class, Shin Youngwoo. In reality, he's just an ordinary youth.]

[Yura and Jishuka? It's a simple friendship.]

[Pagma's Descendant can make legendary rated items.]

[(Column) The economic influence that Pagma's Descendant can exercise is astronomical. Grid will become the richest.]

[Grid has no intention of leaving the Tzedakah Guild.]

[Can Grid really produce an invisibility cloak?]

[Grid, 'Hurent? I'm not complete yet, but I can logout the 8th place person on the unified rankings in 30 seconds.']

[The Americans are angry at Grid's arrogant remark!]

[There is a festive atmosphere in Korea.]

The Korean team's waiting room.

"Hahaha! Grid is doing well in interviews!"

The Korean players treated Youngwoo like a hero.

“I felt relieved after seeing all the American reporters close their mouths!”

“I’m looking at the reactions from overseas sites right now, and it isn’t a joke! There is an uproar and foreigners are envious of South Korea.”

“I never imagined that the first legendary class would be a Korean! My heart beat wildly the moment you came!”

“Grid is the light of hope for South Korea! I’m proud!”

“Huhuhut...! Korea’s light of hope... It’s a good saying.”

In the midst of the excited players, Youngwoo’s nose rose into the sky.

Currently, the real time search terms of the Internal portal sites included ‘Grid,’ ‘Grid’s interview,’ ‘Grid’s class quest,’ ‘Shin Youngwoo,’ ‘Pagma’s Descendant,’ ‘legendary items,’ ‘30 second logout,’ ‘invisibility cloak,’ ‘golden blades’ and so on.

It was the same for TV. Most of the broadcasting stations around the world repeatedly showed how Youngwoo actively destroyed the targets.

“Eh...?”

The Shin’s vegetable store. Youngwoo’s parents were stunned when they turned on the TV for the first time. Why was their son on TV?

“...What’s this?”

Youngwoo’s parents thought it was a dream. The news anchors and experts were praising their son as one of Korea’s heroes.

–News! Did you see the news? Aren’t you really proud of your son?

–Youngwoo’s mother always boasted about her son, but isn’t her son a really good person? I’m so envious~ so happy~

Their phones rang endlessly. Alumni who they hadn’t talked to in more than 10 years called. They all spoke about how Youngwoo was a treasure of Korea. Youngwoo’s parents’ hearts filled up.

On the other hand, there were people who visited Youngwoo in the Korean team's waiting room and produced a friendly atmosphere. They were Jishuka, Regas and Pon.

Youngwoo lost his soul.

'Is that a person?'

Jishuka's body ratio in real life was too unrealistic.

She didn't wear heels, but she looked larger than life. In particular, her legs were very long. Youngwoo was approximately 10cm taller than her, but the length of her legs seemed longer. Her face was also very small. Her body ratio was like the model of the famous artwork X, which had been lauded as a 'work of art from God.'

'Pretty.'

Her eyes and lustrous red lips stimulated male instincts. Her bright coppery skin and voluptuous body proved why she was regarded as one of the sexiest beauties in the world.

"Grid!"

Jishuka ran to him, who was standing at a loss for words.

"I wanted to see you!"

It was the moment when a South American woman's aggressiveness was revealed.

"W-Wait..."

Youngwoo had already experienced being hugged by Jishuka several times. He was even a married man. But that was in Satisfy. In reality, he was a virgin who never once dated anyone. The world's sexiest woman was hugging him, so he couldn't cope with the stimulation and got a nosebleed.

"Haha, Grid looks the same in reality and in Satisfy."

"Yes. It's different from a certain person."

Regas and Pon smiled. On the other hand, the Korean players were blinded with

jealousy.

‘Yura acted like his manager during the interview and now Jishuka...?’

‘He said there was no relationship between them in the interview... No matter how I look at it, isn’t this special?’

‘Monopolizing two goddesses...! Even if he’s Grid, it’s hard to forgive...!’

On the other hand, Yura’s gaze was cold as she looked at Jishuka hugging Youngwoo. Jishuka met her eyes and stuck her tongue out. Yura’s thin eyebrows narrowed together.

Pachichik!

Sparks flew as the two women’s gazes crossed.



The waiting room of the United States team.

“Hahahahat! Hurent is going to be logged out in only 30 seconds?”

The 2nd ranked Zibal laughed pleasantly. He scoffed at Grid. “He still doesn’t understand, despite his weakness being revealed in the target processing event. That dumb guy.”

He wasn’t just incompetent, but stupid as well. Indeed, he was so stupid that the highly acclaimed legendary class was dimmed.

“Hurent, thoroughly smash him in PvP. Embarrass him publicly.”

Lauel frowned at Zibal. “Honestly, is he a person to poke fun at? In the target processing event, he didn’t use the golden blades as weapons. If he does, the likelihood of Hurent winning in a one-on-one match will decrease.”

“Our rookie is saying so?”

Zibal smiled like he was cute and shifted his gaze to Hurent. Then Hurent giggled while reading an adult magazine.

“Don’t worry ~ Lauel. I also have power that I haven’t shown.”

His battle method that utilized the use of aura was extraordinary. Given Grid’s sense of control that he displayed in the target processing, it was hard for Hurent to imagine that he would be defeated, even considering the added bonus of the golden blades.

“Pagma’s Descendant is clearly a superior class. But Grid is incompetent. He won’t be able to beat me. This is fa~te.”

Grid might’ve succeeded in raids due to the performance of his items, but a match against a human was different. Control was the most important part. Hurent really recognized that Grid was inferior to him.

After a few moments.

Hurent held a press conference because of the media’s enthusiastic request for him to respond to the ‘30 seconds logout’ statement.

“Yes~ I am too mature to respond to my opponent’s statement about logging me out in 30 seconds... I won’t say anything. But let’s make this as clear as possible ~ that newbie will fall to his knees in front of me.”

There was a clapping sound. Due to Hurent’s press conference and Grid’s interview, the atmosphere of the National Competition became heated up.

Three days later.

The world’s attention was focused on the PvP event that would be held on the last day of the National Competition. Grid and Hurent, who would be the one who got the stigma of being a braggart?

The various illegal gambling facilities and sites hurriedly started the betting. And the Tzedakah Guild didn’t miss this opportunity.

“I will bet everything on Grid.”

In the target processing, Hurent had escaped from Grid. Due to that, people analyzed that Hurent was better than Grid. Therefore, the betting odds of Grid winning was raised to 3.2 times. The Tzedakah Guild knew Grid’s real power, so this was a golden opportunity for them.

“The fact that we are going to gamble, don’t let it enter Grid’s ears. The moment he tells us to believe in him, we will all go bankrupt...”

“Y-Yes...”

As expected of their smart chief. The guild members fell silent with admiration at Toban’s sharp warning.

CHAPTER 178

The National Competition's second day.

After the target processing, the siege and treasure hunt were held in succession. Nothing strange happened. Youngwoo didn't play a further role in the South Korean team. He didn't participate in the siege or treasure hunt, so South Korea was naturally one of the weakest out of the 17 countries participating.

But honestly, it was surprising. Yura participated in the siege. Youngwoo hoped that South Korea would get a good record in the siege, but the result was disastrous.

"I'm sorry."

The Korean team's waiting room. The Korean players apologized to Yura after coming back from the game. They were embarrassed by their inability to help the team. A few young teenagers on the team had tears in their eyes. Everyone felt frustrated and humiliated after being defeated by the foreign players in the game.

But what could they do? This was reality. The rankers of the Korean team were in the 800~1000s, while the rankers of other teams were in the top 200. The power gap was too great. Yura alone was unable to cover this difference.

"We held onto Yura's ankle."

"I...! If only I was a little bit stronger...!"

The players couldn't lift their heads.

Yura encouraged them, "You don't have to blame yourself. You did your best, as people have witnessed. None of you are to blame."

The beautiful and kind Yura seemed like an angel to the players. Youngwoo looked at her smile and felt furious.

'Those Yankee scum.'

The US were angry after receiving a silver medal in the target processing because of

Youngwoo. As if they wanted to pay back their grudge, they persistently attacked the Korean castle at the start of the siege.

South Korea had a weak overall power and couldn't endure the American offensive. Yura struggled, but the other players couldn't properly assist her. The walls quickly fell apart and the Korean players were logged out.

It was okay up to here. The world of war was heartless. It was natural for the strong to defeat others.

But an American player showed excessive behavior. It was someone with the ID of 'Primal.' He survived towards the end of Yura's resistance and tore the Korean flag that had been flying from the castle. Ripping the official flag of another country?

It was terrible. The backlash generated was very large. Even his fellow Americans refused to forgive the actions of Primal. Zibal apologized as the US representative, but that couldn't stop the criticism of public opinion. In the end, Primal was asked to take responsibility and was deprived of his qualifications. He was unable to participate in the National Competition anymore.

But the anger of the Koreans had already reached the extreme. Primal was a problem, but there were also some American players who laughed while watching Primal's behavior. A small number of Koreans hated the entire US team.

Youngwoo was the same. He had served in the army and was a reservist, so seeing the flag being ripped was a great shock to him.

"That shitty guy."

That Primal, if Youngwoo met him someday in Satisfy, then he would make Primal pay. The US team? He would pay back the disgrace and despair felt by the Korean team in today's siege.

He gritted his teeth while pledging, and then Yura approached him.

"That's it for today's schedule. I will go back now."

"You, are you okay?"

Yura fought harder than anyone else. But there was a limit to what she could do alone,

and she eventually lost. She should be the most disappointed.

Yura laughed at Youngwoo's anxious question. "It would be a lie if I say that I'm okay. But I'm not frustrated. I will grow even more from today's defeat."

Yura was already looking ahead. Next year and the year after that, she would make sure there was a different result in the National Competition. She made a pledge.

'She truly is the 5th ranked user.'

Youngwoo was amazed. There was a group waiting for the two people as they left the waiting room. They were Jishuka, Regas and Pon.

"Please show us around Korea."

The three people's eyes shone like lanterns. They were full of excitement to have Youngwoo accompany them.

"Please guide me to a Taekwondo theme park."

"No, what nonsense are you saying? Of course, we should visit a place with a lot of beauties. Let's go to the hottest club."

"Please play among yourselves. I'll just enjoy my time with Grid alone."

"..."

Youngwoo was troubled. He had no friends and no experience with dating. Therefore, he didn't know any good places to recommend to foreigners visiting South Korea for the first time. He finally made a decision.

"Let's eat a meal first."

"I agree!"

"I will contact a restaurant." Yura naturally intruded. Youngwoo, Jishuka and the rest of the group rode her limousine to the restaurant she recommended.

"Why is this woman going with us?"

Youngwoo didn't want to lose his mind to Jishuka, so he thought it was better for Yura to join them.

"An interpreter is required."

"..."

That's right. Youngwoo didn't speak English, so he couldn't communicate with Jishuka. If he didn't get any help from Yura, who was fluent in eight languages, he wouldn't be able to communicate properly.

"An interpreting device is inconvenient. Isn't it also good to build up a relationship with Yura?"

"Don't forget that the Yatan Church is our main enemy."

"It will be easier to deal with the Yatan Church if she cooperates. Think positively."

"Hrmm..."

Yura was able to join the party with Youngwoo's continued persuasion. Then she made a series of incorrect translations at the table.

"Grid, do you know? The reason I participated in this National Competition was because I wanted to see you."

"Jishuka said that she joined the National Competition for the honor of her country."

"South Korea seems better to live in than Brazil. I would love to live here."

"Jishuka said that she doesn't like South Korea. She doesn't want to come back here."

"...Hey, this wily girl. You are properly interpreting what I'm saying, right?"

"It is hard to translate the whines of a pig."

"Damn Yatan servant...!"

"..."

Youngwoo was sitting between Jishuka and Yura in the restaurant. Then the two people suddenly started arguing in English. He tried to get help from Regas and Pon, who always helped him in Satisfy but...

“Delicious!” Regas was busy tasting all the Korean dishes on the table.

“Why don’t you take off your apron and embrace me?” Pon was awkwardly hitting on the employees in English.

“...Are these really the people I know?”

Youngwoo felt a sense of distance from Regas and Pon. Both seemed so different from Satisfy that he felt confused. The chaos grew over time.

“G~r~i~d!”

“Youngwoo.”

Yura and Jishuka became drunk while they were arguing. It was a tremendous burden for Youngwoo to take care of two drunk girls alone. He wanted to ask Pon and Regas for help, but Pon had left with a woman, while Regas found a Taekwondo dojo and challenged the owner to a spar.

Buzz buzz.

“Wow, amazing. Isn’t that Jishuka and Yura?”

“Oh my, look! Grid! Grid!”

“Wow... What are the three of them doing?”

The people on the street gathered around Youngwoo. They took lots of photos.

‘Ah, this, really...’

Jishuka and Yura were drunk and sticking like gum to Youngwoo. If this continued, there might be a misunderstanding and Youngwoo might be dragged to the police station. This was his first experience with drunk girls, so Youngwoo imagined the worst. Then he hurriedly caught a passing taxi.

“Where do you want to go?”

Youngwoo spoke flatly to the driver. “My house.”

“...The address.”

Youngwoo left in the taxi with the two women. This action caused all types of misunderstandings.

A few minutes later.

The reports from the witnesses caused speculative stories to be written on the Internet.

[(Photo News) The drunk Yura and Jishuka took a taxi with Grid.]

[According to witness statements, Yura and Jishuka were on the verge of fainting.]

[What is the destination of the three people?]

[(Scene Coverage) I am currently at OO Hotel where Jishuka is staying. It is almost dawn and she hasn't returned yet.]

[What is Grid doing now?]

“Oh my, who are these girls?”

Youngwoo's parents had been watching his son's appearance on TV all day. They were pleasantly surprised when Youngwoo brought young women home. Their son, who never brought friends home, now brought two beauties at once?

“Hum hum.”

Youngwoo's father felt embarrassed and went into his room after clearing his throat. Then his mother paid serious attention to Youngwoo, “Son, are you prepared for this? I don't think South Korea is open enough to welcome two daughter-in-laws at once.”

Youngwoo's face flushed with embarrassment.

“No, Mother's words are true. But isn't this a misunderstanding? If I was going to do

that, would I have brought them home? Wouldn't I go to another place?"

"Hohoho, yes, yes. I'll bring a blanket so lay them down in your room. Youngwoo, you sleep in the living room today."

Youngwoo's mother entered her room to get a quilt. In the meantime, Youngwoo was taking off his shoes and he looked up Yura and Jishuka's skirts. It wasn't intended, but instinctive behavior.

"The low~est."

"..."

Sehee came out of her room at that time and looked at him with contempt. Youngwoo felt like crying as he lost his dignity in front of his sister.



The National Competition's third day.

The production events were held. The crowd cheered as production rankers in various fields such as blacksmiths, tailors and alchemists appeared.

"Eh?"

"There's no Grid?"

The crowd checked their faces and started to sulk. Grid was a legendary blacksmith, so they naturally thought he would participate in the production events. They were excited at the thought of possibly seeing a legendary item be created.

But Grid didn't attend.

"Is he forfeiting because of last night's scandal?"

"Thanks to that, the other blacksmiths have a chance."

"By now, Grid must be with Jishuka and Yura..."

"Ah! My desire for murder is boiling!"

It was rife with all types of speculations. But Youngwoo didn't avoid the production events because he was conscious of people's eyes. It wasn't because of Yura and Jishuka. It was because a person was limited to participating in three events.

Youngwoo wanted to participate in events that would have a huge dominance on the National Competition. These were the events:

"PvP and pet marathon."

The two events held on the fifth day weren't a team event, but a solo exhibition. Hopefully, one country could win six medals. Experts speculated that the US would earn a large number of medals on that day and consolidate their first place ranking.

Youngwoo wouldn't allow it.

"Don't celebrate too early."

He would hit them properly. Youngwoo decided and got up from his seat. Then he opened his door as usual to play Satisfy and was shocked. He witnessed the appearance of Yura and Jishuka sleeping next to each other on his bed.

"Pfft!!"

Youngwoo had a nosebleed at the sight of the two beauties. They came back late last night. He didn't know what to do, but then Yura and Jishuka woke up.

After that.

Youngwoo's house was crowded. Yura and Jishuka were very friendly after meeting Youngwoo's parents.

"Let me help you prepare the meal, Mother."

"Oh my, thank you. Huh...? Why are you washing eggs and rice with detergent?"

"Father~ I'll give you a massage."

"Oh my, thank you. Thanks to my son... Heok! M-My back...!"

Yura was polite and Jishuka was bright. Both of them had a problem of being too

enthusiastic, but they appealed to Youngwoo parents' affection well enough.

“...”

Youngwoo felt like he was sitting on a thorn cushion. It was because Sehee kept on shooting glares at him.

“Sightseeing? Ah, yes. We haven't gone anywhere for a long time, so let's make it a family trip.”

“So, how great is our Youngwoo? He's a hero on TV, a hero in a game I don't know about ~ I don't know.”

Two days passed.

It was the 5th and final day of the National Competition. The PvP was scheduled to be in the morning and the pet marathon in the afternoon.

“Let's go.”

“Okay.”

“Yes!”

Yura and Jishuka had stayed at Youngwoo's house for two days. Youngwoo arrived at the stadium to enthusiastic cheers and curses.

CHAPTER 179

Players were aware of other players.

Hurent was aware that there were six people stronger than him. Those six were the 1st ranked Kraugel, 2nd ranked Zibal, 3rd ranked Chris, 7th ranked Agnus, 11th ranked Bondre, and 14th ranked Hao. Except for them, there were no players who could beat Hurent in Satisfy.

‘And I will soon go beyond those six people.’

He was the only one. This was his goal. He would eventually get the results he intended.

Class: Aura Master.

* Weapons are meaningless.

*You can control ‘Aura.’

* The minimum qualifications to become a sword saint have been achieved.

Title – Sword Saint Candidate – Stage 1 (Transcendent)

* All stats will become 1.3 times greater.

* Quickly detect the target’s weakness.

* There is a high probability of predicting the target’s movements.

* ‘Super Sensitivity’ will be opened.

[Aura]

Rating: Epic (Red)

A type of energy that can be controlled. Aura is infinite and always present.

The shape, size and characteristics will depend on the caster’s inclination.

The color of the aura will change according to the rating.

The higher the rating, the higher the effectiveness of the aura.

The higher the rating, the greater the size of the aura.

* Aura can't be separated from the caster.

* You can raise the aura rating through training.

[Super Sensitivity Lv. 1 (36.4%)]

All senses will become transcended.

Lv. 1 – Telepathy: You can predict 100% of all your target's behavior within 10m.

* This effect will last for six seconds and will continue for two seconds after the effect has ended.

Skill Mana consumption: All of your current mana.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.

Grid?

'You aren't my opponent.'

He was able to see all of his target's movements, despite only being at a beginner level.
Pagma?

'How stupid.'

According to legend, Pagma was the strongest swordsman. But that was only when Muller was absent. Pagma was named the strongest swordsman after Muller's death. Wasn't Pagma a blacksmith in the first place? How could a blacksmith who swung his sword as a hobby compare to a sword saint?

'Pagma's Descendant is insignificant compared to a sword saint.'

Suuk.

Hurent manifested aura at his fingertips. Then he released it at a huge tree exactly 5m ahead of him.

Seokeok!

The giant tree was cut as soon as the aura touched it. It dealt 4,600 fixed damage, could be released up to 5m, and the shape could freely transform. He also had 'Super Sensitivity,' which allowed him to sense the enemy's movements. It could be said that this was his strongest skill.

Aura Master.

The weakness was that he didn't have powerful attack skills, but that weakness could be overcome by raising his aura rating. No matter how he looked at it, Aura Master was a perfect combat class. It wasn't possible to compare it to Pagma's Descendant.

"30 seconds...? Hahat~!"

Grid was arrogant just because he had the first legendary class. Hurent laughed as he recalled Grid's 30 second logout remark.

"Newbie."

Grid didn't know. He couldn't understand his subject.

"Prepare to be embarrassed~"

The whole world would be paying attention to the PvP competition held in a while. Hurent was determined to shatter Grid in front of the millions of people watching. Legend? He wouldn't even give Grid a chance.

Grid was nothing. At this moment, Hurent was only wary of Chris and Bondre, who were on the list of PvP participants.

'I will go beyond those two people today.'

Hurent wasn't even looking at Grid.



He just had a friendly co-worker relationship with Yura and Jishuka right? Where did he go with the drunken women two days ago?

The reporters flocked like vultures and bombarded Youngwoo with questions. Youngwoo barely managed to escape them and sighed as he reached the waiting room.

“Wow, why are they so terrible? I thought I was going to die.”

It wasn't a joke. Among the reporters, the male ones looked like they wanted to commit murder. Yura and Jishuka. They cursed and hated Youngwoo for having a scandal with both of them.

Yura handed a tournament table to the pale Youngwoo.

“There are a total of 32 PvP participants. The matches were drawn through a fair lottery.”

“The number of participants is surprisingly small.”

“It's because individuals are limited to three events. The players prioritize events where they can get gold medals, so the 32 players participating in the PvP are all renowned top rankers.”

“Yes.” Youngwoo looked at the table. Then he found his ID and was surprised. “Is this really true?”

Yura replied with a worried expression.

“Honestly, I'm really surprised. It's a match between you and Hurent in the round of 32. It's also the opening match. Who would've imagined?”

The big match of the PvP was the confrontation between Grid and Hurent. People around the world were only paying attention to the confrontation between the two. They wondered how big the match would be.

The public became boisterous. The round with 32 participants. It seemed like a miracle that the confrontation between Grid and Hurent was the opening match. The confrontation was now right around the corner.

Who would be the winner? Grid, who said he would logout his opponent in 30 seconds? Or would he be disgraced? Most Koreans wanted Grid to win, while the foreigners were predicting Grid's defeat. The amount bet on the match was astronomical, and the dividend rate for Grid was really high.

“Hurent! Hurent! Hurent!!”

“Grid! Grid!”

“Hurent! Hurent! Hurent!!”

The atmosphere of the stadium was remarkable. The voices cheering for Hurent were way louder than those cheering for Grid. Some people in the crowd were even booing Grid. Yura was worried that Grid’s morale would be lowered by the one-sided cheering. But Youngwoo wasn’t upset at all.

『 The PvP competition will be held in 20 minutes. All participants should go to the capsule room. 』

The sound of the guide was heard. Youngwoo got up from his seat and reassured Yura.

“First of all, I don’t have much experience with people cheering me on.” Conversely, he was familiar with mockery. “The cheering atmosphere has no effect on me. Hurent? I will shatter him in 30 seconds and win the gold medal.”

Two days ago, Yura had been worried after seeing Hurent’s one sided treatment of Grid. She thought the walls of the world were too high for Youngwoo. But not anymore. She just trusted him.

“Take care.”

The most beautiful smile was aimed at Youngwoo.



Pearl Island.

In the past, it was an island used by the knight academy of the Bonkost Principality. The giant island that once flourished had now become deserted and desolate. The glory of the past couldn’t be found in the ‘Lion’s Castle’ standing at the center of the island.

All the facilities, including the walls, were destroyed, and the garden devastated. There seemed to be ghosts hiding behind the broken windows of the castle. The long

forgotten place shrouded in spectacular views was shown on the massive screens set up in Olympic Station.

That's right. This was the stage of the duel.

『 The PvP tournament is heating up the last day of the National Competition! 』

“Waaaaahhhhh!”

The hundreds of thousands of spectators cheered as the commentator shouted. It wasn't just them. The viewers all over the world were excited as well. Who was the strongest person in the world? How brilliant was their control and skills?

Kraugel and Zibal might not be participating, but there would surely be plenty to see.

–It came! Chicken and beer!

–Two chickens. If 32 people are participating, one chicken won't be enough.

–If each match is 10 minutes, the PvP will last at least a few hours. I have to binge drink today. ㄱ

–It's nonsense. Grid will be knocked out in 30 seconds. The match will finish before the chicken arrives. ㅇ ㄱ ㄹ ㅇ ㅁ ㅁ ㅁ ㄱ

- ㅇ ㅇ ㅇ Grid is scheduled to win.

– Wow ㄱ ㄱ Do you really mean that? You believe Grid's bluff? ;;

–He will logout Hurent in 30 seconds? Crazy ㄱ ㄱ ㄱ ㄱ ㄱ He was defeated by Hurent in the target processing. ㄱ ㄱ ㄱ ㄱ ㄱ

–Guys. If you are South Korean, then you should support our fellow Korean. Cheer for Grid-nim.

–That's right. I am anti-Grid because of the matter with Yura and Jishuka. But love is a separate, personal matter.

-Aye! Don't forget that Grid-nim gave our country a gold medal. I am very thankful.

—No, what —_—^ a gold medal doesn't matter. What good is it for us if he wins a gold medal? Why should we be thankful? —_ —↯

—↯↯ I shudder every time I see Grid being called a hero on TV. How is he a hero just because he won one gold medal? ↯↯

—Isn't it natural to praise athletes who win a gold medal for their country? Would you say such things about Olympic athletes?

—Well anyway, Grid doesn't matter. In a few minutes, he'll be logged out by Hurent.

—You scum... I bet 4 million won on Grid... My whole fortune... Now I'm dying of tension. I might shit out blood in the morning...

—Oh my god ;; you bet on Grid? ↯↯↯↯

—Wow ↯↯ 4 million won on Grid? ↯↯↯ Isn't Hurent certain to win? ↯↯↯ You're just throwing your money into the trash.

—But the dividend rate is 3.2. If Grid wins, that 4 million won will triple.

—That only matters if he wins...

Even on the Korean internet sites, there weren't many people who thought Grid would win. Surprisingly, many netizens thought that Grid would be the first to be eliminated.

And.

『 The players are entering! 』

The broken Lion Castle. In a desolate garden, a black-haired Asian man and brown-haired Westerner appeared. It was the moment when Grid and Hurent met, after attracting worldwide attention for the last three days.

As hundreds of millions of people watched, they finally clashed.

『 Now I will announce the opening of the PvP match! It has started! 』

“Waaahhhhhhhh!”

The shouts of the crowd were vividly transmitted through the TV.

『 Will Grid win as the Korean people wish? 』

The commentator relayed in a loud voice. Youngwoo's family gulped in front of the TV. They were earnestly praying for their son and brother to win.

And Youngwoo. No, Grid started his sword dance.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship.”

“Oh my~ you are using your slow paced skill again?”

Hurent clicked his tongue and attacked Grid in the gap exposed.

Syuok!

The golden blades flew to protect Grid, but Hurent's ability to control aura was very delicate. Hurent was already aware of the presence of the golden blades and responded calmly, accurately avoiding the wall formed by the blades to hit Grid.

[You have dealt 4,600 damage to the target.]

‘Good, good.’

He would trample on Grid step by step. He knew the skills Grid possessed. The range of Kill, Link and Wave wasn't that far, so they wouldn't be a threat as long as he kept an appropriate distance.

The ranged skill Transcended Link was somewhat annoying, but it had a long cooldown time of at least 15 minutes. Hurent thought he would be able to withstand one bombardment if he focused his aura on defense.

However...

“Restraint.”

“...?!”

It was a completely different skill that wasn't shown in Bairan or the target processing event. Hurent paled as he realized it. He was astonished to see the notification window in front of him.

[You have been overwhelmed by the enemy's spirit. Your actions are constrained for three seconds.]

‘What is this...!?’

His body was stiff and hard to control properly. Grid approached from 5m away and his body instinctively retreated. However, he couldn't open up a distance. Grid took a few steps in the amount of time it took for Hurent to take one step back.

Two seconds. Grid narrowed the distance in an instant and unfolded a new sword dance. Hurent focused all his aura on defense.

[Your defense has increased by 150%.]

[A shield that will absorb 5,000 damage has been created.]

‘I can endure it once...!’

Hurent's thoughts didn't last long.

“Kill.”

Puok!

[You have absorbed 5,000 damage.]

[You have suffered 68,300 damage.]

[You have died.]

“...?”

On various Internet portal sites, the real time search queries were updated to ‘5 seconds.’

CHAPTER 180

The last day of the National Competition coincided with a national holiday.

9 a.m.

In spite of the early hour, chicken stores all over the country started to operate. The chicken store owners mobilized their whole family to fry the chickens.

Ddrrrung! Ddrrrung!

The makers didn't matter. The small neighbourhood chicken stores were flooded with orders for a while.

–Please bring me one chicken and three beers at 11 o'clock.

–I want to reserve two chickens for 11 o'clock. And I was busy during the last World Cup, so I will use all my coupons this time.

–One soju and beer. And one roasted chicken. Please! Before 11 o'clock!

–I want... What? You ran out of chicken and there's only salad left? That's okay! I will order from another store!

After a while.

At 11 a.m., the PvP tournament that the world had been waiting for finally opened. The chicken stores made more than 10 times their normal revenue during the National Competition! They shouted at the delivery drivers they hired specifically for this day.

“Go deliver!”

Buoong!

Every city in the country. The foreign tourists who came to South Korea for the National Competition saw a remarkable sight. In many places, the roads were filled with bikes! The delivery drivers' bikes were equipped with a delivery crate and the

chicken store sticker attached to them, making the foreigners stunned.

“Don’t Koreans always eat rice?”

“It seems to have changed to chicken...”

“Koreans have good physiques despite eating a lot of meat.”

And 11 o’clock.

『 The players are entering! 』

“Ohh! It has finally started!”

Family, friends or lovers. They all excitedly sat around a TV at their homes. Then the people who caused a hot topic over the past three days, Grid and Hurent appeared at the Lion’s Castle.

“I hope that Grid will win.”

“Honestly, considering the target processing, Grid seemed unlikely to win. But I hope he will do his best, even if he loses.”

“That’s right, so let’s cheer him on.”

“I don’t care about the experts’ analysis. I am expecting Grid, who has a legendary class, to win.”

Ding dong~!

“The chicken has come!”

“Oh, right at 11 o’clock. They have no sense.”

Houses with young families and mothers. Houses where friends gathered. Houses belonging to lovers.

『 Now I will announce the opening of the PvP match! It has started! 』

They ran to the porch as the commentator’s words were heard from the TV. They

received the chicken from the delivery men then dropped their chicken at the ridiculous sight they were greeted with when they came back inside.

『 H-Hurent has been logged out! 』

“...?”

The showdown between the legendary class and the 8th ranked user. How many people predicted that the winner would be Grid? In addition, how many believed that Grid would log out Hurent in 30 seconds as he declared? However...

『 5 seconds...! 』

“...”

『 In only 5 seconds! Grid has logged out the winning candidate, Hurent! 』

The baffled commentator shouted belatedly, and hundreds of millions of people responded to the reality.

“Waaahhhhhhhh!”

The cheering Korean crowd and viewers!

“I can’t believe it...!”

The shocked foreign crowd and viewers! The world was in chaos.

[(Breaking) Grid won in 5 seconds.]

[Pagma’s Descendant! The 8th ranked user was logged out in 5 seconds!]

[Grid, he fulfilled his 30 second promise!]

[The United States has received a big impact.]

[Will Grid earn yet another gold medal for South Korea?]

[The 5 second logout legend!]

5 seconds! 5 seconds! 5 seconds! The breaking news continued to highlight the 5 seconds. The Internet real time search terms were dominated by '5 seconds,' 'Grid,' 'Grid's victory,' 'Grid is a scam,' 'Shin Youngwoo,' 'Korean's possible gold medal.'

The netizens were the same.

-G...God Grid.

-God Grid! Forgive us who mocked and condemned you a few seconds ago ! ㄸ0 ㄸ

- Wow, what is this? It isn't a bug?

-The 8th ranked user was killed ——;;

-Crazy... I really got goosebumps.

-My family's sign ㅇ0ㅇ

-ㅇ0ㅇ? What is that?

-The American community must be buzzing right now ㄹㄹㄹㄹㄹㄹ

-The Chinese forums are filled with words of envy. ㄹㄹ

-The Japanese community is bombarded with conspiracy theories that this is a bug ;;

*-So exciting! That Yankee who tore the Korean flag must be shedding tears of blood.
ㄹㄹㄹ Praise God Grid.*

-3.2 times 4 million won. Congratulations ㄸㄸ

-Actually, I bet 6 million won too ㄹㄹㄹ... ㄸㄸ on Hurent... That bastard.

-I bet 3 million won on Hurent ;; ah, my salary.

-Koreans should've cheered on a Korean... ^^ I bet 15 million won on God Grid... from now on, I will only have confidence in God Grid...

-You are a gambler ㄹㄹ

–I also bet 300,000 won so this is a jackpot ㄹㄹ I’ve made enough to last me three months. ㄹㄹㄹ

The amount of tens, hundreds, thousands, millions of won were exchanged. It might be a very big amount to somebody. But it could be chewing gum for somebody else. For example, the owner of a big company, a successful freelancer or a Satisfy ranker. They gambled hundreds of million or billions of won. And there were many people who lost.

“I shouldn’t have believed in those damn experts...!”

“Call my lawyer and prepare to sue.”

A few of the rich people suffered losses that couldn’t be ignored. On the other hand.

“Kuahahaha! Amazing! Amazing~!”

“Puhahaha! Grid! I love you!”

Someone’s misfortune was another person’s luck! The Tzedakah Guild, who’d already made billions of won from Satisfy, hit the jackpot. Those who believed in Grid’s victory bet not only their existing assets, but loans from financial institutions as well.

The dividend was 3.2 times what they invested, so they became instant billionaires. Tens of billions of won were gained at once. They could buy yachts, private airplanes, travel with beautiful women, and enjoy the life of a movie star!

But they were Satisfy rankers. Satisfy was much more precious to them than reality.

“Hehe... I have to ask Grid to make me an item with this money.”

“I will continue to invest in Grid until he makes me a legendary item.”

The gaming fools planned to buy one or two buildings for their future, but they would invest the rest of their funds into Grid.



『 Not only is he a legendary class, he has one or two ultimate skills. That Kill skill is the ultimate skill of a legendary class. The power of that deadly blow can't be endured. 』

『 Of course, the power of his skill is great, but I'm more interested in that blue greatsword. Looking back at the target processing, didn't Grid use the blue greatsword to logout the rankers? It's clear that the blue greatsword has an excellent performance among legendary items. 』

『 I agree. It is the so called best weapon. It would be nice if Player Grid would reveal the details of the weapon. 』

The experts' analysis was correct. Even though it was a legendary item, the weapons created by Pagma's Descendant were of a different dimension.

The +9 Failure had an attack power of 1,768~3,682. It was already the best weapon at +0, so after being increased to +9 with a 70% increase in attack power, it was fully OP (overpowered).

Let's compare it to legendary weapons of the same level. The average attack power of a powerful two-handed weapon was around 1,000, so the maximum attack power of the +9 Failure was three times stronger than that. What if 1,800% of that attack power was added due to the level two Kill?

The users could never endure it. They would just die.

Grid was inwardly surprised. 'The boss monsters received hundreds of thousands of damage, but for Kill to only deal 68,000 damage to Hurent... He has a lot of defense. He wasn't just bragging.'

An Aura Master didn't need weapons. Thanks to that, Hurent was able to spend more money on armor compared to other users, and he had the highest ranked unique armor. Yet he died in one blow?

"Heok...!"

The logged out Hurent jumped out of the capsule. His complexion was pale, like a person who just had a nightmare. His whole body was sweaty.

‘What on earth happened?’

Lauel handed a towel to the confused Hurent.

“You lost.”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Hurent couldn’t believe it. He had no idea that he would lose to Grid. He gazed absentmindedly and recalled the fight. Then he smiled bitterly.

“Yes... Indeed, that’s a legendary class.”

His control had been helpless in front of that strength. What was that CC skill that completely restrained his body, despite maintaining a perfect distance of 5m? He wasn’t able to control himself and received a linked skill.

He was crushed by strength. Yes, like a fly.

“Legendary skills...”

It was something he didn’t have yet. He needed to strengthen the rating of his aura to legendary more quickly through training. Hurent felt motivated instead of frustrated. His expression was refreshed as he wiped at his sweat with the towel.

“Since I have become the loser, the reporters won’t bother me for a while. I think I should abandon other activities and focus on hunting.”

He would only become strong through training.

Lauel gave his personal opinion. “The problem is the blue shark-shaped greatsword that Grid is using. Its performance transcends imagination.”

“Yes.”

Hurent admitted it. No matter the skill rating, wasn’t the damage too high? It was useless without a basic high attack power. Grid’s weapon was certainly high class. But why did Lauel say that? Hurent was puzzled as he saw the Lauel looked determined.

“You... Perhaps, are you going to follow Grid?”

LaueI didn't deny it.

“That's correct.”

He was sick of the title of rookie. He wanted to quickly jump to the top of the rankers. But he started too late. When he was level 1, the top rankers were already level 180. Talent alone couldn't cover that gap. In order to catch up with them...

“I have seen the power of items through this match.”

LaueI was one of the 10 Rookies. Even now, Ibellin of the Tzedakah Guild has set LaueI as his rival.

“I will join the Tzedakah Guild.”

“...”

2nd on the unified rankings, Zibal. He had the ambition to occupy all the territories of Satisfy and become Satisfy's ruler. But in order to do that, he needed the strongest players and at the moment, he was eyeing LaueI. He offered shocking treatment to LaueI when inviting him to the guild. However, LaueI was going to turn him down.

“LaueI, didn't the Snake Guild promise you millions of gold? Is it worth rejecting such an astronomical sum to follow Grid?”

LaueI nodded without hesitation. “Don't you now know better than anyone else? You can't ignore the fact that combat sense and control isn't special. The most important aspect of a game is items.”

Millions of gold? What would he do with that? No matter how much money he had, he couldn't buy the strongest items. In Satisfy, Grid was the only one who could create the most powerful items. His power was necessary in order for LaueI to become a top ranked player. Basically, LaueI had a great liking towards Grid.

“Items rather than control... I'm envious of Grid, who made me realize the simplicity and greatness of it. I am fascinated by the strength that logged you out in just 5 seconds. I would like to play the game with him. How about you?”

“..”

Zibal also invited Hurent to join his guild. But Hurent had high pride as a sword saint candidate and was reluctant to go under someone else. Therefore, he hadn't responded to Zibal's invitation.

But now.

He experienced Grid's power directly and once he heard Lauel's words, he started to move. In order to become stronger, items were needed. In order to obtain those items...

'There is no answer except for Grid.'

But his pride didn't tolerate it.

"...I'm an Aura Master. The strongest items? They're useless in front of me." Later, his aura would become a legendary rating. "At that time, I will cut down Grid and his blue greatsword."

The next time they met, he would logout Grid before Grid could even use a skill. Hurent vowed. He left the stadium and headed straight to Incheon International Airport. He was ready to return to the US and pour all his efforts into building up his strength.



"Amazing."

The French representative, Bondre. The 11th ranked user considered Grid's skills. No, he marvelled at them. Logging out Hurent in just 5 seconds? He never even imagined it. But he didn't feel threatened.

"The Restraint and Transcended Link skills are somewhat burdensome."

Bondre's class was an ice mystic. What if he froze the entire ground with overwhelming magic power? Grid's sword dances wouldn't be able to be properly enacted. Pagma's Swordsmanship needed at least four steps to be activated.

Could that guy dance properly on frozen ground? It would be lucky if he didn't fall on his ass.

‘Looking back at the Bairan battle, he has an artifact that can help him fly.’

What if Grid flew up to avoid the ice on the floor? Bondre would feel even more comfortable.

The PvP stage was an island. The atmosphere was filled with moisture. If he froze all that moisture, Grid would be trapped in the sky. The physical constraints of the ice webs meant they couldn’t be broken with CC immunity.

‘An island is the perfect stage for me. Grid, you can never beat me.’

[Absolute Zero Lv.2 (76.0%)]

Freezes the target and deals a fixed damage of 42,000.

Skill Mana consumption: 50% of your current mana.

Skill Casting Time: 7 seconds.

Skill Cooldown Time: 20 minutes.

It was the ultimate skill he learned from an S-grade magic book. Yura’s Divine Punishment that she showed in the target processing looked miserable compared to this. The casting time was incredibly long, so he didn’t have many opportunities to use it.

But it was different in a one-on-one duel. If he could completely restrain his opponent’s actions, he could use it as a winning card. This was superior in terms of damage compared to Divine Punishment because it was a single target skill.

It was this Absolute Zero skill that made Yura and Hurent lose to Bondre.

‘Assuming that Grid is level 290, his health must be... No, it isn’t possible even when assuming the worst.’

Grid’s health must be 35,000 or less.

“This time you will be the one to die in one blow. Kukukuk...!”

Bondre laughed with joy. He would meet with Grid in the round of 16. He would prove he was the strongest by completely overwhelming Grid, who logged Hurent out in five seconds.

Bondre was confident. Just like Hurent, a few minutes ago.

CHAPTER 181

Experts also observed that Bondre was likely to win.

『 An ice mystic is a class that specializes in restraints and defense. All attacking skills cause slowness and frost, and certain skills freeze the target entirely. This means it's possible to completely link CCs. 』

『 It isn't just that. An ice mystic also has tremendous defensive abilities. They can use a wide variety of shielding spells, especially against physical attacks. Perfect CC and superior defense ability. It acts as a perfect counter to a physical dealer class. 』

『 Obviously, there are disadvantages to the class. Their firepower is weak and it isn't popular in hunting and raids. However, a player's health is exceptionally low compared to a monster. A weak firepower doesn't matter in PvP. 』

『 Hrmm... As our friend mentioned, CC is an advantage of an ice mystic. Didn't Grid show perfect immunity to Bubab's CC during the target processing? Isn't Grid immune to all kinds of CC? Then won't Bondre's CC skills be sealed? 』

『 That isn't the case. Even if Grid is immune to CCs, he can't free himself from the ice. 』

『 Why? 』

『 If Bondre uses something like 'Ice Prison' or 'Ice Spider Web' to physically block his path, CC resistance is meaningless. Grid will become trapped in a narrow cage and the target of the famous 'Absolute Zero.' 』

『 Are you saying he will disable Grid by limiting the space? 』

『 That's right. In particular, it should be noted that the stage of the PvP is an island. In an area with a lot of water, an ice magician's magic power and casting speed will increase by 20%. Isn't Bondre strongest in water? It's hard to imagine he will be defeated. 』

『 Victory or defeat doesn't matter. We should just rejoice over getting to appreciate

the beautiful and famous Ice Spider Web. 』

Ice Spider Web was a very effective, but colorful magic. The magic that shaped the webs froze all moisture in the atmosphere and completely restrained all objects in its range. The target would become trapped in the spider web that came from all four directions and become pure prey. They couldn't lift a finger because there was no space to move.

Three months ago, Bondre was able to win a PvP competition hosted by JIN, a leading Japanese company, because of the Ice Spider Webs. He completely overwhelmed Katz, JIN's successor and the third epic class.

"That's right, class isn't important. Bondre is a normal class, but he trampled on an epic class? He doesn't have to be afraid, even if his opponent has a legendary class."

"Bondre is a smart and solid player. Unlike Hurent, I believe that he can beat Grid."

Most of the French agreed with the opinion of the experts. They didn't doubt Bondre's victory. There was a basis for their faith. In fact, Bondre had never been defeated in battle. He wasn't called '100 Matches 100 Victories' Bondre for no reason.

But the reaction of the people apart from the French were divided.

"I no longer believe the words of the experts."

"Yes. Didn't they say that Hurent would unconditionally win against Grid, and the result was the exact opposite?"

"But it's true that Bondre is strong. He is famous as an undefeated legend..."

"Certainly, Bondre's level isn't as high as Hurent's level. Can't Grid beat Bondre? I'm looking forward to it."

The Korean netizens also started to discuss it.

–100 Matches 100 Victories Bondre... Indeed, this time it will be tough for Grid.

–God Grid will win.

–Bondre is a famous ranker known for his clever plays. Have you forgotten how he fooled

all the other rankers to win the labyrinth breakthrough? Grid already showed Restraint in the battle against Hurent, so he will be thoroughly attacked by Bondre.

–Won't God Grid unconditionally win if he manages to approach?

–An ice mystic is about stiffness. If he installs several layers of ice barriers and shields, Grid won't be able to use a skill. Then Hurent will counterattack when Grid can't use skills.

–How will he approach in the first place? To be honest, an ice mystic is a scam. Although the speed of hunting is slow, so it's difficult to level up.

–But Bondre is ranked 11th.

–That means Bondre is really skilled. On the other hand, Grid has all his items.

–People are acting the same again.

–Didn't you say that Grid couldn't beat Hurent? But the result? Grid won in 5 seconds. Don't pretend that you know everything.

–Shut up and praise God Grid.

“He seems to be facing a strong opponent this time.”

Youngwoo's parents couldn't hide their anxious expressions. The experts on the TV were predicting their son's defeat.

Sehee reassured her parents. “Oppa will win again.”

Even before the confrontation with Hurent, people around the world said that her brother wouldn't win. But the result? Her brother won in only 5 seconds. Sehee believed that her brother would win again.

‘All the time and passion that brother has poured into Satisfy...’

Sehee didn't know anything about Satisfy. But it was hard to think that her brother, who spent all his time in Satisfy, would be defeated by others.

‘Isn't that right? Oppa. Just win.’

Her brother had been ignored by others, and now he was being acknowledged by many people all over the world. Sehee's heart was happy. She was proud of her brother.



The Korean team's waiting room.

Yura was nervous. After Youngwoo defeated Hurent, he didn't return to the waiting room, but went somewhere else.

'I need to give Youngwoo-ssi advice...'

Bondre was a completely different style of opponent from Hurent. She had been directly defeated by him. Youngwoo had logged out Hurent in just five seconds. This was a phenomenal record, but she was worried he would become careless after it.

'If he's trapped in an ice prison or web, there will be no room to swing his sword.'

Youngwoo's greatswords were at least 3m in length. Greatswords weren't a weapon capable of being swung in a tight space. It was the end once he was trapped. The sword wouldn't be able to swing, he wouldn't be able to break the wall of ice and he would eventually become the victim of Absolute Zero.

'He needs to end the match before Bondre uses his ice prisons and webs.'

Yura wanted to pass this on to Youngwoo. But Youngwoo didn't pick up his phone and she couldn't give him advice because he was missing.

'If he's careless...'

As moment Yura was worrying...

Youngwoo was meeting a person in a secret place.

"My name is Rail Smith. My ID in Satisfy is Lauel."

The person who introduced himself was too young to be called a man, but too mature to be called a boy. He was estimated to be in his late teens. He had blond hair and white skin. His eyes were calm and he had stubborn lips. He had a pretty forehead and

narrow jaw. He was so beautiful that he reminded Grid of the main character of a British teen movie.

Youngwoo felt strong hostility towards him.

“So what? Why did you call me here?”

Lauel was confused by the expression on Youngwoo’s face and explained. “The Tzedakah Guild... No, not exactly. Please accept me as your subordinate.”

Grid knew who Lauel was. It was because Ibellin often talked about Lauel.

‘A genius among geniuses.’

The only person who Ibellin considered as a rival. That guy wanted to be Youngwoo’s subordinate? Youngwoo made a funny face and asked bluntly, “Why do you want to follow me? Is it because you want me to make you an item?”

“Yes.” Lauel also answered honestly.

Youngwoo nodded.

“Okay.”

“Huh?”

Lauel was baffled because Youngwoo agreed so easily. In fact, he thought Youngwoo would be reluctant. Everything he prepared to convince Youngwoo became obsolete.

“The more slaves I have, the better.”

“...” Lauel didn’t speak Korean perfectly. Therefore, he didn’t know the exact meaning of the word ‘slave,’ but he was sure it meant ‘subordinate’ based on the context. “Thank you for accepting me. As long as you can give me what I want, I will pledge my loyalty to you forever.”

“Yes, yes.”

Lauel spoke such words so casually. This guy, there was another person like Huroi.

‘Not bad.’

Recently his minerals finder – Minor, had only been recommending dangerous places to him. For example, Cork Island Dungeon.

‘I never thought I would have to fight the great demon Hell Gao when I was just trying to mine a mineral. I need a bodyguard in case that absurd situation occurs again.’

He already had a powerful knight called Jude, but Jude was an NPC. Unlike users, NPCs had a finite life. He was reluctant to take them to dangerous places with him because he was worried about them dying.

However, Lauel was a user. Youngwoo was making a happy expression when Lauel gave advice to him.

“You should be careful of Bondre. Don’t give him time to case his ice prisons and webs.”

“I don’t know what ice prisons and webs are, but don’t they require casting time?”

“...Yes, but it will be difficult to approach him.”

Bondre could generate an ice barrier around 1m in diameter in less than 1.5 seconds. Even if Grid advanced while resisting all types of status conditions like slow, frostbite and freeze, he would inevitably be delayed by the barrier.

“By the time you break the ice barrier, Bondre will finish casting his magic.”

So what? Ranged skills were the answer.

“If I had to give advice on how to fight...”

Youngwoo waved his hand at Lauel, who was trying to explain the timing to use the Transcended Link skill.

“I will take care of it.”

“Yes.”

It would be good to taste frustration at least once. Lauel hoped that after Youngwoo was defeated by Bondre, he would abandon arrogance to become more prudent. He

didn't know. Youngwoo had already suffered numerous setbacks.

'Anyway, I can log out Bondre in 5 seconds.'

Right now, Youngwoo wasn't being arrogant. He knew his strength better than anyone else, so he calmly grasped the situation.

'I'm the strongest.'

Hurent had referred to boss monsters as fools who just used strength. Boss monsters were strong, but they could be ignored. But what was the reality? The pope, the Awakened Guardian of the Forest, and Hell Gao. Had Hurent ever struggled with big shots like them? Even if he had fought strong boss monsters, had he ever defeated them alone?

'He doesn't understand the subject.'

Youngwoo ignored such a man. Didn't he smash that conceited guy in 5 seconds? It was funnier the more he thought about it.

"Puhuhu." Youngwoo laughed.

『 After a while, the first match of the round of 16 will begin. All participants should go to the capsule room. 』

Youngwoo moved according to the guide.

"I am on a different dimension from all of you."

The only legend. He would show the world why a legend was a legend. And.

『 Grid, who logged out Aura Master Hurent in 5 seconds and the undefeated Bondre! With hundreds of thousands of spectators and hundreds of millions of viewers watching! Their showdown! Start! 』

Papat!

Grid and Bondre appeared in the desolate garden of the Lion's Castle.

"Ice Field."

Bondre didn't delay. He immediately changed the surroundings to make it more advantageous to him.

Jjejeok! Jjejejejeok!

The ground in a 50m radius was completely frozen. Now Grid would slip if he moved even one step. And. Grid stood in place, not even trying to take one step.

Bondre laughed.

'I've blocked his skills.'

Grid needed at least four steps every time he used Pagma's Swordsmanship. But now he couldn't move as he liked on the ice field. And even if he didn't slip?

'A sharp piece of ice will protrude with every step he makes, meaning it is impossible to do his sword dance.'

Grid had only one choice. He couldn't use skills on the ground. So he would inevitably fly up in the sky. Bondre was planning to completely trap Grid using the Ice Spider Web.

'I will finish it with Absolute Zero.'

Ssik.

As Bondre was smiling with satisfaction. Grid still didn't take a single step as he swung his black greatsword lightly.

"Golden Flash."

Kuwaaaaaang!

[Golden Flash]

A skill attached to Dainsleif (Reproduction).

All enemies in a straight line will receive damage that is equal to 1,000% of your current magic power.

Skill Mana Cost: 500

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.

Golden Flash was an instant skill, unlike Pagma's Swordsmanship. The speed was brilliant when used in a flat area. Just...

Grid was a warrior type player so he couldn't use Golden Flash efficiently due to his lack of magic power. However, the current Grid...

Name: Grid

Level: 253 (11,090/39,556,900)

Class: Pagma's Descendant

- * The probability of adding additional options when making items will increase.
- * The probably of item enhancement will increase.
- * All equipment items can be worn unconditionally. However, there is a penalty depending on the rating of the item.

Title: One who Became a Legend

- * Abnormal conditions don't work well on you.
- * You won't die when health is at the minimum.
- * Easily acknowledged.

Title: First Unique Item Maker

- * Dexterity +200

Title: Only Legendary Item Maker

- * Dexterity +350

Title: Knight Slayer

- * Stamina +100.

* Strength +30

Title: Apostle of Justice

* All stats +10.

* The Apostle of Justice's bravery is unmatched.

Title: Man who has Touched Hell

* Health +3,000

* You have the right to go to hell.

Health: 48,778/48,778 + 9,000

Mana: 5,118/5,118

Strength: 2,314(+40) Stamina: 1,182(+110)

Agility: 647(+10) Intelligence: 643(+210)

Dexterity: 1,384(+560) Persistence: 808(+10)

Composure: 594(+10) Indomitable: 675(+10)

Dignity: 594 (+10) Insight: 907(+10)

Courage: 538 (+10) Demonic Magic Power: 2 (+10)

Stat Points: 230

Weight: 45,019/110,520

Grid's intelligence reached 853 when he wore Malacus' Cloak. He had the level 200 stats awakening. In other words, the second awakening meant mana would increase by 6 and magic damage by 2 with every point in intelligence.

Grid currently had 1,706 magic power. What if this was multiplied by many times? The attack power would far exceed that of Bondre's Absolute Zero.

"What...?"

Didn't Grid always dance when he used a skill? Then what was this skill? He didn't

expect it at all.

“Ice Barrier!”

Bondre paled as he hurriedly used magic. Ice Barrier was the shield with the most ‘physical defense’ among all the shields Bondre could use. It was helpless in front of Golden Flash that dealt damage proportional to magic power.

Jjejeong!

“Heok...!”

Golden Flash completely penetrated through the shield. With its overwhelming aura, the ice barrier collapsed instantly.

[You have suffered 12,530 damage.]

A blow that took 40% of a user’s health at once would stun the user for three seconds. Just now, Bondre lost 80% of his health.

[You can’t regain your mental state.]

“W-What...!”

He felt a chill go down his spine. Dozens of energy blades were coming towards his face.

“...!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

A devastating explosion shook the Lion’s Castle. The commentator witnessed a faint grey light and shouted reflexively.

『 P-Player Bondre has been logged out...! 』

This time it was 4 seconds. '4 seconds' was ranked first on the real time search terms of various portal sites. The world was once again in shock.

Zibal jumped to his feet in shock.

"He broke the ice barrier? That means his magic power...!"

Zibal hadn't lost his composure when Hurent lost. Hurent was overconfident and was stung by Grid. It didn't mean anything more. But now that idea had changed.

'A monster.'

Was Grid hiding a special trick? Nonsense. He wasn't hiding anything. His power just significantly exceeded Zibal's predictions. It was immeasurable. Yes, just like Kraugel. He was someone that couldn't be matched until the third advancement class.

Then the world started pouring praise towards Grid. Korean netizens united for the first time in almost 100 years and shouted 'God Grid!' The experts also didn't ignore Grid anymore.

『 The phrase 'Praise God Grid' is spreading on the Internet. I also want to praise God Grid. 』

『 That... Me too... 』

『 ... 』

Satisfy.

At a hunting ground, Peak Sword witnessed a party composed of foreigners and asked them in broken English.

"Do you know Grid?"

CHAPTER 182

No matter if this was a legendary class, wasn't it too strong? Defeating famous rankers in a matter of seconds? It was a class that would collapse the balance. In addition, Pagma's Descendant wasn't a pure combat class, but a production class. Was Pagma's Descendant intended to be this strong? Was it perhaps a bug?

Grid defeated Aura Master Hurent in 5 seconds and Bondre in 4 seconds. His stunning world debut, devastating Satisfy's strongest players in a single blow, caused huge waves. Public opinion was boiling. The S.A. Group was flooded with inquiries.

In the end, Chairman Lim Cheolho judged that he needed to calm the atmosphere and spoke directly. The balance didn't collapse. Pagma's Descendant was intended to be this strong, and it wasn't a bug.

There were a total of nine legendary classes. They were special classes only for the chosen nine people. All of them were immune to CC. That's right. The CC Immunity was a passive skill that all nine legendary classes had in common and was a privilege exclusively for them.

Was it too much privilege? What could he do?

Originally, the world wasn't fair. There was always one person ahead of others when it came to achievements or luck. Was everyone equal in the world? Would that world be fun? A game where no matter how hard you tried, you would end up being like someone else? Would anyone play that game?

Of course, he was well aware that normal classes might feel deprived. They didn't need to worry. Satisfy was a world designed to make everyone happy, even if they weren't equal.

Didn't they already directly experience it?

The ability of all normal classes shot significantly upwards after the second advancement. With such a formula, their abilities would improve even more after the third advancement, and the gap with the legendary classes would gradually be narrowed. If the third advancement was still lacking? Then there was the fourth advancement class.

Satisfy was a game built to reward everyone. It was inevitable that the hidden classes would lead the way, but if they played the game to the best of their ability, someday the normal class users would catch up to them.

Lim Cheolho, the creator of the virtual reality, was already deified. Satisfy had been released for one year and eight months, and not a single bug had been found. Lim Cheolho's credibility was absolute for creating such a perfect world. Most of the people in the world were convinced by Lim Cheolho's remark.

The controversy about Grid quickly disappeared.

"...I never thought the day would come when I would lie."

After the press conference.

Lim Cheolho's expression wasn't bright as he returned to his office. Pagma's Descendant was intended to be this strong and it wasn't a bug.

This remark. It was a lie.

Of course, it wasn't a bug. But it was true that this went against the intentions of the creators. Pagma's Descendant should be more normal and weaker than he was now. But Grid had become stronger than was originally planned for Pagma's Descendant.

"Umm."

Lim Cheolho sat in a chair and recalled Grid's actions in the PvP. It was overwhelming strength that surpassed insufficient senses and control. The foundation of that strength was his abnormally high stats.

What was the reason for Grid's high stats? Grid spent too long making five legendary items after becoming Pagma's Descendant.

"Originally, he should've made five legendary items four months earlier than he did, making his stat growth beyond what was expected..."

Grid was too lacking in game talent. So he didn't take advantage of the benefits of his class and wasted his time. He was stagnant for a long time. Furthermore, he was very unlucky. He fell to a minus level and could barely create legendary items.

Due to that, he avoided the planned penalty and Pagma's Descendant received much higher stats than the creators planned. His growth slowed due to insufficient game talent, but this was actually good luck.

"Kulkul... Indeed, a protagonist is a special existence..."

At the time of the Pope Drevigo raid. Grid had claimed he was a protagonist. And he certainly showed the actions of a protagonist. By getting rid of the corrupt pope, he saved thousands of the Rebecca people and helped Damian become the first unique class, Goddess' Agent.

So far, the protagonist of Satisfy was definitely Grid. He changed the landscape of Satisfy with every action he took.

But.

"He isn't the only protagonist."

The supercomputer Morpheus reported.

[The current time is 13:01:27. Quest RD-3991X has been completed.]

"Great."

Lim Cheolho's gaze was fixed on the extra large monitor on the wall of the office. There was a man on the monitor that was surrounded by dozens of screens.

The ID was Kraugel. He had maintained the 1st ranking since Satisfy opened. He was the first to reach level 300 and at this moment, he achieved his third advancement class. Despite being a normal class, he became a 'sword saint' candidate.

"Quest RD-3991X is... The White Swordsman class?"

Right now, Kraugel was moving from the Western Continent to the Eastern Continent. He was the first user. Kraugel became the first to leave footprints on the white snow that no one had stepped on yet.

'By completing a large number of quests first, he will gobble up more than a few titles. This will make him an even more unique person.'

Lim Cheolho thought for a moment before asking a question out of pure curiosity.

“If the current Grid fought with Kraugel, who will win?”

[There is a 51.3% probability that Kraugel will win.]

“Even before he receives the new titles...?”

Once again, the world wasn't fair. Just as there was a unique genius called Lim Cheolho in the scientific community, there was a unique genius called Kraugel in the game world. Originally, no one could exceed them.

However, there was no Grid in the scientific world, while there was Grid in the game world. He wondered how long Kraugel's solo dominance could continue.

‘Grid has already exceeded numerous geniuses.’

Was it just exceeding? Grid started to gather numerous geniuses around him. In contrast, Kraugel was alone. Later, would Grid be able to surpass Kraugel?

Lim Cheolho was looking forward to it.

The existence that would reign at the top of the world he created, would it be a genius or a dunce? It was very interesting.



3rd on the unified rankings, Chris. He was also the master of the strongest Giant Guild, and predicted it the moment the PvP event began.

‘The opponent I will meet in the finals is Grid.’

In the round of 32, Grid faced Hurent. Most people thought that Hurent would defeat Grid. Then the round of 16 would be a match between Hurent and Bondre, and the winner of the fight was expected to make it to the final.

But Chris thought differently. He predicted that Grid would win against Hurent and Bondre and come up to the final match.

“However, I never predicted he would do it in 5, then 4 seconds.”

Was Chris scared? No. He was somewhat nervous, but not afraid. Rather, his blood was boiling.

“I am also someone who deals deadly blows.”

Chris used a greatsword. He was able to handle a greatsword much better than Grid. He didn't think he would be defeated in a frontal match.

“I'm a little bit behind in stats.”

The difference in stats wasn't important. If he used his ultimate greatsword strike, he could deal a deadly blow to Grid. Chris had much better techniques than Grid and could overpower him. He was determined to beat Grid, the 'Butcher' who smashed the Giant Guild in the past.

However, there was a presence who blocked him in the round of 16. It was an opponent he didn't consider at all.

The British representative, Regas. Obviously, Regas was at the peak in L.T.S. Chris wasn't a match for Regas in L.T.S. That changed once Satisfy opened. Chris started Satisfy half a year earlier than Regas, so he was way ahead. Originally, it should've been easy to get rid of Regas.

However.

“Cough...!”

The kneeling Chris. His expression was shocked.

Regas was too strong. He used the distinctive brilliance of martial arts and combined them with powerful blows. It was hard to read the orbits of his kicks.

Chris' health dropped to half quickly. Chris confirmed the cooldown of his potions and started a conversation in order to buy time.

“What? You're much stronger than you were in the target processing. What type of magic did you conjure?”

In the target processing event, Regas had trouble with the 33rd ranked Med. He wasn't Chris' opponent. How did he become this strong in a matter of days?

Regas explained to the confused Chris. "I have a weapon, so there's a very big difference."

"...!"

A chill went down Chris' spine. He belatedly noticed the knuckles on Regas' hands. Chris was reminded that Regas always had bare hands. He was able to realize how Regas became so crazy strong.

"Did you perhaps...!? You have been playing the game without weapons so far!?"

Regas nodded.

"I thought it was a luxury for martial artists to use weapons. But this PvP competition is an exception. It's a courtesy to do my best when dealing with the strongest opponents."

[Lightning Duke's Knuckles]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 107/149 Attack Power: 201

Armor Penetration: +15% Electric Attribute: +30%

Critical Hit Chance: +30%

- * There will be additional physical damage when 5 combos succeed.
- * There will be additional electrical damage when 6 combos succeed.
- * There will be additional physical and lightning damage when 8 combos succeed.
- * 'Thunder Chariot' will activate when 10 combos succeed.

Knuckles made by the great blacksmith 'G' who combined lightning stones with blue orichalcum.

The primary weakness of knuckles has been overcome with this lightning energy.

User Restriction: Level 280 or higher. More than 1,200 strength. More than 1,000 agility. Advanced Knuckle Mastery Level 4.

Regas had never used a weapon since Satisfy started. Thanks to this, the S.A. Group called him a 'crazy person.'

Jjejeong! Jjejejeok!

[The 5th combo has been achieved!]

[The effect of the 'Lightning Duke's Knuckles' has been activated, causing additional physical damage to the target.]

Peeng!

[The 6th combo has been achieved!]

[The effect of the 'Lightning Duke's Knuckles' has been activated, causing additional lightning damage to the target.]

Kwa kwang!

[The 8th combo has been achieved!]

[The effect of the 'Lightning Duke's Knuckles' has been activated, causing additional physical and lightning damage to the target.]

Jjejejeok! Kwang!

[The 10th combo has been achieved!]

[The effect of the 'Lightning Duke's Knuckles' has been activated, causing Thunder Chariot to be triggered.]

Kurururung!

The Lion's Castle, that was barely maintaining its shape, was swallowed up by lightning.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

It was a complete collapse. The once flourishing Lion's Castle disappeared into history. It was a scene that represented the decline of the Bonkost Principality.

『 C-Chris has been logged out...! 』

Chris was one of the strongest candidates. Now, the only hope to face Grid was defeated by the 13th ranked Regas? People were in shock. In particular, the Canadians were resentful and frustrated that Canada wasn't even ranked third overall.

『 After many surprises, the final four have been determined. 』

『 It's amazing. Three out of the four contestants are members of the Tzedakah Guild. 』

『 Grid, Regas and Pon. The Tzedakah Guild, which is said to be the strongest group in Satisfy, is clearly showing its status. 』

“Everybody is strong.”

Jishuka supported everyone. But among them, she especially cheered for Grid over Regas and Pon.

After that.

Pon and Regas met in the round of 4 and fought for 17 minutes. The splendor of Taekwondo and the spear made people crazy. In the end, Regas won. It was a victory determined by just a slight difference.

“I will win next time.”

Pon neatly admitted his defeat. The friendship of the two people became more solid. On the other hand, Grid confronted the 25th ranked Bubatz. The result was that Bubatz forfeited. It was a waste of time to fight with Grid, who was immune to Bubatz's CC.

In the finals that followed immediately afterwards, Grid won against Regas. Unlike before, it wasn't an overwhelming victory. Grid allowed up to 8 combos from Regas' knuckles and suffered a brief crisis. But the fight quickly reversed due to the +9 Failure's overwhelming attack power.

Regas gradually realized the importance of items. His superfluous pride as a martial artist blurred.

『 Grid has won! As a result, South Korea is third on the overall rankings! 』

South Korea was the country with the highest potential to not even win a bronze medal in this National Competition. However, Grid had won gold medals in the target processing and PvP, raising South Korea's ranking to third.

It was a tremendous achievement that no one could foresee. South Korea was enthusiastic. It was an entirely festive mood.

The overall rankings:

1st place United States: 3 gold medals. 2 silver medals. 1 bronze medal.

2nd place France: 2 gold medals. 1 silver medal. 2 bronze medals.

3rd place South Korea: 2 gold medals.

4th place Canada: 1 gold medal. 2 silver medals.

The National Competition wasn't over yet. The pet marathon remained.

“Now it's the end of Grid's role.”

The United States would solidify their first place. Or France would take away the first place. Maybe Canada might reclaim the third place.

The users with drake pets participated in the pet marathon.

『 It's known that there are less than 100 people in Satisfy who have drakes as pets. 』

『 Drakes are the most powerful pet. They have tremendous speed, stamina and combat power. A country with a lot of drakes will become the winner of this pet

marathon. 』

『 Grid has also placed his name on the list for the pet marathon. Does Grid have a drake as a pet? 』

『 Even if Grid is a drake user, it's useless. There isn't one user in Korea who uses a drake as a pet. The other drakes will concentrate on Grid's drake and he will eventually be eliminated. 』

『 In the end, South Korea will finish fourth in the National Competition. 』

It was a natural analysis. The pet marathon was an event where only the pets participated, not the players. It was impossible for Grid's pet to win this event unless it had a legendary rank like Grid. As it happened, all drakes had the same rating. The only difference was their attributes.

“Summon Drake!”

Yurea island.

40 players representing each country logged into the huge island that was the size of Jeju Island. Then the summoned drakes roared.

Kyaoooooh!

Kuwaaah!

Fire, frost, poison, wind, etc. The breaths with different attributes emerged as the drakes roared! The crowd was speechless as they were overwhelmed by the spectacular sight.

“Nyang!”

Grid summoned a cat. People's expressions twisted.

CHAPTER 183

Dragons created creatures that vaguely resembled them for fun. Those creatures were the drakes. Drakes had much lower intelligence and physical abilities than the dragons. Compared to dragons that were dozens of meters long, a drake was small, and their bodies were only 3m long, excluding the tail.

But they couldn't be ignored. The blood of a dragon flowed through them, so drakes were the strongest monsters. They had a minimum level of 260 and were two times faster and stronger than griffons. Their maximum speed was up to 120km and they could even shoot out breaths.

That's right. Drakes were considered as the best pets. They had no faults at all, except that they were very difficult to tame. Drakes had different personalities depending on their attributes.

The hundreds of millions of viewers were looking forward to seeing how many different types of drakes they could see through this pet marathon. They paid particular attention to Grid.

"Grid, perhaps he tamed a dark drake?"

"A dark attribute drake? Was there something like that? This is the first time I've heard of it?"

"I'm not surprised. There are less than 100 users in Satisfy who've tamed drakes as pets, so there are only one or two who tamed dark drakes."

"What is good about drakes with the dark attribute?"

"Like bone dragons, their body is made of bone. To be precise, they are undead. Their stamina is infinite."

"Wow... Does that mean they don't get tired? Isn't it a scam? Can't you travel anywhere on the continent with a dark drake?"

"That doesn't mean there are no restrictions. The bones in the body must be replaced from time to time because their durability is worn down. And they have a chronic

weakness. They are significantly less intelligent than other drakes.”

Dark drakes were so dumb that they couldn’t carry out complex orders. So in terms of battle, they were weak. But the amazing thing was that their stamina was infinite. This pet marathon. It was a simple contest about who would reach the goal first. No matter how stupid a dark drake was, they could participate in the simple pet marathon.

“Grid...”

“...He might have a dark drake.”

People had high expectations. The target processing and PvP. Grid had showed shocking appearances since he first emerged in the National Competition, so it wouldn’t be strange for him to tame a dark drake.

However.

“Nyang!”

“...”

The creature that Grid summoned wasn’t the strongest pet, but a small cat.

“Cat?”

“No, what...”

The expressions of the spectators and viewers instantly became disappointed. But that only lasted for a short time. People started laughing.

“Gwiyeopda.”

“Cute...!”

“Kawaii~”

“Mignon!”

“Niedlich~”

“Carino!”

“Lindo...”

“Bellus~”

Korean, English, Japanese, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Latin and so on. The word for cute in different languages simultaneously emerged. Even people who weren't usually interested in cats were excited. In particular, the children and girls who loved cute things started to flock.

“Mother! Buy me that!”

“Honey~ let's raise a cat. Yes?”

The cat that Grid summoned. It had the typical appearance of a Persian cat. Together with the color of its fur, it was very unique and attractive. Only the paws were white, while the rest of the cat was completely black. If they saw it in the middle of the night, it would look like four white paws floating.

Furthermore, it had little devil wings. It flapped its wings and flew around Grid, looking very mysterious. It was like something from a fairy tale.

The commentators were captivated by the cute appearance for a while before asking the pet experts.

『 What is that winged cat? 』

『 ... 』

None of the four famous pet experts could open their mouths. All of them were unfamiliar with the winged cat. But they were able to be sure of one thing.

『 That cat will become the prey of the drakes. 』

It was something that no one could deny. A cat couldn't go against the strongest monster, a drake. There was a huge difference in size. A drake was 3m long, while the cat was only 40cm. The drakes would eat this cat! Swallow it in one gulp! It was edible enough to be swallowed.

“That cute cat is so pitiful...”

People felt sad. Meanwhile, the pet marathon participants were laughing at Grid.

“Cat? Haha! I thought a legendary class would have the best pet?”

“Pet taming isn’t an easy thing to do. He must have no talent, no talent. Kilkil.”

“How good would it be if he could create an item to assist with pet taming? Right?”

“But it’s too much. That cat is too much. I know that South Korea is a country without any drakes, but... No matter what, he intends to enter with a cat?”

“That’s right. Shouldn’t it at least be a griffon? Griffons are called the prey of drakes. But at least a griffon would be better against the drakes than a cat.”

Originally, South Korea was a country that should’ve come last in the National Competition. But thanks to Grid, they became ranked third. The foreign players wanted to relieve their grudge, so they sneered at Grid.

Grid snorted. “Enjoy your babbling while you can.”

Noe. A memphis wasn’t a cat. His appearance was incredibly cute, but in fact, he was fearsome. He even had the ‘strongest in hell’ attached to him.

“These ridiculous things.”

Grid laughed at the participants before glancing at Noe. However, Noe was a little strange. The brave cat he saw the other day was currently shaking for some reason.

“What?”

Grid detected Noe’s anxiety and checked the status window.

Name: Noe

Species: Memphis

Level: 1 (0/200)

Affinity: 5/100

Health: 5,000/5,000

Physical Attack Power: 60 Magic Attack Power: 30

Defense: 50 Magic Resistance: 80

Attribute: Dark

Status: Fearful

(What is this, nyang? Why are there so many dragons, nyang? Kyak! Crazy Master is trying to feed me to dragons! Nyang! Save me, nyang!)

A memphis was cleverer and stronger than many demonkin, making it beloved by the great demons. Indeed, there were no shortage of demonic beasts in hell. They had high pride and it was rare for them to be intimidated.

But the story was different when it came to dragons. Dragons were the strongest creature in all of hell and on the earth. They were the only things a memphis was afraid of.

“D-Dragons are scary! Nyang!” Noe mistook the smell of the drakes for the dragons, so he jumped into Grid’s arms. Then Noe shook his head with closed eyes. “This evil master! Are you going to throw me towards dragon as food? Nyang! You will go to hell when you die! Nyang!”

Noe grumbled with resentment. Grid was baffled.

“This is hell’s strongest demonic beast. Yet he’s afraid of drakes?”

It was completely disappointing. Grid clicked his tongue and grabbed Noe. However, Noe immediately struggled.

“Save Noe! Save me! Nyang!”

Noe cried out loudly with a protruding stomach! His short legs were moving and it was tearful at the frightening thought that Grid would throw him to the dragons. It was a pathetic appearance, but Grid was indifferent.

“If you want to live, fly hard and avoid the drakes. You will be safe once you arrive at your destination.”

This was the strongest demonic beast in hell. Grid trusted Noe. This guy was still a baby, but Grid was sure that he was better than the drakes.

“Go!”

Grid forcefully pushed Noe at the enemies.

“This evil bastard! Remove your hand! Nyang! Save Noe! Nyang!”

On the other hand. People were indignant. It was because the appearance of Grid and Noe was caught on screen for all to see.

『 Oh my... That cat is really terrified. 』

『 It is amazing that a cat has wings. Then calling it Slave... Is Slave the name of the cat? 』

『 This is a truly sad sight! It isn't enough that Grid treats his pet as a slave, but now he is abusing it when the whole world is watching? This is too much! 』

『 Even if this is virtual reality, it is too much to abuse an animal. It's clear that the animal protection groups will be in an uproar. In particular, this is a scene that will adversely affect young children's emotional development. Any parents should cover their children's eyes at this moment. 』

The crowd was booing.

“Grid, you bastard! Don't bother the cat!”

“Making such a cute cat participate in the pet marathon, he's a sick man!”

“We can't show our daughter the sight of a cat being eaten by the drakes! The competition's committee members should have Grid leave immediately!”

“Treating a small animal as a slave! What a demon!”

“The frightened cat is so pitiful... Sob sob...”

“Mother, that cat, is it going to be eaten by the drakes?”

“Ahhh! Scary!”

The young children even started to cry. In their eyes, Grid looked like a demon. There was great confusion. The committee members were worried about whether they should really leave Grid alone. But the players logged into Satisfy had no idea of the circumstances.

Tatang!

The commentator confirmed the time and fired a magic bullet. Regardless of the outside situation, the pet marathon started.

At that moment.

“...Nyang?”

Noe had mistaken the smell of a drake for a dragon. As he was being troubled by Grid, he heard the sound of the magic bullet and his spirit cleared. Then his emerald eyes looked at the drakes.

“...You aren’t a dragon, nyang?” Noe regained his mind. “These lizard bastards tricked me! Kyaak!”

Noe wasn’t nervous anymore. His status changed.

Status: Angry

(What are these lizards? Nyang! I thought they were dragons, but they are actually food! Nyang! Daring to deceive a great demonic beast of hell! Nyang! I won’t forgive them! Nyang nyang!)

The great demon Hell Gao compared the speed of the pavranium to a memphis. But to be precise, a memphis was much faster than the pavranium. It was the fastest creature in hell.

“Kyaak!”

The moment the pet marathon started, an amazing sight unfolded. Noe’s small mouth opened to a gigantic size and swallowed the body of a drake.

“U-Uhh...?”

The master of the swallowed drake was frightened. Then an absurd notification window appeared in his vision.

[Your drake Johnson’s movement speed has dropped by 50%.]

Numerous notification windows popped up in front of Grid.

[Your memphis Noe’s movement speed has increased by 50%.]

[Soul Ingestion Lv. 1]

Has the ability to take away half of the target’s highest stats and transfer it to your master.

Skill Cooldown Time: Your own decision.

It was the moment when the effect of ‘transferring to your master’ from Soul Ingestion was activated.

CHAPTER 184

Johnson was a drake with the wind attribute. It had the advantage of faster movement speeds than other drakes. It was the most advantageous drake for a pet marathon.

Johnson's master, Pesto, didn't doubt Johnson's victory in the pet marathon. He believed that his drake would arrive at the destination first and he would obtain the first gold medal for Italy.

However.

'Movement speed has dropped by half?'

He had lost his weapon so easily. Pesto looked at Grid's pet like it was a ghost.

'What is that monster?'

Grid's pet was a cat. Apart from the wings, it looked exactly like the casts that Pesto knew. However, the small mouth in the '人' shape opened so large that it swallowed a 3m long drake. It was a sight so incredible that he couldn't believe it was happening. It felt like a dream.

The other participants were also shocked.

"What just happened?"

"Grid's cat just ate Pesto's drake."

"But the drake is fine?"

"Don't be fooled. Look at Pesto's complexion. It is completely white. Something absurd definitely happened."

"Indeed, Grid... He wouldn't carry around an ordinary cat."

The pet marathon began in earnest. The 38 drakes, except for Grid and Pesto's pets who were still at the starting line, flapped their wings and started to fly. The players were relieved.

‘I don’t know what happened, but it’s good.’

Johnson was a strong candidate to win. They weren’t sure about what exactly happened, but it was good news for other players. They now knew that Grid’s pet wasn’t an ordinary cat, but it didn’t matter to them.

The other drakes were already 500m ahead, while Grid and Pesto’s pets were still at the starting line. The two of them had dropped out. The players were sure of it.

“Keeek.”

On the other hand, Noe was busy burping with a swollen stomach. Then Grid prompted him.

“Start quickly.”

Grid had become close to Huroi. He experienced Huroi’s drake directly. He had to admire a drake’s speed and stamina. To be honest, he was skeptical if Noe could afford to be so free. Noe sent a ridiculing expression towards the uneasy Grid. He placed his pink soles on Grid’s waist and exclaimed.

“Is Master a coward, nyang? This is the best body in hell, the lizards can’t defeat me nyang! Don’t rush me! Nyang!”

The east side of the Yurea Island was a mighty mountain. It was Chingsu Mountain. The pets had to compete to reach the top of Chingsu Mountain.

Then Noe declared confidently.

“I’m the fastest! Nyang!”

Then a notification window popped up.

[Your memphis Noe’s movement speed has returned to normal.]

“ ... ”

That's right. The duration of the 'Soul Ingestion' effect only lasted for three seconds. Grid had already confirmed the duration while colliding with Yoshimura during the Hell Gao raid.

Grid's expression distorted.

"This stupid cat..."

Meanwhile, Pesto's expression brightened.

[Your drake Johnson's movement speed has returned to normal.]

'The effect is huge but the duration is very short!'

The delighted Pesto ordered Johnson.

"Go forward! Get rid of everyone ahead of you."

Kyaaaaaah!

Johnson responded by vigorously flapping its wings. Then it started to chase the drakes ahead of it. Tremendous speed. This was truly a wind drake. But Noe didn't fall behind that speed.

"Nyaang!"

Noe clung to Johnson's back and swallowed Johnson again.

[Your drake Johnson's movement speed has dropped by 50%.]

"What...?"

Pesto was surprised. This crazy debuff skill, the cooldown time was short? This was totally a scam!

“Why are you only bothering my Johnson!”

Pesto cried out angrily after confirming the effect on Johnson. Noe caught up to the 38 drakes.

“Predation! Nyang!”

Jjeok!

Noe’s mouth was wide open. Then he swallowed the 3m long drakes.

[Your memphis Noe’s movement speed has increased by 30%.]

[Your memphis Noe’s health has increased by 250%.]

[Your memphis Noe’s defense has increased by 500%.]

[Your memphis Noe’s attack power has increased by 400%.]

“What...?”

The owners of the drakes swallowed by Noe were astonished.

[Your drake Thunder’s movement speed has decreased by 50%.]

[Your drake Ultima’s health has decreased by 50%.]

[Your drake Bugu’s defense has decreased by 50%.]

[Your drake Ole’s attack power has decreased by 50%.]

What nonsense was this? The highest stats of their drakes disappeared.

Kyaack!

The drakes swallowed by Noe were completely terrified. They instinctively recognized a predator higher than them and felt fear. The drakes were confused and lagged

behind. On the other hand, Noe started to outpace them at an overwhelming speed.

『What is going on...?』

The commentator couldn't explain the situation. The spectators and viewers were frustrated. The experts were showing great interest.

『That isn't just a cat with wings and the ability to speak a human language.』

『It is a species that can become partially gigantic! Such creatures are very rare and valuable!』

『The cat's momentum rises every time it swallows a drake! This act of swallowing seems to take away the stats of the target!』

It was an accurate analysis. They weren't experts for nothing. The spectators and viewers became aware of the greatness of Noe.

"Cat-chan is amazing!"

"Using a skill to take away the target's stats...!"

"Furthermore, the cooldown time is short. Isn't this completely a scam?"

"Grid even has a legendary grade pet!"

The world was full of admiration. Meanwhile, Zibal, who was participating in the pet marathon, grinded his teeth together.

"Grid, this guy...!"

The United States were the definite winners. Most people and experts predicted that the United States would win with at least five gold medals in this National Competition. But the result? They only won three gold medals. They didn't predict that two gold medals would be taken away by South Korea.

Now at this moment. Another gold medal was being taken away. South Korea would have an equal number of gold medals. The difference in the silver and bronze medals meant the US would still be first, but their pride was upset. They wouldn't be happy

to win like this.

South Korea, the candidate for the worst country, had deprived them of three gold medals? It was all due to Grid! The US, with its overwhelming power, was suffering due to one person!

“This is shameful...! My pride won’t tolerate this!”

There were a total of six American players participating in the pet marathon. As the country with the strongest power, they had the most drake users. Zibal ordered them.

“Kill that cat!”

Kuoooooh!

The feast of breath attacks began. After that, the drakes poured fire, ice, poison and light breaths at Noe. Noe was only level 1, so the attacks were quite burdensome on him.

[Your memphis Noe’s has suffered 2,430 damage.]

After 3 seconds of buffs, all stats returned to normal. Noe’s health was almost halved by the bombardment of breath attacks.

“Noe...!”

Grid was worried. However, Noe was the number one demonic beast of hell. He had no opponent except for dragons. Although he was still young, drakes were on a completely inferior level.

“I am angry! Nyang!”

Noe, who had gone ahead, turned around. Then he grinned at the six US team’s drakes flying towards him.

“Kyaak!”

Noe's fur bristled.

Flinch.

The drakes felt the threat and stopped. But it was only for a moment.

“Attack!”

The drakes regained their courage at their master's command and shot breaths towards Noe or attacked with their tails. This was the start of Noe's full-fledged actions. He used simple movements to avoid the breath and Fluidization to neutralize the tail attacks. Then he opened his mouth again and devoured the stats of all six drakes.

Kyaoooooh!

The drakes panicked! Then Noe approached and waved his paws randomly at one of the drakes.

[Scratch Lv. 1]

Your paws will attack and poison the target.

Skill Cooldown Time: Whenever you like.

[Your drake Captain America has suffered 2,900 damage.]

[It has become poisoned and is in a petrified state for 3 seconds.]

“Heok...!”

Captain America was Zibal's drake. Its level was 150. That little cat's scratch managed to petrify it for three seconds? The damage to its health wasn't too big, but the status condition was huge.

The same was true for the other drakes. They were struck by petrification and hung in the air like stone statues. Then they fell towards the ground.

Kwaang!

The US team's drakes shook from the great shock. Among them, the one with the lowest level turned to grey light. Noe's level skyrocketed.

[Your memphis Noe's level has risen.]

[Your memphis Noe's level has risen.]

[Your memphis Noe's level has risen.]

[Your memphis Noe's level has...]

Noe gained 26 levels in an instant!

"This body is the best demonic beast of hell! Nyang!"

Dozens of cameras focused on his roar. The hundreds of millions of viewers were stunned.

"Best demonic beast of hell?"

"That cat is a demonic beast of hell?"

"Wow... Demonic beasts, I have never seen them."

The experts were excited.

『 Hell is an unknown land with no information revealed about it! Sometimes, demonic beasts and demonkin emerge from hell as boss monsters, but...! 』

『 He tamed a demonic beast! Grid is indeed amazing! 』

『 Kuk...! He is God Grid! 』

『 I would like to analyze that cat that claims to be the best demonic beast of hell. I would be very grateful if God Grid cooperates with me after this tournament. 』

Zibal stared at Grid.

“Demonic beast of hell..? Best demonic beast of hell? What the hell are you? You have already gone to hell?”

Grid seemed to be an adventurer on an entirely different dimension. He tamed a beast from uncharted territory? This was intimidating. At that moment, Zibal and the owners of the drakes, who claimed themselves as ones who mastered the best pets, felt ashamed.

The truth was different.

‘I have never been to hell.’

Grid didn’t even know where hell was. It was a place he never wanted to visit.

Grid shouted, “Go! Noe!”

The remaining distance to the goal was 1km. There was no signs that Noe would be defeated after he overpowered the US team’s drakes. At this time, a very good prey was approaching.

It was Johnson.

“Hahahaha! This is a break! Win while that monster cat is distracted by other drakes, Johnson!”

The drake passed by the US team’s drakes and Noe. It was the moment when the drake that Noe ate twice took the lead. This drake became good food for Noe.

“Nyang!”

He ignored the US team’s drakes that he already defeated and swallowed Johnson.

[Your memphis Noe’s movement speed has increased by 50%.]

[Your drake Johnson’s movement speed has dropped by 50%.]

“Kek.”

The surprised Pesto bit his tongue. He felt wronged.

‘Does this skill have no cooldown time?’

It was ridiculous. Was this truly the best demonic beast of hell?

And in the end. Noe arrived first at their destination. He stood on top of the mountain and waved his short legs.

“I am the best demonic beast of hell! Nyang! Master’s Noe! Nyang!”

“...”

A cat pretending to be Grid’s slave. People started to feel compassion for it. Grid, who enslaved a demonic beast, was like the devil.

『 Grid has won! 』

Grid was indeed a great figure. He won a gold medal in all three of his events. And in this pet marathon, the US team couldn’t even acquire a bronze medal. Therefore, the overall ranking was determined as the US in first place, South Korea in second place and France in third.

“Waaaaaaaah!”

The Koreans cheered at the unbelievable results. The French were aiming for third in the first place, so they were satisfied. But the Americans had rotten expressions on their faces. The first place would ‘obviously’ be the US, because they had overwhelming power.

The United States, which was originally supposed to take first place with a bigger difference, barely managed to win because there was only one Grid. Zibal was bombarded by the media. He was accused of being incompetent as a team leader.

On the other hand, Grid emerged as the hero of South Korea.

The South Korean government provided him with a huge reward of 300 million won per gold medal. There were numerous requests for CFs. He was also flooded with requests from various talk shows and entertainment programs.

It was time to hire a manager.

“God Grid! God Grid! God Grid!”

000-0 Street, XX Neighbourhood, Geumcheon-gu.

Youngwoo panicked as he returned home. A massive crowd of people appeared in his neighbourhood and warmly welcomed him. At the entrance of the neighborhood, the banner stating ‘South Korea’s Hero, God Grid!’ was hung.

It was the moment when Youngwoo’s image of an unemployed youth freeloading off his parents completely changed. The children, youths and adults of the neighborhood all treated him differently.

At this time, Yura was a great help to Youngwoo.

She was aware that Youngwoo wanted to build a building, so she used her intelligence network and recommended purchasing land where the prices were still low, but would jump up in the future.

After gaining 990 million won and finally barely reaching his target of 10 billion won, Youngwoo immediately bought the land and started construction on a seven-story building with a construction company that Yura recommended.

Then Jishuka declared.

“I will build a place next to Grid’s building. I wanted to stay close to Grid anyway.”

“I was thinking the same thing. I want to be always involved in Taekwondo, except for when I’m playing Satisfy.”

“I like Korean women...”

Jishuka, Regas and Pon planned to move to South Korea. Most of the Tzedakah Guild made a lot of money from illegal gambling and followed suit. It was because it seemed fun. Yura belatedly heard the news and also started construction on a building next to Youngwoo’s. Jishuka became alert.

After that.

Thanks to Youngwoo, Yura and the Tzedakah Guild, a certain satellite city in Seoul, which hadn't flourished yet, was transformed into a luxury building complex.

And Youngwoo was panicked. He was informed of income-related health insurance premiums, pension insurance premiums, income tax, land tax, and building tax. However, Grid had to pay fees to the item trading site when converting Satisfy's gold to cash, so he shed tears of blood when the tax bomb hit.

For a while, he was in a deficit.

He was very stressed and suffered from hair loss until Yura recommended a talented tax consultant to him.

CHAPTER 185

Yubadakan was one of the most developed cities in the Harken Kingdom.

Due to the enormous capital and the ability of competent politicians, the population exceeded 70,000. There were many hunting grounds, so there was a high floating population. The city markets were always crowded. Thanks to that, the economic growth was constant.

The owner of this rich city who would gather more than 1.5 million gold each month? It was a user, not an NPC. The user was Zibal.

“Kukukul! You looked down on Grid, so aren’t you funny now?”

Yubadakan Castle.

Asuka, the 12th executive of the Snake Guild, sneered. “You laughed when Black Teddy and I were defeated by him, but what about you? It was very fun watching your drake be beaten by a cat! Kukuku!”

Immediately after the Pope Drevigo raid. Asuka was a member of the Tzedakah Guild at the time and fought Grid with Black Teddy, Box and Toban, and was badly defeated. Due to that incident, Zibal kept making fun of her.

But what now? Grid wasn’t an existence that could be ignored. Zibal was also hurt by him. Asuka felt good. It was like 10 years was taken off of her. Asuka couldn’t stop laughing.

“How do you feel being beaten by someone you ignored? Huh?”

“Asuka, act more moderately...”

The moment that Box tried to restrain Asuka.

“I’m sorry.” Zibal respectfully apologized to Asuka. “I underestimated Grid. I’m really sorry for making fun of you.”

Asuka wasn’t a narrow-minded person. She was satisfied with Zibal acknowledging

his error and bowing to her in front of the 13 executives.

“Well, okay. I will be generous and understand your ignorance.”

“Thank you.”

In the end, the atmosphere calmed down. However, the expressions of the executives still wasn't good.

“Master. Public opinion about you has been the worst since the National Competition.”

“You are the face of the Snake Guild. Your reputation falling means that the reputation of the guild falls. For the moment, you should focus on recovering your image.”

“No, I would rather you get your third advancement class. It's imperative that you narrow the gap with Kraugel and Grid.”

“Did I hear that you failed to invite Hurent and Lauel? It's a top priority to replace them with other talented people.”

“Contact Katz. He changed after being defeated by Bondre a few months ago, so wouldn't he have definitely grown?”

“We need to boost the morale of the guild after they saw the strength of the Tzedakah Guild... The guild members depend not on us executives, but the guild master.”

The executives discussed Zibal's future route. They came up with ideas about what the guild master needed to do for the guild. But Zibal wasn't able to concentrate on the meeting.

‘Grid...’

The First National Competition ended yesterday. Zibal was going to perform brilliantly while millions of people were watching. If he had succeeded, the reputation of the Snake Guild would naturally increase and their forces would expand rapidly.

But that plan was in vain due to Grid. The most brilliant performer in the National Competition was Grid, not Zibal. People's attention were focused on the Tzedakah Guild, not the Snake Guild. The Tzedakah Guild was now going to grow at a tremendous pace.

‘The number of users migrating to Bairan is skyrocketing...’

Some of them were the talents that he wanted. Yes, like Lauel.

‘This can’t continue.’

First of all, he needed to swallow the power of the Harken Kingdom, making it the base of his ambition to conquer the entire continent. Money, talent and military power. At first, he planned to collect the talents using money and that would pave the way for his military power.

However, he realized something in the National Competition. It took more than money to collect people.

The reason.

‘...Items.’

Grid’s black greatsword and blue greatsword that cut down the best rankers like cream cheese. Chris was defeated by Regas’ knuckles. Pon’s red spear that pushed Regas to the point of death.

The enormous power of these four items couldn’t leave Zibal’s mind. He was full of a desire to have them. It was a desire that all users felt, not just him. Indeed, didn’t Lauel go to Grid after seeing his items? He wondered if all the talents would be taken away by Grid at this time.

One of the executives mentioned an interesting story to Zibal.

“Should we contact Panmir?”

The 1st ranked blacksmith, Panmir. He was originally a person that guilds actually sought after, but he was overshadowed by the emergence of Pagma’s Descendant.

“I’ve found Panmir’s location. He is staying in the city of dwarves.”

“Dwarves...?”

Dwarves were innate blacksmiths. They produced countless blacksmiths with outstanding talent. They were so arrogant that they ignored human blacksmiths. Then

how could Panmir stay in the city of dwarves?

The executives speculated.

“Panmir might be recognized by the dwarves and performing a hidden class change quest.”

“Hoh...?”

A small number of dwarves were able to give life to items. And the species itself was capable of dealing well with gunpowder. Pagma might be the overall better blacksmith, but they surpassed Pagma in certain areas. What if Panmir inherited the talent of the dwarves?

‘The only rival of Grid will be born.’

They had to invite him. Zibal decided and immediately got up.

“I will go and see Panmir.”

After that, Zibal succeeded in inviting Panmir, and the Snake Guild grew rapidly with his help.



The Yatan Church’s Third Temple.

The Yatan servants gathered at the temple in the destroyed Bonkost Principality. Yura was also there.

“Finally, the successor of Priest Malacus has been decided.”

Since the Tzedakah Guild and Grid killed Malacus... The Yatan Church had gradually weakened because they couldn’t proceed with their religious rituals. Now a new priest was selected.

‘Level 420...?’

Yura was astonished as she confirmed the newly elected priest. It was because the level of the new priest was 100 higher than Malacus.

‘A fourth advancement NPC...’

It was the same as the Second Servant and the Third Servant. Neberius’s successor in the future was expected to be in the same class. Yura was curious about the identity of the First Servant.

‘How strong is the existence who reigns above all of them?’

She had never met the First Servant. Grid said that he needed to receive God Yatan’s blessing for his quest, but she hadn’t been able to figure out how to help. The Second Servant, Likaos, ordered her.

“Eighth Servant. You are still too weak to show the grandeur of God Yatan. Embark on the Path of Penance and grow.”

[The quest ‘Path of Penance ’ has been created.]

[Path of Penance]

Difficulty Level: SS

Meet the First Servant unharmed.

Quest Clear Conditions: ??

Quest Failure: ??

The description was too poor for a quest of the highest difficulty. She already had a headache.

‘This will be a tough quest.’

But she finally met the minimum qualifications to meet the First Servant. Yura was filled with tension and anticipation.

“For the sake of God Yatan.”

Based on Satisfy’s worldview, she was an obviously evil person.



“Thanks for the hard work.”

S Broadcasting Station located in Ilsan. Youngwoo quickly got up as soon as he finished his talk show. The main host, PDs and other staff members approached and greeted him.

“You did a really good job.”

“The broadcast turned out well thanks to you.”

“Youngwoo-ssi, I’ll see you next time. I want to treat you to a meal.”

“Will you connect to Satisfy as soon as you go home? Please reveal your level!”

Satisfy revolutionized global innovation as the first virtual reality game that surpassed existing technology. It secured over two billion users and deeply penetrated into the world economy. It had an overwhelming influence in all areas. The Korean people were extremely proud that this great work was made in South Korea.

But there was one problem. South Korea reigned as a powerhouse in games decades ago, but it was now weak. Satisfy was definitely a Korean game, but most Koreans didn’t play it. Most of the content in Satisfy was dominated by users from the US, France, Canada and China. South Korea had Yura and Peak Sword, but that wasn’t enough.

The Korean people felt a severe thirst. Why were the Koreans showing weakness in a proud domestic game enjoyed by the world? It was painful.

But not anymore.

One month ago.

Shin Youngwoo participated in the National Competition as a representative of South Korea, and won three gold medals with overwhelming ability. This resolved the thirst of the Korean people all at once.

Youngwoo became the hero of South Korea. Any Korean person would love Youngwoo. His popularity transcended Park Jisung and Kim Yuna in the past. It was close to Yura.

Youngwoo's appearances on TV always had unconditionally high ratings, and his CF's caused sale volumes to rise. Therefore, Youngwoo emerged as the blue chip in broadcasting and advertising.

Many broadcasters and advertisers tried to get him.

But Youngwoo was a very busy person. He tried to play Satisfy at least 14 hours a day.

'Broadcasts are hard.'

In order for Youngwoo to earn a large profit in Satisfy, he needed to make a level 200 item with at least a unique rating. However, he couldn't make unique rated items whenever he wanted. Sometimes he would invest a whole week into making items and only got one epic rated item.

On the other hand, he could earn tens of millions of won from one broadcast and hundreds of millions of won from one CF. However, Youngwoo didn't like broadcasts and advertising. At first, he was excited about being on TV, but not anymore.

It was difficult for him to be on broadcasts because he was plain and lacked improvisation skills, while CFs required shooting the same scene many times, showing his lack of acting skills and concentration.

Due to that, he started getting hair loss. Youngwoo would much rather play Satisfy.

'It's like living on pine needles.'

In the first place, it was much more profitable to invest time in Satisfy than to invest time in broadcasting. It was still profitable, even if he produced rare and epic items.

'The experience of my production skills goes up.'

The higher the level of the production skill, the better the items produced. Youngwoo planned to stop broadcasting and focus on Satisfy. Yura's advice also played a big role in him making this decision.

'Minimize my image consumption.'

She said that his influence would decrease because he was too frequently exposed to the public. Youngwoo agreed. In the future, broadcasts and CFs would only be filmed

when necessary.

“I hope we will shoot together next time.”

“If I have time.”

Youngwoo gave a vague answer to the eager PD and left the studio at a busy pace. As soon as he reached the parking lot, he got into 23 and looked in the mirror.

“Phew, isn’t it better now?”

Youngwoo had almost no sleep and worked for the past month in order to cope with the tax bomb thrown at him. He played Satisfy 14 hours a day to make items, then he spent 6 hours doing broadcasts or advertisements. He only slept four hours a day.

The stress caused by fatigue made his hair loss progress quickly, so Youngwoo was worried that he would end up like a bald Japanese youkai. However, he steadily took medicines and found a good tax accountant thanks to Yura, so he was gradually overcoming his hair loss. Hair started to appear again on the empty parts of his head.

“Okay, sooner or later, I will be fine.”

Buaang!

Did it notice Master’s delight. 23’s engine sounded livelier than usual. The destination was naturally his home.

Three months remained until the completion of his building, so Youngwoo’s family continued staying in their original house until then.

CHAPTER 186

『There are many users who are exploring the path to hell in order to obtain a memphis, commonly referred to as ‘Noe.’ There was a theory that the entrance to hell is somewhere in the Astra Mountains, but that turned out to be false. ‘User robbers’ in the Astra Mountains are believed to have spread the information in order to attract people, so please be careful. 』

『I’ve just received breaking news. It’s said that a map of the legendary ‘Siren Kingdom’ is being circulated. Countless users are now heading to the Siren Kingdom. Who was the first person to find the Siren Kingdom? There are all types of speculation among the experts... 』

Youngwoo listened to Satisfy related news while driving. It wasn’t out of interest, but obligation. He was now well aware that information was power.

“The first discoverer of the Siren Kingdom... They would get titles, money and reputation. It’s huge.”

He didn’t know who it was, but he was envious. His stomach started hurting.

‘...Mind control. Mind control.’

Youngwoo was worried that his hair loss would start again, so he tried to stay calm until he arrived at his destination.

Creak.

Youngwoo parked 23 and got down. Just two weeks ago, the front of Youngwoo’s house was crowded with people, but not anymore. The people of the neighborhood strictly controlled the access of outsiders, so Youngwoo’s family was able to regain their normal lives.

“I’m home.”

“Welcome.”

Youngwoo’s mother looked 10 years younger. She had been suffering because of her

son over the past few years, but now she was always happy because her son was the hero of South Korea. She could see the greatness of her son. She was welcomed everywhere she went, just because she was Youngwoo's mother.

"Was the filming completed well? Wash your hands first. Then come eat. I roasted some croaker."

"Yep."

In the past, Youngwoo hadn't been motivated by anything. Even eating or washing up was troublesome. But now he was completely different. His motivation was revived. He even jogged in the morning with Sehee.

"Oppa, did you only sleep four hours yesterday?" Sehee came out from where she was studying in her room and asked. She didn't show it, but recently she was very worried about her brother. She was afraid he might collapse from overwork. There was also the tax bombs.

Youngwoo replied while eating rice. "I will be able to sleep more from today onwards. For the time being, I will refrain from broadcasting activities. So let's jog every morning, starting from tomorrow."

"I thought that you didn't want to exercise?"

"I have to do it. I need to take care of my health."

"It's the right idea. Health is more important than money." Those were his father's words. He was always strict because he wanted his son to grow up as quickly as possible, and now he treated his son with sincerity.

"Youngwoo, you have already succeeded. You have acquired tremendous wealth and honor at a young age. You've also paid off my debt. That alone is enough. Don't ruin your health by being too greedy."

That's right. It was enough. How many people built up 10 billion won assets at the age of 28, as well as acquired a worldwide reputation? The best athletes had hundreds of millions in their bank accounts in their 20's, but Youngwoo's father thought that wasn't necessary.

He thought that Youngwoo had the same thought. But Youngwoo was still lacking.

Youngwoo was much greedier than his father thought.

‘It’s better to have more money, Father. Now we are eating yellow corvina as a side dish, but what about in the past?’

Up to last year. Youngwoo never saw any beef in his house. There was a lot of radish soups and the meat was always pork. The taste wasn’t that good. The radish soup was too light, and the pork was too dry. Youngwoo misunderstood while eating the radish soup and pork.

‘The beef won’t taste that good in soup... Is there a rule that we shouldn’t have beef in our house?’

But what was the truth?

This year, he ate a lot of beef. The soup broth boiled with brisket was much sweeter and tastier, while the pork skewers made with good pork were soft and easy to chew. It went without saying that the beef short ribs melted in his mouth.

That’s right. There wasn’t a rule against beef. It was just that his family didn’t have money for beef. The difference between having money and no money was revealed from such a small thing.

‘I’m going to make more money, Father.’

Youngwoo’s father was a person who lived thinking that he should save, rather than earn a lot. Youngwoo didn’t say it aloud, but he was much greedier than his father. He already had a taste of money, so he didn’t want to lose it. He didn’t want to go back to the life where he didn’t have any money.

‘Yes... I will accept Huroi and Lael’s opinions.’

Youngwoo felt aware of it after his father. He was looking at a higher place.

‘Become a lord.’

Bairan Village, ruled by the Tzedakah Guild, was elevated to a city 10 days ago. People were attracted to Grid, Jishuka, Pon and Regas’ actions in the National Competition. And Bairan’s monthly taxes collected was a huge 500,000 gold. It was valued at approximately 600 million won.

It meant that developing one territory would earn him a huge amount of money every month. He couldn't not feel greedy.

'I will have an estate.'

In Satisfy, Youngwoo was the husband of a territory owner.

But being the husband and being the lord were distinctly different. As Irene's husband, he might have some influence on the policies, but he wasn't authorized to directly manage the taxes. Youngwoo wanted to own a territory himself.

After the meal ended.

"Oppa."

"Huh?"

"...Good night."

Sehee wanted to say something, but in the end, she just went back to her room. She was acting strange.

"Good night~"

Youngwoo was so deep in thought that he couldn't notice his sister's strange behavior. He immediately entered the capsule.

"Then I will begin."

The time finally came to log into Satisfy. But before that, there was something he had to do.

"First of all."

Ttalkak!

Youngwoo accessed the Internet and entered 'Grid's Fan Cafe.' Then as one of the 1.36 million members, he started writing praise about Grid. He did this on a daily basis.

<Grid-nim looks so cool!>

The more I look, the more handsome he is. ^^ ~ There was a rumor that he was bald, but that is clearly groundless ^^ ㅎ ㅎ

“Good.”

He wore a partial wig for a while before of his hair loss. There was some rumors saying that he looked strange on air or that he was bald. Youngwoo was satisfied with the post he wrote about himself and succeeded in joining Noe’s fan club.

Noe’s fan club had 500,000 more members than his.

‘Dammit...’

A cat was more popular than him? His pride hurt every time he saw it. Youngwoo started writing slanderous words about Noe as usual.

<Noe is plain-looking ㄴ>

Noe will ruin Grid’s beauty when placed side-by-side. The cat is arrogant.

“Now I have released some of my frustration. Huhuhut...!”

Youngwoo was satisfied when looking at his malicious post. He finally logged into Satisfy.



“Dear husband~”

Winston Castle.

A woman with a small figure entered Grid’s arms as soon as he opened his eyes. Grid smiled at the familiar sight as soon as he logged in.

“Have you been waiting? Irene.”

Grid’s facial expression and tone differed depending on who the opponent was. Shin Youngwoo or Grid. He was a blacksmith or a swordsman. Grid had been living this four-fold life for a long time, so his acting ability naturally increased. No, maybe he had several personalities.

“Am I that good?” Grid asked Irene with gentle eyes.

“There is no one better than you in this world.”

“Irene...”

“Dear husband...”

The two of them slept together just yesterday. This was already the 8th time. Grid was a ‘god’ in bed thanks to his high stamina and dexterity stat, so it was natural to be loved.

“Every day, I want every day to be like yesterday.”

“Haha...” Grid laughed awkwardly as Irene honestly expressed her desire. Then he asked, “Where are my knights?”

“I’m not sure. Everyone is busy today.”

Grid had a total of three knights. One was the NPC Jude, while the other two were Huroi and Lauel. The first dual class and the strongest of the Ten Rookies had pledged their loyalty to Grid. Due to the game system, he had to pay at least 500 gold monthly to each knight, but it was worth it.

The master/slave relationship was useful in many ways. For example.

“Summon Knights.”

[Which knight would you like to summon?]

“Huroi and Lauel.”

[The summoning command has been sent. The response is pending.]

[The targets have accepted the summons.]

[The knights Huroi and Lauel have been summoned.]

Once the knights answered their master's call, they would be summoned to his side, no matter how far away the two of them were. It was a skill so it couldn't be used in some areas or when he had the silence debuff on him, but Grid was resistant to the silence debuff. It meant Grid could summon the knights at any time, so this system was very good to him.

"You came, Lord."

Huroi was loyal to Grid and now he was completely immersed in genuinely serving Grid. He was like a character from a historical drama.

"You connected to the game late today."

Lauel was no different from Huroi. He was faithful to his role. He didn't use the exaggerated title of Lord, but he bowed after being summoned. Grid looked at his two subordinates for a while.

"Come, get up. Huhuhut... I am very glad to see your dependable appearances."

"..."

Irene was embarrassed for some reason. She used the excuse that she was busy and left this place. This meant only three people remained in Grid's office.

Lauel asked as soon as Irene left. "You could just whisper to us. Why did you use the summoning? Don't you know that the skill has a cooldown time of 36 hours? What will happen if you can't use it during a crucial moment?"

Grid was unique to Lauel, because he was the only one who could produce the items Lauel wanted. Grid spoke like it wasn't a big deal.

"Well, what is the big deal?"

"..."

This was complete carelessness. It was hard to make Grid act carefully after he defeated big names in the National Competition. Sooner or later, his nose would be hurt by it.

'That big nose, I will protect it.'

As Lael was thinking about the weapon Grid would produce for him, Huroi asked Grid a question.

“Then you summoned us because...?”

Huroi had been in the process of completing a monster hunting sub-quest that took him three hours by drake to get there. He wanted to believe that Grid summoned him because it was urgent.

Then Grid opened his mouth.

“I’m going to become a lord.”

‘Finally...!’

It was after the National Competition. One month passed in reality, while it was three months in Satisfy. During that time, Grid had created items for the Tzedakah and accumulated wealth and skill levels. Grid acted faithfully as the guild’s blacksmith. Grid was satisfied with this. He was overjoyed every time he got a new production method.

But Huroi and Lael thought this was a waste of Grid’s power. It was unfortunate to see such a unique existence be satisfied with being the blacksmith of a small guild, without any larger goals.

The two of them tried to persuade Grid. Escape from the small cage called the Tzedakah Guild and expand into the wider world.

Grid worried over his decision for a few days.

“I will withdraw from the Tzedakah Guild. I will create my own unique force, based on your opinions.”

In the end, he decided. Thanks to this, Huroi and Lael were ecstatic. They thought that the moment to show off their talents had arrived.

‘Lord will be the first user...’

‘To become a king.’

The two men were thinking about the Snake Guild. With Grid's power, couldn't they dream about conquering the continent? It wasn't Zibal, but Grid's fate to become the first emperor. The two people didn't doubt it.

Grid currently only had the simple goal of 'becoming a lord,' but Huroi and Lauel were dreaming of placing Grid on a higher mountain. In order to do that...

"After establishing your new guild, invite the Tzedakah Guild."

Inevitably, a lot of talent was required. The Tzedakah Guild had the strongest rankers and were a force that must be absorbed.

Lauel explained, "The Tzedakah Guild is already addicted to the items you produce and won't want to lose this. Some of them, including Jishuka, have a vested interest in you. They will surely join you. If you want, they will surely become your subordinates."

Lauel was certain of it. He had only followed Grid for a month and within that month, he became someone that couldn't live without Grid. He was a slave to items.

At the same time.

"It has been a long time."

A blonde female was attracting attention as she entered Winston. The girl's ID was Euphemina. She was the first epic class and the first discoverer of the Siren Kingdom.

CHAPTER 187

“The time for revenge has come.”

The assassins Shay, Kerb and Sniffer. The three people tried to hunt Grid without knowing his identity, but it was frustrating that they lost their items. Their grudge against Grid was quite deep. They felt angry whenever they thought about the value of the dropped items.

“We must assassinate him and make him drop his items.”

The three people finally came to Winston after leaving Rolling. They were eyeing the enormous items that Grid used in the National Competition. In particular, they wanted the blue greatsword and golden blades. If the assassination was successful, they would be able to get a jackpot from his items.

‘Our stealth is now at level 6...’

‘... If we can approach Grid, we can successfully assassinate him.’

Shay was ranked 3rd, Kerb ranked 7th, and Sniffer ranked 9th. Their rankings had risen compared to before. In addition, they had a third advancement assassin NPC on their side. After completing an S-grade quest for the Assassins Association, they could hire the best assassin for an expensive price.

They could assassinate Grid if they had the power of this assassin. At least, they thought so.



Class: Duplicator

* The target’s skill can be perfectly replicated.

Title: A Qualified Hero

* You won’t get tired easily.

*Your stats will grow faster.

Title: Competitor

- * Interacts with high luck.
- * Skill 'Rolling Dice' can be used.

Title: Friend of the Water Clan.

- * It is possible to breathe in water for a long time.
- * Movement speed in water doesn't decrease.
- * Have a high affinity with the Water Clan.

Title: One who Receives Sunlight

- * Health +2,000. Mana +2,000.
- * Under sunlight, all skills will increase by 7%.
- * Under sunlight, the power of fire skills will increase by 16%.

[Skill Observation Lv.8 (51.3%)]

You can observe the skill used by the target and analyze the information thoroughly.

The analysis of the skill can be saved for only 3 minutes.

Skill Mana Cost: 300

Skill Cooldown Time: None.

[Skill Duplication]

Successfully duplicate the observed skill.

The duplicated skill will be permanently stored in your skills list until it is used. It will be deleted when used once.

Skill Mana Cost: 1,050

Skill Cooldown Time: 8 hours.

[Rolling Dice]

Roll a dice and a phenomenon will occur, depending on the number that is rolled.

* If the target is yourself or an ally: There will be a beneficial effect if the number 4 or higher is rolled. There will be a harmful effect if the number rolled is 3 or lower.

* If the target is an enemy: There will be a beneficial effect if the number 3 or lower is rolled. There will be a harmful effect if the number rolled is 4 or higher.

Skill Mana Cost: 30

Skill Cooldown Time: 20 minutes.

The first epic hidden class, Euphemina. In other words, she was superior. If she invested a few days into duplicating dozens of skills, she could be called the strongest. She was the one who defeated the 1st ranked assassin, Faker.

“Once the lord changed, it really developed a lot.”

She entered Winston quietly. It had been already half a year in reality since she came to Winston to participate in the item production game with Grid. She felt refreshed.

‘It’s completely like heaven compared to when the villainous lord ruled.’

Winston was large half a year ago. The population was large and it was economically developed. Nevertheless, the faces of the NPC residents were always dark. The lord was selfish and always neglected the interests of the people.

But now the people’s faces were full of energy. There were many facilities to take care of them. The new ruler was certainly worthy.

‘By the way... Where is Khan’s smithy again?’

Euphemina was amazed as she saw the bustling streets and tried to remember the way. However, Winston had changed too much, so it wasn’t easy to find the way. She had to spend quite a lot of time looking for Khan’s smithy.

After a while.

“Show me a level 150 longsword.”

“Are these the only helmets?”

“Wow, this plate armor is amazing! How much?”

“Look at this greatsword... Amazing.”

“Eh?” Euphemina was surprised as she arrived at Khan’s smithy.

‘Oh my god, why are there so many people?’

The smithy was bustling with guests. No, it wasn’t enough to call it bustling. The queue of customers was at least 100m long. This was the aftermath of the National Competition. After Grid revealed his identity in the National Competition, many people frequently visited Khan’s smithy.

They went looking for Khan’s smithy in the hope of purchasing items made by Grid, but they became fascinated by Khan’s items. It was natural. Khan’s blacksmithing skill rose by five levels thanks to Blacksmith’s Affection, and it was now advanced level 7.

A blacksmith of the same level didn’t exist on the entire continent. Therefore, word of mouth spread about the outstanding performance of his items and visitors from other countries also came.

“Uhh, there is no end to the procession of customers.”

Khan hired four workers, but the smithy was non stop busy. It was a lot of money to pass onto Grid, but his old age meant that he had limited stamina.

“Sigh... Huh?”

Khan was making items without stopping in order to catch up with orders, only to find a familiar girl among the customers. Color returned to his face.

“Ohh! Isn’t it Euphemina? It’s been a long time!”

Khan liked Euphemina a lot. She was the one who helped saved Grid, who had been

locked in prison after the item production game.

“It has been a long time Khan. You look younger.”

“Hahaha! I stopped drinking thanks to Grid and was rejuvenated. You are more beautiful than before. Have you been well?”

Euphemina didn't dislike it. “Uhh, don't be ridiculous. Anyway, I have been travelling the continent in order to find the best orb production method.”

“Huhu, and did you find it?”

“Of course.”

Khan looked expectant as Euphemina pulled out an old scroll. Khan's eyes widened with surprise.

“This is truly a great orb... Even the word 'best' is attached to it.”

It was a tremendous orb that he couldn't produce with his skill. It was doubtful that even his grandfather could produce it, despite being a craftsman.

‘But if it's Grid...’

“Isn't it amazing? You're truly a determined woman.”

Euphemina spoke to the admiring Khan. “Where is Grid? Is he in the middle of making items?”

Khan shook his head.

“Grid isn't here. There will be an uproar if he showed up here. He already hasn't been here for a few days.”

Euphemina laughed. “Right. Now that Grid is a huge celebrity, his actions will be limited. So where should I go to meet him?”

“Um...”

Khan didn't answer right away. He was reluctant to reveal Grid's whereabouts, even if

the other person was Euphemina.

‘In the first place, Grid doesn’t like Euphemina...’

Euphemina nodded with understanding.

“It’s difficult. Well, it can’t be helped if there’s a problem.”

Originally, Euphemina planned to visit Grid without contacting him beforehand. Now she was forced to send him a whisper in order to find his location.

–Grid.

Euphemina’s whisper reached Grid.

At that moment.

“Heok...!”

Winston Castle. Grid was discussing future policies with Huroi and Lael when he suddenly shuddered.

Huroi cried out with fright. “My Lord! What is going on?”

Was there an assassin? Huroi was about to draw his sword.

“What it it?”

Lael also panicked. He was quite surprised. Grid’s complexion was pale. He was even sweating, so his condition wasn’t right. It was the first time Lael saw Grid like this. The Grid he knew was always dignified and had no fear of the world.

But what was this situation? Grid was acting like a frightened rodent in front of the cat?

‘To make Grid shake to this extent... What on earth happened?’

Gulp.

Was a disaster coming? Lael nervously gulped as Grid opened his mouth.

“...Euphemina sent me a whisper. That girl, she is currently in Winston.”

“Euphemina?”

It was an unfamiliar name to Lael. On the other hand, Huroi was glad.

“Euphemina is here? Ohh, isn’t it a reunion after a long time?”

From Huroi’s perspective, Euphemina was another savior. In the past. She rescued Grid in the prison, meaning Grid was able to save Huroi.

“Why did she come here now? I want to meet her... Um? Hum hum.” Huroi was excited about the idea of reuniting with Euphemina, when he suddenly fell silent. He stared at Grid. “Isn’t Euphemina good? Why don’t you accept her as your subordinate?”

“...”

Grid was reluctant to meet Euphemina. Huroi belatedly noticed this fact.

‘Is the relationship between My Lord and Euphemina not as favorable as I thought?’

Lael asked, “Who is Euphemina?”

Grid gave a clear description.

“She is a terrible person.”

Duplicator. Euphemina was able to duplicate top-grade spells and instantly use them without casting. Grid didn’t know about the disadvantages so from his point of view, she was the most OP person.

“She has one of the three epic classes. I promised her that I would make her an item, but I’m worried about what she will do if I make an item below the unique rating.”

“...!”

Agnus and Katz were the only ones known to have an epic class. The first epic class was completely hidden. No one knew their identity. But it turned out that Grid was acquainted with the first epic class. Lael was filled with admiration.

‘He is big.’ Lauel was very interested. ‘If Grid could bring an epic class to his side...’

Lauel’s eyes shone as Grid ordered Huroi.

“Go to Khan’s smithy. Then bring Euphemina to the castle.”

“...Yes.”

Huroi politely answered and left the castle.

Winston Street.

As Huroi moved alone, a group was secretly following him. It was Shay’s group.

“According to the information collected, that guy is Grid’s aide.”

“He is 900th on the unified rankings.”

“His class isn’t anything special either. An orator?”

“According to our source, he’s the embarrassing type of person who always bows down to Grid. Considering his class, he will be weaker than we think.”

“Kill him. Won’t Grid be angry if we kill that guy? I want to see him shaking.”

“Yes, let’s kill him.”

Shay’s party had fairly decent intelligence. They looked at Huroi and made fun of him.

A deserted alleyway. Three assassins appeared behind Huroi, who was heading to Khan’s smithy.

“...You are?” Huroi asked calmly and Sniffer smiled.

“We are the ones who will kill you.”

Shay remarked.

“The villains have appeared. I guess?”

“...Villains?”

This was the first time he appeared in public since Grid participated in the National Competition.

Huroi frowned. “Someone dares touch My Lord... Aren’t your mothers ashamed of giving birth to people like you?”

“What...?”

Why was he suddenly talking about their parents? What was this wicked guy? Then a notification window flashed in front of Shay.

[You have been overwhelmed by the spiteful tongue. Defense and attack power will decrease by 30%.]

In this gap, Huroi pulled out his sword. It was a one-handed sword that seemed to be a compact version of Dainsleif.

CHAPTER 188

If Pagma's Descendant was a class that relied on items, orators were a class that specialized in talking.

They could get more favorable conditions for quests by talking to NPCs, or give buffs or debuffs with specific remarks. In particular, orators were absolutely necessary for nobles and lords. It was possible to boost the morale of the army through eloquence, and it was easy to appeal to the people and take control of the public opinion.

But an orator wasn't a preferred class for users. Most users were reluctant to become orators, so they were a very rare class. The problem was that it was difficult to raise their level. The weapon they could equip was 'books.' They had only one attack skill. There were no defense or escape skills. They had lower health than a magician.

First of all, the problem was that their weapon was a book. A book had the option of adding to the narrative power, but it didn't have the ability to increase magic power or store magic like orbs. They had to charge with the weapon and swing it at the target. But would the target be hurt if hit with a book? Not at all. The attack power was too weak. A book exerted much less damage than a blacksmith's hammer.

The only attack skill an orator possessed was Spiteful Tongue. This was also a problem. It wasn't practical at all, because there was a 80 second cooldown and it only dealt 200% damage to a single target.

It was practically impossible for an orator to hunt solo. They had to rely on hunting in parties. Unfortunately, it was difficult for an orator to find a party. It was due to the lack of viability. What did the great buffs and debuffs matter?

It was obvious when an orator participated in battle. Their constant words were tiring. The party members also had to keep an eye on the orator to make sure they didn't die. Most users didn't like having orators in their party. Apart from the orator class, there were clerics, black magicians, dancers, linkers, etc. to give buff skills, so there was no need to add an unstable orator to the party.

As a result, it was very difficult for an orator to level up through hunting. They weren't able to level up through production like production classes, so they had to rely on leveling up through quests.

In other words, the level of difficulty for an orator was the highest among all classes in Satisfy, and most users avoided the orator class due to this. This was despite the fact that orators were a class that nobles and lords all over the continent would pay expensive money for!

Grid was truly lucky to obtain the 1st ranked orator as his subordinate.

‘...Does Grid know such facts?’ Lauel questioned as he looked at Grid, who always made Huroi run errands.

At the same time, in the outskirts of Winston.

“...Sword?”

The ‘unique’ Huroi who obtained a second class in Satisfy. Shay’s party was frowning at the horrifying debuff that was placed on them. Now the orator was armed with a sword? Moreover, the sword had a sinister appearance. Didn’t it resemble the greatsword that Grid used to smash them in the past? They felt anxious as the bad memory popped up.

‘It can’t be... No?’

Shay tried to calm down as he smiled awkwardly.

“An orator armed with a sword... Isn’t he still an easy threat? Right? Are you bluffing? You, you can’t wield that. Right?”

Huroi was exactly 937th on the unified rankings. This was a similar ranking to Shay, and was high enough to be compared to Kerb and Sniffer. Nevertheless, the reason why Shay dared face Huroi was simple.

Huroi was an orator. Wasn’t an orator the weakest? His level might be high, but it was thanks to Grid’s power and repeated party hunting. Huroi himself would be extremely weak. Why was he armed with a sword?

Shay rapidly became uneasy. It seemed that he couldn’t grasp Huroi properly.

“...Originally, I was a helpless existence.” Huroi gazed at Shay’s party and brought up an old story. “I raised my level while doing small quests. Then one day.”

Yes, he first met his lord in Winston.

“I acquired the first S-grade quest of my life.”

He was forced to do an outrageous quest where he was trapped in a narrow dungeon for 50 hours of real time. It was unimaginably painful. It wasn't a level he could endure with his usual mentality.

He wanted to give up and logout many times. But he endured it. He persevered in the hopes of going beyond the limits of an orator. However, he kept waiting and waiting.

“I didn't think the quest would end.”

A quest where he had to wait for a savior who might not appear. Huroi had gone half crazy by the quest. He couldn't log out for more than 150 hours in game time and was trapped in a dark place. His sense of time blurred. He wasn't aware of what he was doing. It was just hell.

Just before the quest's time limit ended. A ray of light appeared in the darkness. It was the moment when Grid appeared.

“...My Lord saved me. Thanks to him, my wait wasn't in vain and I was able to complete the quest.”

He got a new strength.

Second class: Apostle of Justice's Partner.

- * A matchless bravery.

- * When you are with the Apostle of Justice, all stats will increase by 20%.

- * The skills Unbreakable Justice and Sacrifice for Justice can be used.

Title 'One who Overcomes Hardships.'

- * Holds extremely high mental strength.

- * Won't give in to any trials.

- * Skill 'Strong Will' can be used.

“Master has given me new strength.”

Now he was strong. He only existed for his lord!

“I won’t allow anyone to harm My Lord!”

Shay’s party was thrilled by Huroi’s story.

‘This is a touching story...’

‘Grid, this guy...!’

‘My heart is heavy!’

This was truly an orator. Huroi’s story made people listen to him. Therefore, Shay’s party couldn’t help concentrating on Huroi’s story. It was like they were the protagonists of the story. They were thrilled when Huroi got to the part when he was saved. They couldn’t help thinking of Grid as wonderful, despite being their enemy.

That was the problem.

[You have become fascinated by the interesting story.]

[You feel like the main character of the story.]

[Thanks to the story, you have lost all sense of reality. You are unable to grasp the situation.]

[You will feel confused for 3 seconds.]

“Heok?”

Originally, an orator’s weapon was their mouth. Giving an orator a chance to use their mouth was no different from suicide.

“W-What is this...!”

“Shit! What is this fraudulent skill?”

Shay’s group never had experience dealing with orators, so they became easily confused. Huroi stared at them and shouted, “You dare try to kill me? Come!”

[Your morale has increased.]

[The next attack will be a critical hit!]

This was the highest buff skill of an orator, that applied a buff to all allies for two seconds. Then Huroi swung his black sword.

“Unbreakable Justice!”

[Unbreakable Justice Lv.5 (88.1%)]

Deals 650% of your attack power.

Skill Mana Cost: 500

Skill Cooldown Time: 100 seconds

Unbreakable Justice was an unique skill that only the Apostle of Justice and his partner could use. It dealt damage in a wide area and the cooldown time was very short compared to its power.

But Grid hardly ever used Unbreakable Justice after acquiring Pagma’s Swordsmanship. Compared to the legendary rated Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Unbreakable Justice had no advantages except that it was an immediate use skill. For Grid, it was more mana efficient to use Pagma’s Swordsmanship than Unbreakable Justice.

But Unbreakable Justice was Huroi’s main skill. He relied on the skill so much that he already built up tremendous proficiency with it. It was level 5. Now it dealt 650% wide area damage. Furthermore, the black sword that Huroi was currently armed with...

[Mass-produced One-handed Sword (Prototype)]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 49/51 Attack Power: 423

Attack Speed: -7% Accuracy: -2%

A trial work by the legendary blacksmith G.

A one-handed sword that can be easily used by anyone, and is designed to exert high attack power.

It's an aggressive design made by referencing Dainsleif (Reproduction), and has succeeded in manifesting great attack power. However, it emphasizes convenience, so the overall perfection is poor, meaning additional functions such as durability are weak.

If steel was used as the main material rather than black iron, the limitations of this work would be more prominent and it would be treated as a consumable item.

User Restriction: Level 230 or higher. 300 strength. Beginner Sword Mastery.

Weight: 410

Huroi generated the Sword Mastery passive after acquiring his second class. He could now use a sword as a weapon. But he was an orator and his strength stat was very low, so it was impossible for him to use a proper sword for his level.

His troubles ended after Grid made the Mass-produced One-handed Sword (Prototype) for him. The name indicated that Grid planned to earn money through mass production of it someday, but the attack power was already beyond the limits of a one-handed sword. It was comparable to the minimum attack power of Dainsleif.

Half of Grid's intentions when producing it was successful.

Kwaaaang!

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 7,910 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 9,250 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 10,180 damage to the target.]

Assassins invested their points into agility instead of stamina. Therefore, they relied on high evasion instead of defense. But they were in a state of confusion and couldn't avoid the attacks. Shay's party was struck by the power of Unbreakable Justice.

"Cough!"

"Cough!"

[You have suffered fatal damage!]

[You can't regain your mental state.]

The enormous damage caused them to suffer from confusion again. It was the 'confusion linkage' that they had only heard rumors about. An orator managing to do something like this...

'...Does this make sense?'

'Ah... Really, shit...'

Shay was grouchy. They dreamed of getting revenge on Grid, only to be killed by his subordinate before even meeting Grid? And the subordinate was an orator?

"Damn..."

They couldn't help cursing. Three assassins being beaten by an orator. If this was known, they would be ridiculed everywhere they went. They were also worried about their experience and items dropping.

CHAPTER 189

“This is the end.”

Huroi was an ordinary orator until level 127, so he invested his stat points in both intelligence and persuasion. Since getting a second class at level 127, he was now level 236 and he invested his stats primarily into strength, stamina and agility.

It was to take advantage of the Apostle of Justice’s Partner class. The courage stat he acquired increased his attack and defense at the same time.

But it still wasn’t enough. Even considering the effect of his courage stat, his starting line was completely different. Therefore, Huroi was lacking in physical ability compared to others of the same level. His Sword Mastery was only intermediate level 2.

It would take more time for Huroi to demonstrate the true combat ability of his class. However, things changed recently thanks to Grid. Grid created and produced the Mass-produced One-handed Sword (Prototype) for him, which was enough to cover Huroi’s lacking combat power.

This was the power of items.

Swaeek!

The black sword that the group was confronted with!

“Ugh!”

Shay’s group tried to get revenge on Grid, but they would die without seeing him? No. They still had a means. Just before his heart was pierced by the sword, Shay shouted urgently.

“Kasim!!”

At that moment. A shadow emerged from behind Shay and wielded his daggers.

Chaaeng!

The movements were as fast as lightning. The dagger blocked the black sword and then sliced at Huroi's neck.

[You have suffered 4,140 damage.]

“Ugh...!”

The bleeding Huroi retreated and immediately took a potion to restore his health. It was instincts that caused him to move and avoid death. The person who appeared from the shadow, Kasim, looked at Huroi and asked.

“You escaped a fatal wound? Your sensitivity is better than I thought?”

‘He isn’t a player?’

It was a thin man wrapped in grey clothing. The name ‘Kasim’ floating above his head was green, indicating an NPC. Huroi was baffled.

‘An NPC assassin is escorting them.’

He wasn’t a normal assassin. Huroi lost 4,000 health from one blow. It was estimated that the opponent was at least a level 280 named assassin. How did Shay’s party get such a big shot as an escort? Huroi was questioning it while Shay overcame his confusion and shouted while taking a health potion.

“Willingly give up your life! Kasim is a third advancement assassin! You’re not his opponent!”

‘Third advancement class?’

Huroi started sweating. The abilities of a second and third advancement class were as different as the sky and the earth. If two level 299 and one level 300 person fought, the third advancement level 300 person would win.

Furthermore, Huroi was only level 236. Not just the class difference, but the level difference was enormous. For him, the current situation wasn’t good. He had to judge carefully.

‘Calm down.’

It wasn't a matter of pride. He didn't know who these people were and he didn't want to die. First, he had to escape from them and secure his safety. Then he would send a whisper to Euphemina. As Huroi was making a decision, Shay's party became excited and their momentum increased.

“We completed a S-grade quest and paid a huge sum of money to hire Kasim! All in order to get revenge on Grid!”

“Before we kill Grid, we will experiment with Kasim's power on you!”

“What...?”

They wanted to hurt Grid? He finally figured out why he was attacked. Huroi froze in place instead of stepping back. Then he glared like a devil at Shay's party.

“You guys, I will kill you here.”

He would wipe out Shay's group, even if he died from that NPC assassin. It was his duty.

“I will never let you see My Lord's shadow!” The furious Huroi summoned his drake. “Descend! Lord of the Skies above the Grasslands!”

The naming sense of the Mongols was emotional and descriptive. The fire drake ‘Lord of the Skies above the Grasslands’ flew above Huroi's head. Shay's party were pushed back against the walls by the wind pressure.

“Drake...!”

After the National Competition, the drakes had lost most of their dignity. In the pet marathon, dozens of drakes were defeated by Grid's cat. Some people dismissed drakes, stating that their reputation was exaggerated.

But what was the truth? Drakes were still great pets. Their combat ability, mobility, intelligence, stamina, and all other abilities were overwhelming. Grid's cat, the best demonic beast of hell, was just unusually strong.

“This guy has strong items and a strong pet? What the, you! You are compatible with

Grid!"

Huroi didn't respond to the shouting Shay. He just commanded the drake.

"Turn these people to ashes. I acknowledge you. You are the strongest drake, so you can do it."

Kwaaaaaah!

[Your drake 'Lord of the Skies above the Grasslands' was inspired by your words and his morale has risen. His attack power and magic power has greatly increased.]

Hwaruruk!

The drake was powered by the orator's buff skill and spewed out a mighty fire breath. This was a narrow alley. Shay's party couldn't escape it, while Winston became covered with flames. Many people witnessed it.

"What? A drake?"

"Wow... Is it a fight between rankers?"

"In the middle of the city? Amazing! Let's go!"

Was there anything more fun than watching a fight? This was a great opportunity to enjoy it. Numerous users and people scattered around the city rushed in the direction of the turmoil. The soldiers also saw it and hurried.

"Captain! We have to hurry!"

"Go ahead and bring the guards!"

Winston's security policies were excellent! The guards took pride in this. They immediately went to the scene of the crime in order to calm the turmoil. But the security chief was the problem.

"We need to turn off the lights. Wind...? Fan?"

The chief of the security forces saw the flames burning the city and wondered what was necessary to suppress the fire. The person was none other than Jude. In order to evenly grow his stats, Grid had given him all types of tasks such as monster subjugation, security activities, minerals extraction, sparring, etc.

“First of all, a fan. Please.”

Jude’s intelligence was at the level of an idiot. He came up with a stupid answer to the troubled guards.

“Fans won’t be able to stop this!”

“Bring in others to put it out!”

The guards urged him. In the end, Jude reached the limits of his patience. As always, he didn’t think.

“I will go.”

The fire didn’t matter. He would go there and see. He forgot about Grid’s urging to always think carefully before acting, and chose swiftness.

Tadak!

‘Fast!’

The guards were dismayed. Jude ran three times faster than them despite wearing full-plate armor and carrying a 3m long greatsword on his shoulder. He didn’t look like a human in their eyes. Indeed, there was a reason for his ignorance.

At Khan’s smithy.

“Hrmm, isn’t there a splendid fight over there?” Euphemina’s eyes shone as she discovered the fire outside the window. “I will go.”

For Euphemina, fights were important. It was an opportunity to duplicate outstanding skills. She, like everyone else, ran straight in the direction of the turmoil. Thanks to this, Khan was finally able to breathe. He was able to take a break for the first time today as the customers ran out towards the fight.

At the same time, Winston Castle.

“What?”

Grid had one habit. He disassembled and assembled items every day to increase the understanding of items. He had reached 100% understanding with Dainsleif a long time ago, so now he was devoted to disassembling and assembling the Holy Light Armor.

Grid was waiting for Euphemina at the castle’s smithy. Then he heard the soldiers rushing towards the flames that were soaring in the area where Khan’s smithy was located.

“Khan...!”

Was Khan in danger? Grid worriedly ran out of the smithy, then equipped Braham’s Boots and flew into the sky. Lauel followed behind him.



The fire drake’s greatest strength was their high damage. The drake’s fire breath was the strongest among any other drakes. However.

“How is this possible...?”

Huroi couldn’t believe the sight in front of him. The moment that Lord of the Skies above the Grasslands fired his breath. Kasim summoned dozens of shadow soldiers as a barrier, completely blocking the breath. Due to that, the breath didn’t cover Shay’s group and scattered in all directions. There was a sea of fire.

‘How does an assassin have that type of defensive capabilities?’

An assassin was agile. They had outstanding attack power and mobility. On the other hand, their defensive ability was poor. However, Kasim use the shadow soldiers as shields and showed excellent defense. He was completely different from the known concepts of assassins.

Shay shouted to the stunned Huroi. “This is the power of the third advancement! It’s my future! How about it? Isn’t it a class completely incomparable to an orator? Hahahat!”

Assassins were classified into four major categories. There were those who specialized in stealth and assassination like Faker, those who used swords like Shay, those who threw weapons like Sniffer and those who installed traps like Kerb.

But that was the case for second advancement assassins. A third advancement assassin had more techniques. One of them was shadows. The shadow technique allowed the assassin to perfect assimilate to other's shadows, move between shadows or even summon shadow soldiers.

And Kasim was a master of shadows. He was the peak of the assassins, only rivaled by Doran. He wasn't someone that the present Huroi could deal with.

"Let's play a little bit."

Sururuk.

Kasim disappeared into Shay's shadow. Then he appeared in the shadow behind Huroi and wielded his dagger.

Seokeok!

[You have suffered 4,010 damage.]

"Ugh!"

Kasim relentlessly aimed at the weak points. It was impossible to defend or avoid. If Huroi tried to fight back, Kasim would hide in the shadows again so it was useless.

Puok!

"Kuak!"

If he attacked the shadow, Kasim would reappear in the shadows of other objects. It was a spectacular sight. The people who gathered admired it.

"He is terrific. What is that skill?"

“A hidden class?”

“Assassin...? Considering that he’s an NPC, is he a third advancement class?”

“Wow, this is a big hit. I’m going to be an assassin.”

Sakak! Seokeok!

Huroi lost most of his health after being attacked by Kasim, who used all the shadows around him. He would’ve died already if it wasn’t for the drake protecting him.

[The Apostle of Justice’s Partner’s bravery is unmatched. Your current health has fallen below 20%, so all stats will increase by 30%.]

This was his last chance. He was strengthened so he needed to defeat Shay’s group now. After judging that Kasim had disappeared into the shadows again, he headed towards the giggling Shay’s group, who were caught off guard. Then something rose from Shay’s shadow. A shadow soldier.

Kwachak!

Huroi’s desperate sword swing collided with a shadow soldier and was nullified.

“This...!”

The moment that Huroi felt despair.

“This isn’t fun. I will end it quickly.”

Kasim emerged from the shadow behind Huroi and pointed his dagger at Huroi’s neck. Then a woman’s voice was heard.

“Raise Shadow Soldiers.”

Kuoooh!

“...!”

Kasim was amazed. Shadow soldiers rose in the vicinity and attacked him?

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

Kasim's attack was defeated and he lost interest in Huroi.

"The same technique as mine was used?"

Did that mean there was an assassin with a similar level in the area? Kasim started to observe the spectators. He commanded the shadow soldiers in the crowd and quickly discover who was attacking him. It was a blonde girl.

Kasim thought it was ridiculous.

"An assassin wouldn't have such white skin. Then how did you use the shadows technique?"

The blonde girl, Euphemina replied to Kasim. "What is this? Is it a technique that only you can use?"

"Kukuk...! Stop talking nonsense!"

It must be black magic. Kasim ignored the shadow soldiers and focused on Huroi. He would take care of that girl after killing his target. However.

"What are you doing?"

A cold voice was heard from above. Kasim and Huroi. Thousands of spectators, including Euphemina and Jude, turned their gaze towards the sky.

Shay shouted, "Grid!"

That's right. The person who appeared in the sky was Grid. The spectators' eyes shone like lanterns.

"God Grid! God Grid has showed up!"

"Pagma's Descendant...!"

"Kyaaak! Oppa!"

Indeed, he was really popular. Everyone praised Grid, irrespective of national and gender. People shouted at Grid to look at them and enthusiastically waved their arms. However, Grid's eyes were only fixed on Kasim. He didn't like Kasim pointing a dagger at the wounded Huroi's neck.

"Take your hands off what is mine."

The command entered Kasim's ears, who replied. "What if I don't want to?"

"Then die."

Chwachwachwachwachwa!

Seven golden blades were revealed as everyone was paying attention. It was the special item of Pagma's Descendant that attracted the attention of the world at the National Competition. People were excited, while Kasim breathed out.

'Artifacts that move by themselves?'

He originally didn't feel anything remarkable from Grid. But he seemed to be more than what Shay's group told him. In addition, there was a boy with silver hair with him. But the more important thing...

'Why does he have Doran's Ring?' Kasim's attention was stolen by the blue ring on Grid's finger. 'This is interesting. I need to learn a bit more, rather than fighting needlessly.'

In the end, Kasim let Huroi go. Then he disappeared into the shadows.

"...Eh?"

Shay's group was left alone. How could they think that Kasim would flee? How much money did they spend to hire him?

'Is this a lie?'

Grid smiled at Shay's party who couldn't grasp the situation.

"You came again? Did you come to give me more items? Eh?"

Grid showed the Kenen's Belt, the trap installation tool and poison blender that he received from them. They wanted to kill him even more. However, it was an impossible task without Kasim.

"...Haha."

Shay's group laughed awkwardly, but Grid asked coldly, "Is something funny?"

Thanks to realizing his strong sense of camaraderie at the National Competition, Grid was furious at the people who hurt Huroi. He was pulling out Failure to kill them when Lauel stopped him.

"Imprison them instead of killing them."

"Why? Isn't that a waste of the taxpayer's money?"

Lauel whispered to the grim-looking Grid.

"If a criminal is put in prison, the ruler can check the criminal's belongings. You can dispose of them after asking Lady Irene to check the items they have. Anyway, can't you kill PK users at any time? It is more beneficial to trade them the items for their lives."

"Hoh..."

Lauel had a lot of ideas and knowledge. Therefore, he was always helpful. This was the reason his mother told him to make smart friends when he was in elementary school. Grid was convinced and ordered Jude.

"Lock them up in jail."

Euphemina approached him. She carried the production method to create the best orb associated with Braham.

CHAPTER 190

One and a half years ago in Satisfy time. It was a story when Grid was still level 21 after becoming Pagma's Descendant.

'How about an item production game over the smithy?'

The Mero Company was exploiting the residents of Winston, when Rabbit came to Khan and made a suggestion. From Khan's point of view, accepting the offer and winning the game was the only way to keep the smithy.

But Khan was an alcoholic and not in a position to play. He couldn't fully demonstrate his abilities as a blacksmith. So Khan asked Grid to participate in the game for him. Grid was blinded by the compensation and readily accepted.

He competed with Euphemina, who was hired by the Mero Company, to make an item. The result was Grid's loss. Grid would've won if the contest was normal, but due to the tyranny of the Mero Company, he was arrested during the contest and locked in prison.

The situation was desperate. Grid was unlucky enough to fail the quest and was fuming in prison. He was completely out of his mind, screaming that the game gods had cursed him. But then an unexpected savior appeared.

It was Euphemina. Thanks to her help, Grid was able to regain the Ideal Dagger, rescue Huroi, and gain the title 'Apostle of Justice.' Strictly speaking, Euphemina was Grid's savior. But.

'I'm not pleased at all.'

Grid was uncomfortable reuniting with Euphemina. He was reminded of old memories and positive sentiment was unwelcome. It wasn't because he had bad feelings towards Euphemina. Grid was just scared.

'If I can't produce a unique rated orb... what will she do?'

Grid didn't know about the disadvantages of the Duplicator class, and he thought Euphemina was the best OP. He was suspicious of anyone stronger than him. Euphemina wanted at least a unique rated orb in exchange for returning the Ideal

Dagger.

What if he didn't meet her expectations? Would she PK him if he completed a normal or rare rated orb?

Grid was really scared. He couldn't afford to endure the bombardment of Euphemina's best spells.

"It's been a while."

On the other hand, Euphemina was very glad to see Grid. In the past, Grid deliberately (?) acted foolish, but he actually had a legendary class. She was glad about the fact that the famous Pagma's Descendant would make her an item.

"I watched your great performance in the National Competition on TV. You were really cool."

Euphemina greeted him with charming eyes, and boasted an outstanding beauty that attracted people's attention. The onlookers made a fuss.

"Who's that girl?"

"Seriously adorable. I want to put her in my pocket."

"Damn Grid... He already has Yura and Jishuka, now there's this girl. I'm seriously envious."

"Beauties always follow the heroes. God Grid deserves to be king of the harem."

Euphemina had a short height of 150cm and a small figure. The innocent face was cute and stimulated a protective instinct. Some men were filled with desire towards her. But she didn't suit Grid's taste. Grid favoured a mature body more than Euphemina's childish one. Therefore, Grid could be calm without being swayed by Euphemina.

"There are many eyes watching. Let's talk after moving."

'That attitude is still present.'

Grid was like this the last time they met. He was indifferent to her beauty. No matter how lovely her eyes, he never noticed it. She even suspected if he was gay or impotent.

But he got into a scandal with Yura and Jishuka during the National Competition.

Euphemina's pride was hurt.

'Are Yura and Jishuka better than me?'

She ran after Grid's party with puffed up cheeks and they soon arrived at Winston Castle.

"Welcome!"

The soldiers saluted Grid and hurriedly opened the gates.

"You worked hard."

Grid naturally greeted the soldiers and entered. Euphemina admired him. "You seem to have become a noble?"

As the overall level of users increased in recent years, quite a few rankers had become nobles. Experts speculated that there were at least 15 rankers who were awarded the title of a baron. Euphemina also wanted to become a baron. As expected, a legendary class was truly great.

Then the boy with the ID of Lauel said unexpectedly. "He is a viscount. In addition, he is the husband of Lady Winston."

"...Huh?"

Euphemina was stunned. He wasn't a baron, but a viscount? He was at the same level as masters of large guilds like Zibal and Chris?

'And Lady Winston...'

Irene. She was the only successor of Earl Steim, one of the supreme powers in the Eternal Kingdom. Her marriage was significant enough to cause an uproar in the world. But her undisclosed marriage partner was a user, not a noble NPC?

'It was Grid...'

He couldn't get married to a noble just because he had a legendary class. The

relationship between Grid and Irene was obviously deeper than anyone imagined. That type of bond couldn't be gained by accident. Euphemina misunderstood that Grid intentionally approached Irene to marry her.

'Marrying a female NPC, he is playing a completely different game from others.'

It was like the dating simulation games that girls liked to play.

'Amazing.' Euphemina's eyes shone brightly like lanterns as she watched Grid. 'The first legendary class person transcends common sense.'

Grid was the first person whose skills couldn't be duplicated by Euphemina. Therefore, she tended to overestimate Grid. During the National Competition, people ignored Grid for his lacking control. But she thought differently.

'There is no need for control, as he can just roughly use his skills.'

She was proven right by Grid's overwhelming actions in PvP. It might be a fate that started badly, but Euphemina was proud that she knew Grid. But Grid didn't know her inner thoughts. He had no interest.

"Did you obtain all the materials needed to make the orb?"

Winston Castle's smithy.

Grid asked in a blunt voice as he lit the furnace. Euphemina felt unhappy at his continued apathetic attitude and responded with a sullen face.

"Of course. It took me a year to get the orb production method and then six months to obtain all the ingredients listed. My preparation is perfect."

'One year? Half a year?'

Was she crazy? Investing a year and a half just to make a single item? Grid thought Euphemina was a fool. But in reality, Euphemina was extremely normal.

Users played the game with specific goals. The characteristic of heavy game users was doing their best to achieve that goal, no matter how long it took, while light game users gave up when it became difficult.

Euphemina was a level 283 private ranker, so of course she was a heavy user. She didn't think it was strange to invest a year and a half to obtaining the best orb. It was just the way she enjoyed the game.

In the past, Grid was also like her. Grid was someone who discovered Pagma's Rare Book after a few months of hard work without giving up. But Grid had changed. He forgot how to enjoy playing the game because he considered it as a means of making money. It was impossible for the current Grid to understand Euphemina.

'She truly is scary.'

He couldn't upset her. He didn't want to imagine what type of terrible things would happen if he broke Euphemina's year and a half of hard work.

'It must be at least a unique rating.'

Grid pledged. He prayed to the gods.

'God, Buddha, Goddess Rebecca, God Judar, God Dominion, please protect my experience.'

Grid might not be religious, but he didn't reject the existence of a god. He sincerely prayed to the popular gods in reality and Satisfy. He begged them to help him make a unique rated orb. After a short prayer.

"Let's begin."

Grid braced his heart and cut to the chase.

Then.

"I'm asking you, the legendary blacksmith."

Euphemina handed Grid the production method that she took a year to obtain.

['Mumud's Orb Production Method' has been acquired.]

‘...Mumud?’

The name of the most powerful orb was truly terrible. He was disappointed.

‘It’s like Dainsleif.’

Grid had no idea who Mumud was. So he was surprised when he opened the production method.

‘This...!’

[Mumud’s Orb Production Method]

Learning Conditions:

Mastered the Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship skill.

Or have Dwarven Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship skill level 5 or higher.

* Mumud’s Orb

An orb designed by the dwarven craftsman Milepeu, who taught Pagma before he became a legend. It was widely known as Mumud’s Orb because Braham’s disciple, Mumud, loved this orb all of his life.

It needed the blacksmith craftsmanship skill to be mastered? The learning conditions were unusually high. It was the highest level among all the production methods that Grid had acquired so far. Even Albatino, who was called the greatest blacksmith before Pagma’s appearance, wouldn’t be able to make this orb.

In other words.

‘This orb, it’s an item of a higher rank than Dainsleif.’

This was a precious production method he got for free, without having to pay for it. Euphemina hadn’t wasted the year and half that she invested in this. Grid thanked Euphemina. He felt appreciation towards her for the first time.

“Euphemina.”

“Huh?”

Euphemina was surprised when Grid called her name for the first time. Grid promised her, “I will do my best.”

“...”

The reunion after one and a half years. Grid never paid attention to Euphemina even once. But his attitude changed at this moment. He gazed at her with calm eyes. His facial expression made him look like an entirely different man.

Euphemina felt confident in him and smiled brightly.

“Thank you.”

A notification window appeared in front of Grid.

[‘Mumud’s Orb Production Method’ has been acquired.]

‘Interesting.’

This was a rare opportunity to create the best item. As a blacksmith, Grid was very motivated.

CHAPTER 191

[Mumud's Orb]

Rating: Rare ~ Legendary

Rare Rating Information:

Durability: 149/149 Magic Damage: +13%

Magic Casting Speed: +5%

Number of spells that can be stored: 3

* You can permanently store one spell at or below B-grade.

Epic Rating Information:

Durability: 175/175 Magic Damage: +16%

Magic Casting Speed: +8%

Number of spells that can be stored: 3

* You can permanently store one spell at or below B-grade.

Unique Rating Information:

Durability: 200/200 Magic Damage: +20%

Magic Casting Speed: +12%

Number of spells that can be stored: 4

* You can permanently store one spell at or below A-grade.

* 10% reduction in skill cooldown time.

Legendary Rating Information:

Durability: 247/247 Magic Damage: +27%

Magic Casting Speed: +18%

Number of spells that can be stored: 4

* You can permanently store one spell at or below S-grade.

* 15% reduction in skill cooldown time.

A orb designed by the dwarven craftsman Milepeu, who taught Pagma before he became a legend.

The crystal ball made by combining the abyss mithril, Frost Queen's Breath and Water Clan King's Tears allows it to contain enormous power and special functions.

User Restriction: Level 280 or higher. More than 3,000 intelligence. Advanced Orb Mastery Level 5.

Weight: 150

Grid was astounded as he checked the orb's information.

'A magic possession item?'

The concept of storing and possession was different. Stored magic was consumed once it was used, while possessed magic became the unique function of the item and could be used permanently. It was reminiscent of the Fly magic that belonged to Braham's Boots and allowed non-magicians to fly.

The efficiency of magic possession items were excellent. Depending on what magic the item possessed, the use could become very different. Indeed, millions of people wanted magic possession items. They wanted a magic possession item for themselves.

But they were rare treasures that couldn't be bought even with money. Even some of the earliest users who had been playing Satisfy since it opened couldn't see a magic possession item. There was only a rare chance of acquiring them through monster hunting, boss raids and quest rewards. In the past, it wasn't an exaggeration to say that Vantner would've paid everything he had to buy Braham's Boots off Grid.

'It's an area that blacksmiths can't produce.'

Grid was a legendary blacksmith, but he didn't know how to make magic possession items. His (Witness of God's Weapon) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill was level 5, but the knowledge about how to make magic possession items was blank.

Based on this, Grid assumed that Pagma didn't know how to make magic possession items. But now he learned how to make Mumud's Orb. Grid became the first and only person in the world of two billion users to create a magic possession item.

'If I study Mumud's Orb, I might be able to figure out how to make magic possession items.'

The dwarven craftsman Milepeu, who taught Pagma. Grid also got a chance to receive his teachings through this work.

Kkuok.

Grid held the Legendary Blacksmith's Hammer with all his strength.

Dugun dugun.

His heart beat wildly.

Ssik.

A smile appeared on his face. There was a sense of excitement. He was filled with joy.

'Through this production...'

He would grow. He could go beyond Pagma in this specific area. In return for this opportunity to grow, he would bless Euphemina by producing a unique rated orb for her. Grid confirmed the list of materials needed for the production and reached out to Euphemina.

Then Euphemina handed him the materials.

[5 abyss mithril have been acquired.]

[One Frost Queen's Breath has been acquired.]

[One Water Clan King's Tears has been acquired.]

[22 deluxe magic stones have been acquired.]

“I’m asking you.”

These were the precious materials that she barely collected after investing half a year and going through all types of incidents. The mithril abyss, Frost Queen’s Breath and Water Clan King’s Tears were impossible to determine the value, while the magic stones were worth 4,000 gold each.

What if the orb was created using these materials and an epic or lower rating emerged? She wouldn’t be able to hide her disappointment. Euphemina was eager to avoid such a thing, while Grid gladly nodded.

“Believe in me.”

At that moment.

‘This is serious.’ Lael had been remaining silent to not interfere with the two people, but his complexion quickly deteriorated. He had been with Grid for a while, so he was well aware that when Grid told people to believe in him, the worst result would emerge.

“Okay. I’ll believe in you.”

Euphemina was delighted without knowing anything.

Lael smiled awkwardly at her. “Let’s leave Grid alone so that he can concentrate.”

“Yes.”

She smiled. Euphemina felt better thanks to Grid and beamed brightly. Lael made a sad expression and left the smithy. Lael gritted his teeth.

‘A unique orb has gone away.’

It was the worst. Lael wanted to make Euphemina join Grid. If Grid was to produce a unique or higher rated orb, it was likely that Euphemina would become Grid’s slave. However, the situation wasn’t right, so he couldn’t help feeling uneasy.

‘It would’ve been big if she became our colleague...’

Some people might calmly enjoy Satisfy in their own way. Those who suffered from

disabilities in reality could enjoy a normal day, places more beautiful than Earth could be seen, or they could enjoy foods that didn't exist in reality.

However, Satisfy had the system of level up and a gap between the rich and the poor. In the end, a competitive society was inevitable. Due to that, only a few users played Satisfy like a regular online game.

They frantically levelled up and competed against each other. They tried to build power, wealth, and reputation, so they could someday become nobles and kings. Satisfy's vast territory, currently owned by NPC nobles and royalty, would gradually fall into the hands of users.

It was a natural flow and Lauel hoped to piggyback on Grid along that flow. He dreamed that the person he followed would become a king. In order to do that, he needed a lot of human resources such as Euphemina. Thus, Lauel was very disappointed at missing this chance.

On the other hand, Huroi was belatedly thanking Euphemina. "I really appreciate it. In the past and this time, you saved my life."

Euphemina explained, "It was Grid, not me, who helped you in the past. I just helped Grid to clear my own quest. So don't think about the past. This time... it's too hard to pretend that I didn't see it, so it isn't something to be thankful for."

Euphemina was the type of person to deceive others to accomplish her goals. But she wasn't heartless towards those she knew. This was her weakness and strength. Euphemina blushed as she replied to Huroi's thanks.

Huroi quietly smiled as he watched her. Thanks to her, his life was saved from Kasim and he avoided losing any experience. He was going to repay the favor someday. As such, Euphemina built up a positive impression with Grid and Huroi.

However, Euphemina wasn't aware of this fact. Grid got a precious production method for free, while Huroi could keep his experience. But her only interest was on the result of the orb.

Puruk! Puruk!

A sound was heard from inside the smithy. Euphemina peeked at Grid through a small window. His sweating appearance in front of the blast furnace was very attractive.

‘He has changed.’

The Grid in Euphemina’s memories was very different. His appearance was less than ordinary. Now Grid had a good appearance. She liked the high nose and moderately protruding forehead, and his eyes without double eyelids emanated the mysterious charm of Asians. It was difficult to call him a handsome person. However, he had a look that would appeal to quite a few people.

‘He doesn’t appear to have had plastic surgery... Anyway, the difference is his hairstyle and facial expression. His physique has also improved.’

Previously, Grid’s hair covered his good forehead and nose. It was just messy. In addition, his expression was always full of discontent and he kept complaining. She couldn’t feel any attractiveness from a man who had no muscles. His slumped shoulders and bent over back were especially jarring. But now his hairstyle was neat, his physique improved, his expressions and gestures showed confidence, making his overall impression completely different than before.

‘It is a miraculous change.’

It felt good. She thought seriously about whether someday she could also make a more positive change. It was the moment when Grid’s existence became big in the journey of her maturing process.

CHAPTER 192

‘The more I look, the more impressive it is.’

He had to admit it.

Mumud’s Orb was truly qualified to be called the best. In addition to being able to possess magic, it had a number of functions that were different from ordinary orbs, such as increasing the casting speed of magic and reducing skill cooldown time.

However, the magic damage was somewhat plain. Of course, it was excellent compared to other orbs, but lacking compared to the other features. Why was this?

Grid pondered. Then he realized.

‘Balance. Magic damage was intentionally suppressed to maintain balance. If the basic performance is good along with the additional options, it will inevitably lead to higher usage conditions.’

It was a great study for Grid.

‘When I create new items in the future, I have to pay attention to the balance.’

The first item that Grid created, Failure, only specialized in aggression. Indeed, it showed tremendous attack power. If he was to exclude the weapons possessed by Rebecca’s Daughters, he could positively assert that Failure was currently the strongest weapon.

But in return, Failure had ridiculously high usage conditions. It required Advanced Sword Mastery level 8 and more than 5,000 strength. It was estimated that users with more than 5,000 strength wouldn’t appear for at least two years, so Failure was nothing but a special item for Grid until then.

Failure was a failure for a reason.

‘If I designed it to be more versatile like Mumud’s Orb by lowering the attack power..’

The usage conditions would’ve been lowered and it would be more usable.

‘Then by now, I would be sitting in money.’

It was the moment he learned how to create the best items with the right level of performance. Grid was enlightened and felt a huge sense of accomplishment. He was filled with joy.

‘I can see a way to improve the Mass-produced One-handed Sword. Okay. Then let’s get started.’

Grid smiled and started to observe the materials needed to make Mumud’s Orb. The abyss mithril, Frost Queen’s Breath and Water Clan King’s Tears were unfamiliar items. He was deeply interested. However...

“Eh?”

Grid’s expression twisted after he checked the details of the items. It was unbelievable that he had been smiling with joy just a moment ago.

[Frost Queen’s Breath]

The extremely low temperature climate of Heraris caused the Frost Queen’s breath to crystallize. This crystal will never melt and has the effect of amplifying magic power.

Weight: 0.1

[Abyss Mithril]

Deep in the ocean.

A rare mineral that is only found near the Siren Kingdom.

Its harmony with magic power is three times better than normal mithril.

Weight: 15

[Water Clan King’s Tears]

The Siren King sheds tears every five months, longing for his daughter who left the

world before him.

These tears have the mysterious function of imbuing items with magic.

Weight: 0.1

Grid was happy at first. It was because he easily figured out how to create magic possession items.

‘The secret is the tears of the Water Clan. If I design an item with this as the material, I can create magic items that possess spells.’

What if S-grade magic was attached to weapons and armor? He would become incomparably stronger.

‘If my armor has Counter Barrier and my weapon has Meteor, I can be a 100 man... no, a 1,000 man army?’

Maybe it would be enough to fight with the great demon Hell Gao.

‘Then what about the pavranium?’

What if magic possession items were made out of pavranium? The golden discs that could drop Meteor from the sky. Golden blades that fired all types of spells while flying. Golden boomerangs that could create a sea of fire. Golden needles that could emit lightning. Golden items with all types of magic attached to them would reign hell down on his opponents.

From then on, a true overgeared person would be born.

‘I am a genius.’

He thought about the good idea for a while. The momentum lasted.

But then his face distorted. There was one part that disturbed him from the beginning. How was Euphemina able to obtain the abyss mithril and Water Clan King’s Tears?

‘The first discoverer of the Siren Kingdom. It was Euphemina.’

How much did she gain as the first discoverer of the Siren Kingdom? The amount of money would be huge. When considering the quests and titles, he was sure that she would've benefited beyond imagination.

Shake shake.

"Kuoh..."

How did Grid feel about it? His stomach started cramping. He was conflicted.

'I want to return the favor by making a unique rated orb, but...'

Thanks to Euphemina, he was able to acquire a precious production method and learned how to make magic possession items. He was so grateful that he wanted to do something for her. He might seem simple, but now he felt a huge affinity with Euphemina. He didn't feel reluctant to see her anymore.

'But Euphemina has more luck than a lottery winner. Wouldn't it be nice to let her experience some trials?'

He was blinded by jealousy. He might've matured compared to the past, but human nature didn't change easily. After all, Grid was still active as keyboard warrior. In the end, he eventually started with the intention of shoddily making an orb.

He poured the abyss mithril into the furnace and worked the bellows. It was silent. But then, "Sigh. I can't do this."

This rottenness wouldn't help him in the long run. Grid controlled his heart. Then he took a serious posture. He smelted the abyss mithril to the best of his ability.

Ttang! Ttang!

He started to make the ornaments and handle part of the orb.

"..."

The work had to be careful in order to properly express the old-fashioned design and make it a perfect fit. The extremely focused Grid handled the Legendary Blacksmith's Hammer very delicately.

Three hours later.

Grid finally completed the handle and started smelting the magic stones. Then according to the process described in the production method, he mixed the Frost Queen's Breath with the Water Clan King's Tears.

'Strange.'

The finished crystal glistened with a blue color. As the name suggested, this was a transparent crystal. But it was as hard as steel. The magic stones, Frost Queen's Breath and Water Clan King's Tears combined into one and were reborn as a whole new mineral. Just as Pagma and Braham created the mineral called pavranium, Milepeu created this blue crystal mineral.

'Milepeu... he was an amazing person. Then Euphemina will take this special mineral as well as being the Siren Kingdom's first discoverer?'

Grid couldn't help feeling jealous of Euphemina again. Naturally, his hands became dull.

Kaaang! Kaaang!

The crystal that was supposed to have a smooth bead shape became distorted.

"Heok?"

Grid looked at the shabby appearance caused by his jealousy and controlled his heart.

'Wake up.'

Grid focused. He tried to get rid of his malice. He did his best to deal with the delicate modifications.

Ttang! Ttang!

The crystal ball became increasingly beautiful and sleek. He had a hunch that at least an epic rated orb would be produced. Grid's stomach cramps appeared again at this thought.

"Kuoh...!"

Why did he have to give the best gift to Euphemina, who was already the first discoverer of the Siren Kingdom? Was it fair for one person to have such a monopoly on good luck?

‘Dammit! I should make it rare rated.’

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Grid’s hammering once again became sloppy.

But then,

‘...This isn’t it. Euphemina gave me a big present...’

Ttang! Ttang!

He worked delicately.

‘Ohh! First she has the fraudulent class of Duplicator, now she found the Siren Kingdom...’

Kaaang! Kaaang!

More shoddy work.

Ttang! Ttang!

Then he did his best.

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Shoddy work. He didn’t know how many times this repeated. Due to this uncontrollable behavior, Grid was like a madman.

“Hah... what am I doing now?”

Before he knew it, a whole night passed. The crystal ball was finished perfectly when seen from the outside.

Clink.

Despite the unfaithful attitude of the maker, a blue crystal ball with a beautiful shape attached to blue silver handles could be seen.

“Sigh...”

He didn't know how many times he sighed during this work. It must've been at least 100 times. Yet he didn't stop working. Grid's heart didn't wander anymore as he finished the job. And along the way.

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Patience skill has been activated. Concentration, stamina and defense will rise to the extremes for one hour.]

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Breath has increased the effectiveness of your production items]

“...”

He didn't know whether to be happy or sad at the notification windows that flashed in succession. This was the result.

[Indecisive Mumud's Orb]

Durability: 311/311 Magic Damage: +34%

Magic Casting Speed: +23%

Number of spells that can be stored: 4

* You can permanently store one spell at or below the S-grade.

* 15% reduction in skill cooldown time.

* There is a certain chance that magic damage will decrease by 50%.

* There is a certain chance that magic damage will increase by 100%.

* When using the possessed magic, there is a certain chance of the effect halving or doubling.

Among the items made by the great blacksmith 'G,' this is the third piece born with

emotions. It has been affected by the indecisiveness of its creator. Due to the emotional ups and down, it might not work properly or perform better than expected.

The compatibility with its creator will differ depending on its mood on the day.

User Restriction: Level 280 or higher. More than 3,000 intelligence. Advanced Orb Mastery Level 5.

Weight: 150

[An legendary rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +10 and reputation throughout the continent has risen by +500.]

“...This, is it okay?”

Grid found it difficult to predict how Euphemina would react.

The Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill Lv. 4 increased the basic abilities of the item by 18% and the Legendary Blacksmith's Breath Lv. 3 increased it by 8%, so the basic performance of the orb rose sharply. However, he was uneasy because the power might be halved.

‘How did it turn out like this?’

Grid was worried about the finished orb, even if it had a legendary rating.

He didn't know.

In the past, Euphemina acquired the title of ‘Competitor’ for winning the item production game and opened the good luck stat. After that, she was more likely to get a positive result when it came to random effects.

“Amazing...”

Euphemina was completely thrilled by the orb. Her face brightened like the dawn and she even shed tears. The reaction was natural. The orb Grid produced far exceeded her expectations. Moreover, the random option made it seem like an exclusive item just for her.

“Thank you...”

Euphemina was truly impressed. It was even greater than the joy she felt at discovering the Siren Kingdom.

“I’m really grateful. Encountering you was the best luck I ever had.”

The smiling Euphemina still looked pretty, despite her runny nose. This was the first time Grid truly saw her without any pretenses.

“What, why are you crying?”

Grid’s jealousy had already disappeared like melted snow. On this day, Grid achieved great growth as a blacksmith and overcame the ‘Believe in me’ jinx. And Euphemina became a slave to the power of items.

Huroi and Lauel really liked their new colleague.

CHAPTER 193

It was around one year and eight months ago in reality. Satisfy's service launched with the interest of the world.

Since that day, Euphemina had been playing Satisfy for more than 14 hours everyday, without taking a single day off. 19 years old, 20 years old, the precious time of her youth was spent in a game.

Some would say that her youth was wasted. These youthful days would never come back. They didn't know. Euphemina didn't have any regrets. Satisfy was a more joyful and precious world for her, who was always alone in her own home environment.

And today. In this precious world, it was the first time that Euphemina met an object of longing. That person was Grid.

'He can produce legendary items...'

Euphemina had killed countless monsters and raided bosses, eventually reaching level 283. She cleared hundreds of quests. Nevertheless, the maximum rating of items she acquired was a unique rating.

Legendary items? She never even saw it. She thought legendary items were something that only existed in fantasies. Therefore, she never imagined that Grid would make a legendary rated orb. She just wanted Grid to make a unique rated orb.

However, Grid made a legendary rated orb. The result was truly amazing. To be honest, she couldn't really believe it. It felt like a dream. It was like a halo was coming from Grid. She was blinded by him.

'Grid, you are the god in my heart from this moment on.'

Euphemina was ecstatic.

Lauel whispered to her, "If you become Grid's subordinate, you will be able to get more magnificent items like this orb."

"..."

It was the temptation of the devil. It was impossible for her to refuse. Euphemina became Grid's subordinate.



"You can use this room in the future. You will normally have freedom, and only have to follow Grid when there is a specific mission."

"I understand."

"Then I will be going. Huroi and I have to accompany Grid to Bairan."

Winston Castle.

Euphemina received a place to stay. It was a moderately large room. When she opened the window, she saw a beautiful garden and a wide sky. But most of all, it was close to Grid's bedroom.

"Hihit."

She couldn't help laughing. She had been playing Satisfy for a long time, but it was the first time she felt excited to gain colleagues. She was happy because she could see the glorious Grid every day. She was very excited about the adventures she would experience with Grid.

"First of all, I need to permanently store a spell on my orb."

Thanks to Grid making a legendary orb, she could give the orb an S-grade spell. Euphemina called up her skills list. The S-grade magic that she duplicated and stored were classified separately.

[Demon King's Tail Lv. 2]

It can burn up to 16 people.

It will deal 2,509 fixed fire damage per second for up to 4 seconds.

Skill Range: 10m radius

Skill Mana Cost: 3,200

Skill Cooldown Time: 15 minutes.

[Fluid Escape Lv. 1]

The soul and body of the caster will be separated for 3 seconds.

The caster can control the soul that emerged from the body, while the body will be immune to all damage.

The soul can deal $1,030 + (\text{half of the caster's current magic power})$ damage to all targets in the way.

As soon as the soul returns to the body, a shockwave will be generated, pushing all nearby enemies back.

Skill Mana consumption: 65% of your current mana.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.

[Storm Gravity Field Lv. 1]

Installs a gravity field 5m in diameter at the specified location. It will take 1.2 seconds to install and all objects trapped in the gravity field will be suppressed for 2 seconds. After that, the raging storm will deal 8,600~15,900 damage.

Skill Range: 20m radius

Skill Mana Cost: 2,500

Skill Cooldown Time: 18 minutes.

[Carshian's Fury Lv. 2]

Shields the caster with a fire shield.

The shield absorbs a total of 15,000 damage and will return half of the absorbed damage back to the opponent.

Physical defense and magic resistance will increase by 20%, and fire resistance by 99% while the shield is active.

Skill Mana Cost: 3,000

Skill Cooldown Time: 20 minutes.

In order to acquire S-grade magic, a user had to be at least level 280 and meet other difficult conditions. In the first place, S-grade spellbooks were rare. Looking at the users and NPCs, there were only a few who had acquired S-grade magic.

Therefore, Euphemina couldn't duplicate a lot of S-grade magic. Her choices were narrow. Nevertheless, she wasn't disappointed. The reason was simple. It was because of Fluid Escape, a fraudulent magic that had the most usefulness among her S-grade spells. It was a rare spell that dealt damage proportional to magic power and made the body invincible.

Learning this spell was the standards of a great magician. In the past, Euphemina followed Earl Ashur for a month before barely managing to duplicate it. She cherished it so much that she didn't even use it when her life was in danger, so she permanently stored it in the orb without hesitation.

[Do you want to attribute the spell 'Fluid Escape' to the Indecisive Mumud's Orb?]

"Yes."

[The spell can't be released when attached to an item. Do you still want to progress?]

"Yes."

The blue orb shone brightly.

[The skill 'Fluid Escape' has been removed from the Duplicator's skills list.]

['Fluid Escape' now belongs to the Indecisive Mumud's Orb.]

Bururu.

Euphemina's small body shook as she confirmed the result. It was due to the thrill she felt. Her cheeks flushed and she stroked the orb with a joyful expression.

"Beautiful. This is too good."

At this moment, she finally realized that she was the owner of such a great item. She tried to equip the orb in order to fully realize it.

[You have equipped the Indecisive Mumud's Orb.]

The normal notification window appeared.

[Your position has been revealed to someone. You won't be able to escape from the eyes of surveillance.]

"Huh?"

Then an unknown notification window popped up.

"What does that mean?" Euphemina was stunned as she blinked her large eyes. Then she nodded as if she understood. "My position is being delivered to Grid."

The orb's maker was Grid, so it made sense to think so. It was a legendary item. It wouldn't be strange to have specific features built into it, so she didn't think about it any longer. She rushed in front of the mirror and admired the beautiful sight of her holding the blue orb.

But what was the truth? The eyes of surveillance on her wasn't from Grid. At the same time, in one of the 27 golem labyrinths throughout the continent.

[I finally found it.]

The voice off the great magician Braham rang out through the labyrinth. He issued a command to thousands of golems.

[Show the fool who dared to ignore the great me.]

Kuuong! Kuuong!

All types of powerful golems moved in unison. They were slowly but surely heading to the same destination. Soon after, this spectacular scene was captured by users across the world and would once again bring a big wave to Satisfy.



“What?”

Bairan Castle.

Grid visited with some shocking words. The Tzedakah Guild gathered in the meeting room didn’t welcome it.

“Are you serious about withdrawing from the guild?” Toban asked again and Grid nodded.

“Yes.”

“Why all of a sudden?” The one who asked was Overgeared No. 2, Ibellin. He was looking at Lael. “What did that guy say to mislead Grid?”

As one of the 10 Rookies, Ibellin had a fierce rivalry with Lael. So he growled every time they met, but Lael never gave him a second thought. But this time was an exception. Lael replied to Ibellin.

“Ibellin. Are you saying that Grid is an idiot who would be swayed by my words?”

Twitch.

Huroi’s eyes narrowed from where he was silently standing behind Grid. Ibellin was baffled.

“W-What...? What did you leap to that conclusion? That isn’t what I meant!”

“Quiet.”

Jishuka finally came forward. Her folded arms highlighted her big chest as she stared intently at Grid.

“Why do you want to leave?”

“I want to become a lord.” Grid answered simply.

Jishuka asked him again, “Why?”

“You’re asking why?” Grid made the shape of a coin with his fingers and spoke bluntly. “Because of money.”

Now they understood everything. Certainly, the amount of taxes collected from Bairan after being promoted to a city was so big that it couldn’t be ignored. It was natural to feel greedy. Especially for Grid, who was only playing the game for money.

“Can’t you be a lord even if you belong to the guild?”

Jishuka didn’t want Grid to leave. Putting aside her personal feelings, she didn’t want to lose one of the factors that made the guild strong.

“Well...that...”

Grid tried to explain but it wasn’t easy.

Then Lael came out.

“In order to become a lord, a certain position is required. It isn’t enough to be a viscount. Grid is only a member of the guild, but he also has a lot of subordinates. Therefore, he can’t be left as a guild member of the Tzedakah Guild.

Grid nodded.

“That’s what I was trying to say.”

“...”

The eyes of the Tzedakah Guild members were cold as they looked at Lael. They

didn't like that he was encouraging Grid to cut ties with his close companions. Based on this situation, Lauel seemed to be trying to separate them from Grid.

Only Faker was watching Lauel with a happy expression.

'Indeed... he fills everything that Grid is lacking.'

It was really great. The other guild members were jealous of being deprived of Grid and didn't recognize him. But Faker knew that someday the guild members would recognize Lauel.

Jishuka explained, "Grid, if it is just money then, I will give you the taxes from Bairan. So why don't we stay like this?"

The taxes from Bairan were shared fairly between the guild members. Now she would ignore the other guild members and give the taxes to Grid. It was a truly shocking offer. The other members expressed no dissatisfaction, despite Jishuka deciding it on her own. It was because Grid was worth more. They already made a lot of money due to betting on Grid in the National Competition.

On the other hand, Lauel wanted to curse. He thought that Grid would accept Jishuka's proposal. But Grid's response was surprising.

"I don't want to."

"...?"

Didn't Grid want money? Hadn't he suffered from hair loss due to the money problems recently? Then why did he so easily refuse? It was so surprising that even Huroi and Lauel shook. Everyone was confused by Grid's shocking remark.

"I can't be satisfied with just the taxes of one city."

"..."

Bairan achieved an incredible growth after the National Competition and was now called the third largest city in the north. Yet this city wasn't enough for him?

"Grid, perhaps you..."

Grid was looking higher. Jishuka's eyes widened as she realized this fact, while Grid declared.

"The minimum of what I want is a territory the size of Winston. That is the starting point."

Huroi and Lael asked him to be king. He would grasp it first before the two billion users of Satisfy. He couldn't resist. Why? It was a chance to become the richest man on Earth.

"Jishuka, take the kids and come under me."

"Huh...!" Jishuka burst out. He wanted to swallow the elites who were in the top 100 of the unified rankings at all once? "A complete thief."

There was no saying more accurate than that.

CHAPTER 194

“Jishuka, take the kids and come under me.”

The moment that Grid said so. Lauel winced and hurriedly sent him a whisper.

–Grid, what did you say just now?

Grid was confused.

–What’s wrong?

Lauel spoke with frustration.

–Your way of talking is wrong!

Lauel knew that the Tzedakah Guild was a prestigious guild that existed since the days of L.T.S. The scale was small, but they had a tradition of at least six years. They had the pride of those who reigned at the top. But rather than respecting them, Grid told them to come under him? It was obvious that the proud guild members would be disappointed and repelled by Grid.

–You should negotiate. You have to respect them. Then convince them to cooperate. Do you think that if you speak to them like that, they will just follow you?

“...”

Grid noticed his mistake. If he thought about it from the position of the guild members, he realized that he made a huge mistake.

‘Disgusting.’ Was he any different from Lee Junho in his high school days, who made Grid his bread shuttle just because he was more powerful? ‘In the first place, the words I chose were wrong.’

But things had changed since entering the Tzedakah Guild. Grid had many memories with his guild members. They got to know each other little by little. Grid recognized the guild members as friends or colleagues. Yet he told them to come under him, like they were servants.

Grid was very disappointed in himself.

‘How could I treat them like this?’

He controlled them with his items, so did he subconsciously perceive them as below him?

‘I am better than them. I also have high fame.’

Was he ignoring them? Just like the alumni ignored him in the past?

‘Dammit! Just a while ago in the National Competition, I realized that I fought for my companions!’

Grid’s character had deepened and matured compared to the past. But that was only when compared to the past. His personality was still lacking. The evidence was that he was jealous of Noe’s popularity and posted malicious comments about him on the Internet. His nature was filled with self-righteousness and egotism due to his unfavorable environment, so he couldn’t mature in such a short amount of time.

But.

“I’m sorry. I’ll correct what I just said.”

By default, Grid was someone who tried hard. Thanks to his efforts, he could barely be middle of the pack at school, despite having no talents. In addition, he was able to become the first legendary class in Satisfy.

As long as he realized and corrected his mistakes, he would change quickly.

“I will say it again. All of you, please join the guild that I will make. I want to continue to be with you, and I need your strength. I will also give you strength... Let’s join together to build a country. I consider you as friends and colleagues, so please.”

Grid bowed deeply. His attitude was very polite. The stiff expressions of Jishuka and the guild members slowly released.

Jishuka spoke, “Give us time to talk about it.”



“What should we do?”

Grid returned to Winston after causing a fuss. The Tzedakah Guild started to engage in an in-depth discussion.

“Grid is a necessary existence for us. Not just as a blacksmith, but also as a warrior. He’s a source of great strength. We can’t lose him.”

“I agree with that part, but can Grid be the leader of a guild?”

Leadership was needed to lead an organization. In order to exert leadership, they needed charisma to force people or to make people loyal to them. But that ability wasn’t something that anyone could have.

Why was the Tzedakah Guild operating on a small scale? There were many reasons, but the important one was that there was no leader in the guild. Those who acted to rise to the top possessed strong individualistic tendencies. None of them had the talent to lead others. Even Jishuka was limited to just commanding the current personnel.

Grid was stingy, filled with jealousy and only acted for money, so could he fulfill the role of a leader? Furthermore, he wanted to become a king? It was impossible.

“A clever person like Lauel can make up for the intelligence that Grid is lacking. But it is impossible for someone who isn’t a leader to maintain or expand the organization.”

“That’s right. If Grid creates a guild, won’t it soon collapse?”

A competent leader of a small guild was better than an incompetent one of a large guild. Everyone thought so. They judged that it was just Grid’s futile dream. But an unexpected person came up with a different opinion.

“Grid is a natural leader.”

What was this nonsense? Everyone’s eyes focused on one person. The person who received their interest. It was Toban. He was the Tzedakah Guild’s chief of staff, who became Grid’s slave in the past. At one time, he was reluctant about Grid, but now he appreciated Grid more than anyone else.

“What is required to be a leader? Isn’t it to unite and lead the organization, and ultimately develop the organization? Think about it. Grid has a power that can replace leadership.”

Buzz buzz.

The guild members started murmuring.

“Power that can replace leadership?”

“What is it? I can’t figure it out.”

Toban gave a hint to the guild members who couldn’t understand. “Don’t overlook the fact that Satisfy is a game.”

“Ah...!” Jishuka and Pon noticed before anyone else. They shouted at the same time. “Items!”

Toban was satisfied.

“That’s right. When people play games, they have one basic desire. And Grid can meet those needs. As long as he makes items for the guild members, they will never betray him. And Grid will evolve while trying to do his best for the guild.”

The main reason why the Tzedakah Guild was reluctant to lose Grid was due to his ability to make items. That’s right. At least in Satisfy, Grid was fully qualified to be a leader.

“If Grid produces items for the guild members with high achievements as a reward, the members won’t want to leave Grid forever. At the same time, they will gradually become elites.”

“Just like us...”

In the first place, a smart person like Lauel wouldn’t become Grid’s king maker if he didn’t have a reason. Lauel obviously planned to foster the strongest guild through Grid. The guild would become tremendously powerful through items.

“It’s lucky that Grid has Lauel.” Those were Jishuka’s words. She continued. “Thanks to Lauel, Grid will be able to reign at the top.”

Currently, Pagma's Descendant was the strongest class in existence. But there were a total of nine legendary classes in Satisfy. As a blacksmith, Pagma's Descendant was relatively weak in combat compared to the other legendary classes.

If Grid kept playing the game in an individual manner, there would eventually come a day when he couldn't surpass this limit and would have to concede the position of the best to someone else.

But the story would change if he owned the strongest guild. The strongest guild that only Grid could create! This power would make Grid reign at the top!

"Why don't we go under Grid? Anyway, we have reached the limitations of expanding our power."

"I think so as well. I don't want to watch Zibal or Chris' guilds slowly swallow up this continent."

"Certainly... unlike L.T.S., there is a limit to what a small number of people can do in Satisfy. It would be better in the long run to be included in a bigger force."

"I can never escape from Grid's items. I unconditionally want to go under Grid."

All the guild members agreed. It was decided.

Jishuka stood up and declared, "Today, the Tzedakah Guild will be disbanded. The 21 members, including myself, will go under grid."

They dreamed of becoming the strongest, like they were in L.T.S. In order to achieve those dreams, they chose Grid. Thanks to that, Grid swallowed up the strongest force for free. It was an event that would go down in history.



The guild that represented the Eternal Kingdom was by far the Giant Guild. The Tzedakah Guild was famous for its small number of elites, but that couldn't compare to the Giant Guild. It was because the Giant Guild had more than 700 people. It was a level that could deal with the Snake Guild, who was expanding its power in the Haken Kingdom.

"Golem army?"

Pedro City, in the southern part of the Eternal Kingdom.

Chris was stunned. More than 1,000 golems were advancing towards the Eternal Kingdom.

“What type of magician can control over 1,000 golems? It isn’t possible, even if all the great magicians on the continent joined their power together. Isn’t this ridiculous?”

The golems weren’t roaming a particular area. Rather, they were moving with a clear destination, so someone was obviously controlling the golem. One of the seven captains, Zirkan, responded to Chris with wide eyes.

“This information is definite. The golems are currently advancing towards the Eternal Kingdom, and it is likely that the south will be the first target, based on their movement path.”

Another of the seven captains, Asellas, spoke. “In the future, there will be a quest from the king of the Eternal Kingdom to defeat the golem army.”

Chris smiled widely. “This is a good sign.”

So what if over 1,000 golems gathered? They were just slow masses of stones. Chris was determined to defeat the golems in order to raise the guild’s reputation and increase their contribution to the kingdom.

“This is an opportunity to become an earl.”

After Chris was defeated by Regas in the National Competition.

The Giant Guild became confused. The loss of the guild master reduced the guild’s morale, and the guild seemed to be walking down a path of decline.

However, Chris was a person with outstanding charisma. He led the guild along with the seven captains, and the Giant Guild managed to escape its confusion. They boasted a stronger force than before.

Chris was confident.

“We will be thoroughly prepared when the king’s quest arrives. First of all, tell the magicians to store AOE magic in their orbs, and distribute large weapons to the

physical damage dealers.

Then after a few days. There was a messenger from the capital.

“In the name of the 13th king of the Eternal Kingdom, King Wiesbaden. Viscount Chris, slaughter the golems that dare advance towards my sacred kingdom!”

[Defense War]

Difficulty: S

Precisely 1,231 golems have crossed the border of the Eternal Kingdom.

Defend the Eternal Kingdom.

Quest Clear Conditions: Repel the golem army (0/1,231)

Quest Clear Rewards: One small city. 25,000 contribution to the kingdom. The guild level will rise by 1. Two million gold will be obtained.

Quest Failure: The golems will advance to the capital of the Eternal Kingdom. The kingdom will fall into chaos.

They were colossal rewards.

Chris' blood was boiling.

‘Zibal, you aren't the first user who will become an earl. I will also be the first one to get 1,000 guild members!’

Chris didn't doubt it. He had experience with clearing guild quests with an A-grade difficulty, so he didn't shrink back before the S-grade one. He just wanted to defeat the golems to achieve his goals. All the Giant Guild members, there wasn't one person who thought this quest might fail.

Three days later.

Breaking news appeared around the world.

『 A few days ago, golems gathered from all over the continent and advanced into the Eternal Kingdom. The Giant Guild acted to intercept them... 』

It was a tragedy. The Giant Guild could only defeat 300 golems. The southern part of the Eternal Kingdom was ravaged. Chris was desperate as he looked at Pedro, swallowed up by a raging fire.

“How did this happen...?”

One year and six months ago.

When Chris became a viscount and gained Pedro, it had only been a small village when he first arrived. In the past year and a half, Chris had developed it into a city. It was lost in an instant. All the buildings collapsed, while thousands of NPCs turned into grey light. The damage would be difficult to repair.

Chris was frustrated, but he had no choice but to watch as the golems advanced to the capital. The true destination of the mighty golem army was the north of the Eternal Kingdom. They planned to advanced from the south to the north through the capital.

The great magician Braham did this just to draw Grid’s attention.

CHAPTER 195

Humanity started to receive news through smartphones dozens of years ago. Nevertheless, newspapers still had a steady consumer base.

The full subway. Some passengers were holding newspapers in their hands. The newspapers were published by different places, shown by the different political stances. However, the newspapers all had the same headlines.

[The Golem Army's Attack on the Eternal Kingdom!]

One month after the National Competition. There hadn't been any special incidents in Satisfy, except for the fact that Kraugel was the first user to get a third advancement class.

The Internet was in an uproar.

–Why the Eternal Kingdom? The Eternal Kingdom is neutral, so there shouldn't be any countries hostile towards them? What kingdom sent the golems to the Eternal Kingdom?

–There are 17 kingdoms on the continent. They all have their own interests, so even a neutral kingdom isn't guaranteed to be safe.

–To be able to send so many golems, isn't it impossible for one country alone to have that strength? It is impossible to control that many golems unless dozens of great magicians join forces.

–Wow! Then several countries have united to attack the Eternal Kingdom...?

–Is this the precursor to a massive episode?

–No matter how high their numbers, golems are golems. How did the Giant Guild get smashed by the golems?

Chris' level was 298 and he had the dignity of the third ranked user. The seven captains were top ranked users over level 260, and the average level of the 700 Giant Guild members was 180. It was honestly unbelievable that more than 1,000 golems with a maximum level of 200 could one-sidedly massacre the Giant Guild.

As the world became increasingly confused, footage started to be shown around the world.

『 This is a video of the Eternal Kingdom war that we just obtained. Watch this video and you will see how bad the Eternal Kingdom's current crisis is. 』

The screen that switched.

“Through this war, our Giant Guild will take one step further. Record this glorious moment carefully.”

The video started with Chris talking to the camera.

Kuuong! Kuwuong!

The massive sound of footsteps shaking the ground was clearly heard from far away. The viewpoint of the camera, as well as Chris and the guild members' eyes, moved towards the horizon.

Kuoooh!

One, two, three. Tens, hundreds. Over 1,000 golems were slowly but surely approaching from the horizon. They gradually came closer. The appearance of the golems lined up was truly spectacular. It was like a ridgeline.

The size of the golems varied. The names were also very unusual. There were around 1,000 'old golems' that didn't look much different from existing golems, and 200 small golems with the same body shape as humans called 'soul dolls.' Finally, there were 12 extra large golems exceeding 8m in height and 4m in width that were called 'ancient weapons.'

“The names are great.” Chris spoke warily. “Based on the names alone, they seem much stronger than existing golems. In particular, those super-sized golems and humanoid golems.”

The magician Asellas, one of the seven captains and a specialist in petrification magic, came up with his own opinion.

“The humanoid golems look very difficult. We should take care of them first.”

The advantages of a golem were their high physical defense and health. Instead, they were vulnerable to magic and relatively slow, making them easy to deal with. It was clear that if the humanoid golems had the existing strengths of a golem and were fast, they would be hard to deal with.

Asellas' comments quickly convinced Chris.

"Okay. Take care of the humanoid golems."

"Yes!"

From then on, a splendid magical bombardment began. Asellas and 200 magicians attacked the humanoid golems with their most powerful magic.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

An explosion occurred in many parts of the wilderness and a dust storm rose. The camera became blurry and nothing could be seen in front. They suspected that the powerful magical bombardment would completely destroy the 1,000 golems.

However.

"What...?"

After a while, the dust storm lifted and everyone was astonished. The golem army was completely fine. They didn't even suffer minor damage from the magical bombardment of Asellas and the other guild magicians.

Asellas' face turned white.

"Anti-magic Shield...?"

The Anti-magic Shield was a spell that blocked all types of magic. It was a perfect counter for magicians and classified as S-grade magic, so it wasn't something that everyone could use. However, the golems were using Anti-magic Shields.

Asellas stared blankly at the pink transparent shields deployed by the 12 super-sized golems.

"No way. How is this possible?"

The golems could use magic? In addition, it was S-grade magic? The Giant Guild couldn't understand it. In particular, Asellas and the magicians lost their morale.

"I used all my mana..."

"I used all the magic stored in my orb..."

"We couldn't even do any damage..."

"What should we do if the golems are immune to magic?"

The Giant Guild's morale rapidly deteriorated. The golem army continued to advance and was gradually getting closer. Chris hurriedly ordered, "We will change the target to the super-sized golems."

The magicians were useless as long as the super-sized golems used the Anti-magic Shield. That's why Chris decided to deal with the super-sized golems first, but it wasn't easy.

Kuwaaah!

The physical damage dealers and tankers tried to attack the huge golems, but the old golems blocked their way. Their appearance was similar to general golems, but they weren't ordinary.

"These damn things!"

Chris and the damage dealers charged at the golems with their large, prearranged weapons. But the defense of the golems was uncommon. Their attacks didn't work as they wanted. They felt much more solid than the hardest iron golem.

Chris realized that the situation was worse than he thought. He smashed a golem using his strongest technique.

[You have destroyed an old golem.]

[350,300 experience has been acquired.]

In the case of a monster that was already hunted, the level and details could be grasped. Chris used this basic system to verify the information of the old golems.

[Old Golem]

Level: 240

A relic of the past. A golem made of volcanic rock mixed with black iron, making it harder than an iron golem. Existing magicians can't produce this level of golem.

'Dammit!'

Existing golems had a level range of 50~200. However, the old golems were level 240. It wasn't a big deal for Chris and the seven captains, but they were too hard for the general guild members to deal with.

Chris shouted.

"Every three people organize into one group to fight!"

The average level of the Giant Guild was 180. He judged that three members would be able to deal with one old golem. But the problem wasn't the old golems. The real crisis started once the 200 humanoid golems entered the battlefield.

Pepeok! Kwakwang!

"Kuak!"

"H-Hik!"

The guild members were logged out in front of the swift and accurate attacks of the humanoid golems. The perplexed Chris ordered the seven captains.

"We will mark the humanoid golems! Kuk!"

The strength of the humanoid golems transcended common sense. Not only were they fast, but their combat skills were very good. Some of them wielded their fists and feet like a martial artist, while others used parts of their bodies like swords or spears. Even

the seven captains found it hard if they were attacked by two or more humanoid golems.

There were 200 of them.

Kwajak!

Chris defeated a humanoid golem and confirmed the details.

[Soul Doll]

Level: 280

A battle doll made by capturing the soul of a warrior. The ego isn't maintained but the soul can demonstrate its original life's fighting skills.

'What is this fraudulent..!?'

The strength of the soul dolls was at the level of a field boss. What type of magician created these monsters? Chris got goosebumps. The battlefield was disadvantageous. Magic shields didn't help because of the Anti-magic Shield, and most guild members were too busy dealing with the old golems.

The seven captains were unable to cope with the pincer attacks of the soul dolls. It had been less than 10 minutes after the fight started, and half of the guild members had already been logged out.

'It is finished.'

The S-rank guild quest exceeded common sense. Chris realized this and shouted angrily, "These damn pieces of scum! I will smash one more of you before I die!"

The soul dolls came from every direction. Chris wielded his greatsword at them. The third ranked user didn't fall down easily. Over time, all the guild members were logged out, but he survived and defeated hundreds of golems. But he wasn't invincible. Soon after his stamina was depleted, he left the battlefield. Then he could only helplessly scream as the golems destroyed Pedro.

The war footage switched back to the news studio. The hosts and experts appeared with a serious expression.

『 The biggest reason Chris was defeated in his match against Regas was because he was careless. As he proved now, Chris is much more powerful than what he showed in the National Competition. 』

『 That's right. He's stronger than Regas, and not weak. But that alone can't stop the golem's advance. It's sad. 』

『 In particular, the soul dolls are too powerful. Chris was only able to defeat four soul dolls. The ancient weapons are extraordinary, but they didn't directly participate in battle. Who is the creator of these mighty golems? 』

『 The old golems and ancient weapons... Based on their name, they seem to be a heritage of the past. Maybe it is the legacy of the great magician Braham. 』

『 Braham? Aren't you thinking too much? Even if the creator of these golems is Braham, what type of magician can control Braham's golems? 』

『 Perhaps the golems are made by Braham's disciple. Well, it will be revealed gradually. Right now, the key question is whether or not the Eternal Kingdom can withstand the attacks of the golems. 』

『 The military power of the Eternal Kingdom is very powerful. That's why they could exist as a neutral kingdom. But that is a story of when it is a human against human battle... They might be helpless against the golems. 』

『 Then there is only one conclusion. Users, please leave for the Eternal Kingdom right now! It's a great opportunity to get a quest that will give you enormous rewards! 』

The users and guilds already knew this and were moving towards the Eternal Kingdom. King Wiesbaden of the Eternal Kingdom gave a wide range of quests to prevent the unprecedented advance of the golems.

[Fight the Golems]

Difficulty: B~S

The Giant Guild was brave enough to defeat the golems that crossed the border of the Eternal Kingdom, but were eventually defeated. As a result, the southern part of the Eternal Kingdom was destroyed and the golem's army is advancing towards the capital of the Eternal Kingdom.

King Wiesbaden senses the crisis and summoned his troops from all over the kingdom. He is asking you to cooperate with them.

Quest Clear Conditions: Repel the golems.

Quest Clear Rewards:

After defeating an old golem, 300 gold and 100 kingdom contribution will be acquired.

After defeating a soul doll, 1,000 gold and 500 kingdom contribution will be acquired.

After defeating an ancient weapon, 3,000 gold and 1,500 kingdom contribution will be acquired.

100 gold was worth 120,000 won. In addition, accumulating 3,000 kingdom contribution could earn the user the title of a baron, and 10,000 contribution gave the title of a viscount. From the users' perspective, there was no reason not to join this quest. From all over the continent, tens of thousands of users gathered in the capital of the Eternal Kingdom.

"Everyone! I have a party! We must make a party to defeat the golems!"

In Satisfy, up to 24 people could join one party. The users formed parties and went to war. But could regular users handle the soul dolls that even the seven captains of the Giant Guild had difficulty with? It was a useless defense.

Most parties barely managed to defeat one or two old golems, but they were easily destroyed by the soul dolls. The Anti-magic Shields didn't allow magicians to exert their power, so the battlefield went badly.

And.

Kuweeeeeeh!

Hundreds of users were logged out when the ancient weapons occasionally fired a massive ray of magic energy, causing the Eternal Kingdom to face a crisis. The users didn't want to continue any further, forcing the Eternal Kingdom to fight against the golems with their own soldiers.

King Wiesbaden was furious.

"What wicked person? Why? What purpose is there behind giving this trial to my kingdom?"

On the other hand, a grocery store in the capital.

Two girls was pushing through a crowd, struggling to get anything done.

"I chose this place because I heard it was the most comfortable place for beginners to start, but what is this? We can't go hunting because of these big stones, so we can't do anything until the capsule room booking time ends.

The ID of the complaining girl was 'Sexy Schoolgirl'. It was a fairly childish name, but her face was really pretty. She actually was sexy. Her name was Park Yerim in reality. She was the best friend of Grid's younger sister Sehee. Sehee was the neat girl standing next to her.

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Sehee was in her second year of high school, and she was a girl who only knew about studying. She studied all day, except for jogging in the morning and yoga in the evening.

Idol music, makeup, dramas, shopping, etc. She wasn't interested in all the hobbies that other girls her age enjoyed. She only went to school, the library, and home. Was studying interesting? No. It was due to her strong sense of responsibility. She was worried about her brother and determined to succeed in order to support her family.

But then her brother succeeded. He became the best celebrity and was economically wealthy. Thanks to that, Sehee was able to escape the obsession that she should do well for her brother. She still studied, but wouldn't it be nice to have a hobby? She had room enough to think.

And the thing she became most interested in was Satisfy. She couldn't ignore the game that many people in the world were enjoying, and a strong point was that she could enjoy it with her brother.

Saturday at 1 p.m. Sehee visited a capsule room for the first time in her life with Yerim.

"Hey~ aren't the two of you really pretty? I will play with you, giving you items and helping you hunt. Just let me know your game IDs."

"Come here and sit down. I'll buy you some drinks."

Most of the capsule room customers were university students. Most workers enjoyed Satisfy at home by purchasing a capsule directly, but the capsule fee was too expensive for students. Some university students lied to their parents about going to school and headed to the capsule room instead.

"Wow~ that uniform! Young Ladies High School?"

"Wow. Isn't Young Ladies High School ranked in the top 10? These pretty girls are good at studying."

"Students of the Young Ladies High School are great. Please marry me. Yes~?"

For university students who were interested in the opposite sex, the emergence of beautiful girls like Sehee and Yerim was an exciting event. They persistently clung to Sehee and Yerim.

‘How cheap.’

To Yerim, these people looked like nerdy university students. She decided to teach these guys who didn’t know the world about how fearful women could be by eating their items and capsule fees.

Yerim’s eyes curved as she started to smile. Sehee noticed Yerim was emitting her distinctive pose to deceive a man and urgently restrained her.

“Just ignore them.”

Sehee hated all men except for her father and brother. She kept attracting men due to her innate beauty, but she found it annoying.

“Hrmm~”

If it was like the old days, Yerim would’ve thoroughly tricked the university students without listening to Sehee.

‘I don’t want to have any clashes with my future sister-in-law.’

Yerim easily followed Sehee’s words. Afterwards, they connected to Satisfy and created a character in the city called Reinhardt, the capital of the Eternal Kingdom. As they were people experiencing virtual reality for the first time, they were astonished at the implementation of their five senses that was just like reality.

Yerim moved her body back and forth, drinking in the clean air when she suddenly grumbled. “What is this? Why don’t you want to tell your brother that we started the game? Isn’t it more comfortable and enjoyable to play with him?”

“If Oppa knows that I started Satisfy, he’ll order a capsule for me. Not long ago, I rejected his offer to buy me a capsule.”

Yerim’s eyes started sparkling.

“Youngwoo oppa is truly great. What brother would buy a 10 million won machine for

his sister? It's on a different level from my brother. Then..." Yerim didn't understand why Sehee was reluctant to have her brother buy her a capsule. "If your brother wants to buy it, shouldn't you just accept gratefully? Why did you refuse?"

Sehee was worried about her brother.

"I don't want to spend money just because Oppa is making it. I want Oppa to value his money and save it."

Satisfy's popularity seemed eternal for now, but she didn't know about the future. What if one day, a virtual reality game bigger than Satisfy was released? At that time, her brother's income would decrease. Sehee hoped that her brother would become someone who thought about the future.

"If I had a capsule, wouldn't I use it all the time? It's a luxury. Once I get a job and buy a capsule using my own money, then I'll tell Oppa that I'm playing Satisfy."

Yerim clicked her tongue.

"Amazing, amazing. You're a very virtuous woman."

Someday when she married Youngwoo, it would be very tiring to have Sehee as a sister-in-law.

Yerim opened the map. Then along with Sehee, she started exploring Reinhardt. The scenery of Reinhardt was very beautiful, looking much bigger and more spectacular than medieval movies that cost hundreds of millions to produce. Due to the wealth of things to see, the two girls didn't know how to spend their time.

"Those girls are pretty."

"An Oriental girl is white, but aren't they whiter than white? There are no flaws. A complete milky skin."

"They look like complete noobs... Isn't there a chance to become friends if we help them on a quest or hunt?"

In the end, Yerim and Sehee was followed by a lot of male users. Two girls with prominent beauty were walking beside each other, so it was natural for them to catch the attention of men. In particular, Yerim had the ID of Sexy Schoolgirl, so many men

were interested.

‘Schoolgirl...’

‘Sexy Schoolgirl...’

‘Her ID is actually Sexy Schoolgirl...’

Gulp!

The male users couldn’t help gulping! Suddenly, a quest window appeared before them as they watched the girls with serpentine eyes.

[Fight the Golems]

Difficulty: B~S

Quest Clear Conditions: Repel the golems.

Quest Clear Rewards:

After defeating an old golem, 300 gold and 100 kingdom contribution will be acquired.

After defeating a soul doll, 1,000 gold and 500 kingdom contribution will be acquired.

After defeating an ancient weapon, 3,000 gold and 1,500 kingdom contribution will be acquired.

“Huh, it is finally here.”

“Aren’t the rewards greater than expected?”

“It means the opponents are tough. Anyway, it is good. This is an opportunity to reverse my life.”

The users already knew that the golem army was advancing to Reinhardt. They rushed out of the city to defeat the golems. Meanwhile, Yerim and Sehee were confused after

being given the quest.

“I was just walking and I received a quest? Was it originally like this?”

“What are golems?”

“I saw them in movies. They are giants made of stone, but very solid and strong.”

“Strong? Can we get rid of them?”

“I don’t know...”

The male users approached the two stunned girls.

“Golems are monsters that beginners can’t deal with. Don’t even think about leaving the city, or you will be wiped out in two minutes.”

The users who approached with friendly smiles were armed with brilliant armor and weapons. It was in stark contrast to Sehee and Yerim, who wore shabby clothing. Yerim’s eyes widened and glistened.

“Oh my, really? The rewards are too tempting. As beginners, do we have no chance for the rewards? Right?”

Yerim’s seduction was a truly great thing. The male users were dazzled by her eyes and nodded excitedly.

“You can get the rewards if you party with us!”

“Really! We can defeat the golems, so you can get the rewards just by watching!”

Yerim was pleased by the reaction and laughed. Then she raised a hand and asked, “So, who are the cool men who will invite us to the party?”

“Me!”

“No, come with us, Sexy Schoolgirl!”

“I have the highest level here! Come to our party!”

Users over level 150 competed to get two level 1 users into their party. As the situation grew bigger, Sehee sighed with a troubled expression while Yerim laughed.

Then after a while.

The two girls were shocked at the cruel scene in front of them. The party of 22 men who were over level 150 left the gate and all 22 men were instantly defeated by a huge golem.

“H-Hik!”

“S-Save me...!”

Screams were occurring everywhere. Sehee and Yerim were still underage so the protection system worked, meaning they didn’t see blood splattering and wounds were blurred. But they still felt fear and disgust at the sight of people being killed by golems.

“Ooof...!”

Sehee and Yerim were nauseous at the sight of people they just talked to dying, and fled back to the city.

Originally, beginners slowly adapted to the system by hunting small creatures such as rabbits and deer. Therefore, the two girls received a big shock because they witnessed the death of humans as soon as they started Satisfy.

“It’s too cruel.”

“Oh my god, what is this terrible game?”

Hundreds of thousands of people were crowded in the city. There were those who came to fight the golems realized the powerlessness and withdrew, the merchants, the frightened NPCs and the beginners.

All types of people gathered. Sehee and Yerim were pushed by the crowd and suffered trying to take just one step.

“We can’t move because of all the people.”

“Uhh I chose the city that was first ranked in the recommendations, so what is this situation?”

It was at this time.

Kuuong! Kuuong!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The huge 10m walls of Reinhardt were unable to cope with the magic energy fired by the ancient weapons and collapsed.

“Kyaak!”

“R-Run away!”

The soul dolls and old golems moved through the destroyed walls and started to indiscriminately attack people.

The armies of the nobles that were gathered from all over the place resisted, but they were helpless. The average level of the soldiers was 60~90, so they died in one blow from the golems. Unless they were top rankers, the users also had difficulty.

It was truly hell. Sehee and Yerim’s first sight of Satisfy was truly terrible. They were in tears as they watched the expressionless golems killing the screaming users and NPCs.

“Scary...”

“Those cruel monsters are killing children! Bad people!”

It was true. The golems were killing all humans indiscriminately. Even users who could resurrect again were running away from the golems, so what about the NPCs? Those who had a finite life tried their best to escape from the golems. But they were so many people that it wasn’t easy to move. Some people died from being trampled by others.

“Ahhh! Mother! Mother!”

A five year old child lost his mother in the crowd. He cried and fell down.

Grrr...!

Then a huge shadow covered the boy's small body. It was an old golem. Its huge hand descended towards the boy. Sehee was surprised and reflexively moved her body. There was no time for Yerim to stop her. Sehee was acting in the hope that she could somehow save that boy.

Most users considered NPCs as artificial intelligences and masses of data, but Sehee had been in Satisfy for less than an hour and didn't know about NPCs.

Kuuong!

Sehee embraced the boy and prepared for death. The golem's merciless hand flew towards her back. People thought that both the boy and Sehee would die. But there were numerous knights and soldiers here in Reinhardt. It wasn't strange that someone found the people in crisis and ran to save them. Fortunately, their savior was very strong.

Chaaeng!

Phoenix, the strongest knight of the north, blocked the golem's hand with the Sword of Self-transcendence.

"Flee with the child!"

"T-Thank you!"

Sehee thanked him and lifted the boy. In a corner of her vision, notification windows emerged.

[You are weak. Nevertheless, you have the spirit of sacrifice to save others. You will be an example to the people.]

[You have reached the conditions required to become the growth type hidden class 'Saintess.']

A level 1 female user willing to sacrifice herself for a NPC. If someone fulfilled this condition in Satisfy, they would receive the hidden class called 'Saintess.' The Saintess

was Satisfy's strongest healer, who could heal with her own abilities without borrowing the divine powers of Goddess Rebecca. It was a hidden healing class that could reign supreme in Satisfy, and the one who obtained it was the younger sister of the first legendary class.

'A hidden class?'

Sehee might be a beginner in Satisfy, but she knew the greatness of a hidden class. A soul doll approached her as she was feeling stunned.

"Danger!"

This time, it was Yerim's turn. She pushed Sehee aside and faced the soul doll instead.

At that moment. A blue greatsword fell from the sky.

Peeeeeeong!

The soul doll hit by Grid was unable to cope with the shock and collapsed.

CHAPTER 197

Sword of Self-transcendence.

Divine Shield.

Thorn of Deep Grievance.

Legendary Blacksmith's Hammer.

Failure.

Relieved Wave Armor.

Fantastic Pickaxe.

Indecisive Mumud's Orb.

This was the list of legendary items that Grid made after becoming Pagma's Descendant. He'd made only eight legendary items in a period of a year and a half. From the viewpoint of the S.A. Group, it was a very small number. They were saddened that Grid couldn't show off his presence as a legendary blacksmith.

But from the standpoint of Grid who lived an unlucky life, eight legendary items was amazing. No, it was more accurate to call them his salvation. Now Grid was in a state where he didn't complain even if the items were normal or rare rated.

"Hmmm..."

There was a 'special event' when he made five legendary items, giving Grid a reward and punishment. His mind was complicated after recently making a legendary item (Indecisive Mumud's Orb).

Sooner or later, he would make 10 legendary items. Would the special event at that time be beneficial? Or would the punishment be bigger? He was full of expectations and fear. He was worried that the small amount of stats gained from unique rated items would disappear.

‘Do I have be nerfed again?’

A nerfed Grid got +4 to all stats when making a unique rated item and a +10 to all stats when it was a legendary item. This was lower than the stats that ordinary blacksmiths gained when making items. Realistically, the parts about stats acquisition was unlikely to be downgraded any more.

Grid thought about it positively.

‘Something good will surely happen when I make the 10th legendary item.

He hoped for that day to come.

Ttang! Ttang!

A full day had passed since he returned to Bairan. Grid was making items while waiting for the Tzedakah Guild to choose. Based on the enlightenment he got from making the Indecisive Mumud’s Orb, he sought to create a one-handed sword that improved the prototype’s shortcomings.

After a while.

[Mass-produced One-handed Sword]

Rating: Epic

Durability: 171/171 Attack Power: 264

Attack Speed: +8% Accuracy: +3%

A weapon made by the legendary blacksmith G.

A one-handed sword that can be easily used by anyone, and is designed to exert high attack power.

It’s an aggressive design that references Dainsleif (Reproduction), and works to improve the disadvantages of the prototype.

User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. 1,000 strength. Advanced Sword Mastery level 1.

‘A failure.’

Compared to the prototype, it had a much better balance, but the conditions of use were too high. Of course, it was rather low compared to other weapons of the same class, but Grid wanted it to be a weapon that anyone could use.

“Next time, I’ll have to delete an option.”

Thanks to the attack speed and attack accuracy options, the usage conditions seemed to be higher. Grid decided to change the design to something simpler and cruder. Then he would change the materials to get more attack power.

Didididi.

His alarm rang. He checked the upper left hand corner and confirmed that it was 12:50 p.m. in reality. Lunch time. Grid had to log out. Then Shin Youngwoo emerged from the capsule in reality.

“Today is kan jajang.” (A different type of jajangmyeon.)

A few months ago, Youngwoo had to worry about eating cold noodles or ramen noodles. He couldn’t enjoy the luxury of eating expensive delivered food. But now the situation changed. Thanks to his economic success, he could eat delivered food at will. It wasn’t burdensome to eat the more expensive kan jajang over the normal jajangmyeon.

This type of thing was a huge happiness for someone like Youngwoo. It was a happiness that only those who experienced poverty could understand. Youngwoo ordered the delivery and sat down on the sofa. Then he habitually turned on the TV.

‘Will the Tzedakah Guild join me?’

The Tzedakah Guild had built up their reputation and memories, so they might not want to disband the guild.

‘But I overlooked that and even said those words... I’m disappointed in myself.’

From Youngwoo’s point of view, it was hard to be confident that the Tzedakah Guild would come to him. It was fortunate they didn’t call him a traitor for trying to withdraw from the guild.

‘But Lauel told me to wait and believe, so let’s hope.’

The new on TV was conveying the situation of Reinhardt, the capital of the Eternal Kingdom.

『 A huge 100,000 users gathered in Reinhardt to carry out the golem quest. In addition, nobles from all over the kingdom came with large armies under the order of King Wiesbaden. 』

『 This is the end of the golem’s advance. No matter how strong they are, there are only 1,000 golems. Can 1,000 enemies deal with 100,000 users and 200,000 soldiers? 』

It was the opinion of the experts, and Youngwoo agreed.

“My father-in-law brought 60,000 troops... Reinhardt will be safe.”

Youngwoo hadn’t seen the war video between the Giant Guild and the golems. It was because he was busy discussing with the guild and making items. He just knew that the golems were on their way to the kingdom’s capital. So he thought it was easy to defeat the golems. He dismissed the invasion of Reinhardt as a small event.

However.

Kwaaaaaah!

He was able to see that the atmosphere was incredibly because he was watching the Reinhardt war video in real time.

“What are these golems? Why are they so strong?”

The golems that invaded Reinhardt were beyond common sense. They were too difficult for the normal users to handle, even when gathered in groups of dozens or hundreds. The NPC soldiers couldn’t even survive one blow from the golems. The high level users and NPC knights were slaughtered by the sleek humanoid golems.

There was also the super-sized golems. There were exactly 12 golems that could use magic. Every time they launched magic energy, hundreds of users and NPCs turned to grey light. They also protected the golems by using Anti-magic Shields to block the attacks of the human magicians.

“Wow...”

Reinhardt quickly fell into a crisis. The walls crumbled and the users tried to get away. Despair filled the faces of the nobles and military leaders. Youngwoo thought it was absurd. Based on the video, the 12 super-sized golems were at least as strong as the Awakened Guardian of the Forest. And the 200 humanoid golems were like boss-sized monsters.

What type of magician could make this golem?

“...Uh?”

Youngwoo was feeling doubts when his eyes suddenly widened. It was because he found a familiar face in the video where people were dying in Reinhardt.

“Sehee?”

It was clearly Sehee. His sister Sehee was squatting in a corner of Reinhardt and shaking.

“Damn!”

The reason why Sehee was playing Satisfy didn’t matter now. He threw his food on the table and rushed out. He headed straight to the capsule. He was determined to rescue Sehee before the food got cold.



Winston Castle.

Lauel sent a whisper to Grid like he had been waiting.

–You came. A king’s quest was granted to all users within the Eternal Kingdom a little while ago. The rewards are enormous, so why don’t you try the quest?

Then the [Fight the Golems] quest window emerged in front of Grid. Meanwhile, Irene came running.

“Dear husband!”

“Irene?”

Irene was teary-eyed. She rushed at the confused Grid.

“The battle for Reinhardt isn’t going well. I’m anxious about my father.”

After the [Fight the Golems] quest, a new quest appeared.

[Save Earl Steim]

Difficulty: A

The golems that invaded Reinhardt Capital are stronger than expected and the situation has worsened.

Earl Steim is almost certainly in a crisis.

Save him for Lady Irene.

Quest Clear Conditions: The survival of Earl Steim.

Quest Clear Rewards: Your affinity with Earl Steim will reach the maximum and you will be able to exercise great power in the north.

Quest Failure: Level -1. If Earl Steim dies, Lady Irene will be locked in grief for a while. There is room for your marital relations to worsen.

“Please help my father.”

Despite being a NPC, Irene was a precious person who taught Grid how to love. Grid didn’t want to see her look sad.

He decided. “I will bring Father-in-law back unharmed. So don’t worry and wait.”

[The quest has been accepted.]

He needed to arrive in Reinhardt as quickly as possible. But Grid hadn’t been to

Reinhardt so he couldn't measure the exact distance.

–Lauel, what is the distance from Winston to Reinhardt?

–It will probably take half a day if you use Fly.

–This...

Noe was too small to ride, so he needed help from a drake. He was about to call Huroi when Lauel gave him advice.

-Euphemina is a Duplicator, and doesn't she always have a number of spells copied? She might've duplicated Mass Teleport.

He was truly smart. The impressed Grid sent a whisper to Euphemina.

–Euphemina, do you have Mass Teleport available?

“I do. It is precious magic that I've saved, but I am willing to use it for you. What's the destination?”

Euphemina's answer came from behind him. She had good timing as she was on standby in Winston. It was lovely.

Grid smiled brightly and immediately replied. “Reinhardt.”



“Are there no mighty warriors to deal with those golems? The shortage of talent is too great!”

Reinhardt.

King Wiesbaden screamed from the walls.

The north's strongest knight, Phoenix. The west's strongest knight, Ector. The east's strongest knight, Kis. King Wiesbaden felt desperate, as there weren't enough people in the kingdom to deal with the golems except for these three and a few others.

Even the royal bodyguards made up of elite knights were helpless in front of the

golems. The hundreds of thousands of troops? They were useless. The soldiers stabbed with their swords and spears, but they couldn't even scratch the golems.

Magic was necessary to deal with golems, but the magic had no effect because of the Anti-magic Shield. It was a total crisis. The city was rapidly collapsing. Wiesbaden and the nobles prayed to the gods.

"Rebecca, goddess of light! Please give me strength to protect my kingdom and my people...!"

The gods certainly existed. However, there were few cases where prayers succeeded. The king and nobles knew this. In the end, the prayers dwindled.

Kuuong! Kuuong!

There was only the sound of walls and buildings collapsed, as well as the screams of the people.



"All of them are gathered together."

Happy, the 304th ranker on the unified rankings looked at the battlefield and clicked his tongue. Out of the 100,000 users in Reinhardt, 99,900 of them were average level users, so the situation went bad.

"Sigh, I was expecting more."

The top ranking players tended to engage in personal hunting rather than events. Happy once again realized that he had to leave Reinhardt. Most users were like him. How many of the 100,000 users gathered here were willing to fight in the hopes of protecting Reinhardt? Most of the people came to try out the quest, and there was no merit to them staying.

"Huh?"

There was a big fuss in North Street. The gazes of Happy and other users turned in that direction. Then they saw it. A female user wearing novice clothing was throwing herself over a NPC. The people laughed.

“Pfff, beginners are so pure.”

“I agree. At first, I tried to save NPCs as well. Kilkil.”

“Well, it’s not like experience will drop when dying for a beginner. Huh?”

“What?”

The users mocking the beginner turned their eyes towards the sky. It was the same for King Wiesbaden and the nobles on the wall. A bright light flashed in the evening sky and started to grow.

“Mass Teleport?”

A few people quickly figured out the identity of the light. Soon, a man and woman emerged from the light. There was a blonde girl with a lovely doll-like appearance and an Asian man.

“This damn thing!”

The Asian man who appeared from the Mass Teleport. He plummeted towards the ground while screaming.

“Get your hands off my sister!”

His furious voice spread through Reinhardt. Everyone, including the users, NPCs and golems, turned their gaze towards the sky. Then they witnessed it at the same time. The blue greatsword reminiscent of a predator of that sea that smashed into the soul doll!

“Heok! T-That person!”

“G...God...!”

The person who used the blue greatsword in the National Competition. He was an existence that all users in Satisfy knew. The first legendary class. That’s right. It was the moment when Grid appeared.

The users cheered as they saw him.

“God Grid! God Grid has showed up!”

『 Grid has appeared with exquisite timing! 』

『 Doesn't this remind you of the scene in the National Competition a few months ago? 』

『 A protagonist always followed the basic rule of coming late. 』

The Reinhardt war video got the highest ratings as it was broadcasted through various channels around the world. Grid succeeded in protecting Sehee and Yerim as the world watched.

He shouted. “Summon Knights! Huroi! Lauel! Jude!”

Pak! Papat!

In front of Grid, the strongest of the 10 Rookies appeared. There was also the first ranked orator Huroi that some people knew about. In addition, there was an NPC.

‘Summon knights?’

‘Truly God Grid...! He's become a noble!’

‘He summoned three knights, so he is a viscount? Amazing...’

As people felt admiration, Grid commanded his party.

“Smash all these damn golems. First, I need to make a party with my sister.”

“ ... ”

It was the moment when the struggle was about to begin.

CHAPTER 198

“Are you okay?”

“Sniffle! Thank you.”

Shortly after Sehee rescued the NPC boy.

Kiyaaaak!

A soul doll sprang towards Sehee.

“Danger!”

Yerim moved. It was a reflexive action. She just wanted to help a friend in crisis, so Yerim pushed Sehee and became the target of the soul doll instead. She would’ve done the same thing even if this was reality. Sehee was her only friend, so she was as precious as family.

Anyway, the Satisfy system recognized her as a ‘hero who saved the Saintess.’

[The Saintess is the symbol of wisdom and virtue.]

[I applaud your courage for making a sacrifice on behalf of the unique Saintess who will benefit the world.]

[You can convert to the epic rated hidden class, Saintess’ Knight.]

“Eh?”

Yerim became stunned as she checked the odd notification window that appeared in front of her. She faced the soul doll’s kick with her pretty face. At that moment. A blue greatsword fell from the sky like a lightning bolt.

Peeeeeeong!

Kyaak!

It was a truly amazing sight. The soul dolls were armed with spectacular weapons and armor, so they couldn't be defeated even when attacked in groups. Who was the person who saved them by showing strength on another dimension?

Sehee and Yerim gazed at the man who descended from the sky. He had neat black hair with a crown on top of it. He wore red and gold armor that matched with the black boots. A cloak that emitted a bloody smell. Seven golden blades revolved around him.

He was a person who showed his absolute dignity in the National Competition. That person was Shin Youngwoo, Grid.

"Oppa?"

The two girls' eyes fluttered. How did he know to come to this place and save them? The girls felt like it was destiny.

'As expected from Oppa.'

'He truly is my prince.'

"Come this way."

Grid hid the girls behind his back and studied the situation. Hundreds of golems were approaching. They were red from the blood of the slaughtered humans.

Kwaduduk!

Grid gritted his teeth. If he had been even a little later, these damn bastards would've hurt his little sister and her friend. The Grid from a month ago would've rushed over to the golems straight away. But since Lael joined him, his prudence had doubled every day.

Yesterday, he had a slip of the tongue with the Tzedakah Guild members, but that didn't often happen.

–Euphemina, how many golems are there?

Euphemina observed Reinhardt from the sky and replied.

–There are 733 old golems, 187 soul dolls and 12 ancient weapons.

As a Duplicator, Euphemina had high insight. It was higher than Grid, whose insight was currently close to 1,000. Thanks to that, she could quickly and accurately identify the number of golems.

Grid nodded and measured the combat power of the golems.

‘The old golems have a combat power of 9,300, the soul dolls are 15,000 and the ancient weapons are 26,000...’

Grid frowned.

‘The pope’s attack power was 24,000.’

Even a difference of 100 was big when it came to combat power. Let’s assume that 1 was the power of an ant and 100 was the power of an eagle. The ancient weapons had 2,000 more combat power than the pope, so they were hard to ignore.

‘There are 12 opponents more powerful than the pope...’

Even the weakest of the old golems were stronger than the knights. Every soul doll was equivalent to a top ranker. Grid couldn’t afford to take on these golems alone. Wasn’t ‘Fight the Golems’ a cooperative quest in the beginning? Grid thought for a moment before shouting.

“Summon Knights! Huroi! Lauel! Jude!”

Pak! Papat!

It was the moment when the privilege of a noble was invoked. The called people appeared in a flash of light around Grid. Grid invited them and Euphemina to the party before saying.

“Smash all these damn golems. First, I need to make a party with my sister.”

[Ruby has joined the party.]

[Sexy Schoolgirl has joined the party.]

‘Sister?’

They turned their gaze behind Grid. They were surprised to see two beautiful girls wearing novice clothing. The party information window showed they were only level 1.

Lauel asked, “Do you plan to be a bus?”

Bus. It was a term used for high level users raising a low level user. In Satisfy, it was impossible to hunt in a party with a 35 level difference, because the low level user wouldn’t gain any experience.

“A level 1 noble will be born.”

However, the rewards for a cooperative quest were shared equally among all party members. If Grid killed one golem, it was treated as all the party members killing one golem. And the rewards for the ‘Fight the Golem quest were as followed:

After defeating an old golem, 300 gold and 100 kingdom contribution would be acquired.

After defeating a soul doll, 1,000 gold and 500 kingdom contribution would be acquired.

After defeating an ancient weapon, 3,000 gold and 1,500 kingdom contribution would be acquired.

A user couldn’t become an earl, marquis or duke just through contribution points. However, a baron required 3,000 points and a viscount 10,000 points to be upgraded, regardless of the level.

In other words.

‘Thanks to Grid, Ruby and Sexy Schoolgirl can enjoy the game from level 1.’

Was this being born with a gold spoon?

‘No... It is diamond cutlery, not a gold spoon. No, it is adamantium.’

Anyway, the world was unfair. Lael became aware of this once again as Grid ordered.

“Jude, Ruby and Se...xy Schoolgirl...”

What was with this ID? Grid looked at Yerim incredulously. Yerim just laughed at him. Grid sighed before speaking again.

“Jude, protect Ruby and Sexy Schoolgirl. The rest will help me deal with the ancient weapons.”

The main reason for the NPC army and the users’ lack of strength was because magic attacks didn’t work on the golems. In order to allow Euphemina and the other magicians to play an active role and to make the battlefield more favorable, they had to deal with the ancient weapons first.

“Right? Lael.”

“You are wise.”

Lael complimented and Grid grasped the +9 Failure. The thrilled Huroi shouted, “My Lord! You are a divine being and nobody can block your way! All results will be done according to your will!”

[Your morale has increased.]

[Your attack power and magic attack power will significantly rise for the next attack.]

[The next attack will be a critical hit!]

A buff skill that was only possible for a second advancement orator was applied to Grid! He smiled and called out the name of his skill.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship! Transcended Link!”

The goal was the ancient weapon 200m ahead. A total of 20 energy blades that inflicted 150% of his damage per hit flew towards it. The golem that didn’t allow one attack while advancing from the south of the Eternal Kingdom was hit.

Kuuuuong.

Transcended Link was a critical and caused the ancient weapon to fall to one knee. In the aftermath, the buildings in the area shook greatly.

Kik. Kikik.

The ancient golem suffered damage that was more than two-thirds of its health and made a bizarre sound. Then the Anti-magic Shield was turned off. Euphemina saw this and used magic from the sky.

“Storm Gravity Field.”

Jjejejeok!

A gravitational field 5m in diameter was created around the fallen ancient weapon. 10 old golems and one soul doll in the vicinity were also sucked into the gravitational field. Then on top of that.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

A huge storm struck from the sky.

[The Indecisive Mumud’s Orb’s option effect is activated, increasing magic damage by 100%.]

[Magic damage has increased by 68%.]

Kiyaaaaaah!

The golems shrieked from inside the storm. Their bodies slowly disintegrated and stone powder was spread all over the place. Then Lael came out. Armed with Grid’s unique rated qi gun, Lael proved why he was 1st on the qigong master rankings.

“Dragon’s Scream.”

It was a neat finish. The golems, trapped in the gravitation field, collapsed due to the damage and soon turned to grey light.

[You have destroyed an ancient weapon.]

[3,342,000 experience has been distributed.]

[You have destroyed a soul doll.]

[87,300 experience has been distributed.]

[You have destroyed an old golem.]

[24,550 experience has been distributed.]

“Heok!”

“Crazy..!”

The golems had overwhelmed the hundreds of thousands of troops in Reinhardt with absolute strength. Yet they collapsed due to the combination of only four skills, so people were amazed beyond admiration.

In particular, Happy, who was ranked 304th.

‘What type of monsters are they?’

Everyone knew that Grid was strong. But what about Huroi? As the only non-combat class in the top 1,000 rankings, his strength was more than Happy imagined. Grid had obviously become twice as strong due to his fraudulent buff ability.

Lauel was also more than rumored. His rapid growth seemed to be related to the huge qi gun on his shoulder.

There was also the person called Euphemina...

‘Who is she?’

She was a completely unfamiliar person, but she was a powerful magician who seemed to have the strength of the 5th ranked Yura. Finally.

“Ruby. Sexy Schoolgirl. Jude will protect them.”

Kwaaaaang!

The NPC was armed with the black sword that Grid used to defeat Bondre in the National Competition, and was overwhelming three old golems alone.

“Hiccup!”

People were so surprised that they couldn’t help hiccuping. As hiccups were heard from all directions, Grid wasn’t feeling very impressed.

“These golems, why don’t they drop items?”

“...I’m not sure.”

Lauel didn’t know. He couldn’t always answer Grid’s questions.

『 Grid doesn’t just have outstanding ability as an individual. He also has strong knights. 』

『 In particular, the user called Euphemina used S-grade magic without any casting time.. She must have a hidden class. 』

『 The conclusion is that we must praise God Grid. 』

The anchors and experts relaying the Reinhardt war situation praised Grid. The netizens were the same. It has been a long time since the National Competition, so they watched the exciting battle video and praised God Grid. The seeds of praising Grid were planted in Satisfy.

It was the same for Wiesbaden, king of the Eternal Kingdom.

“Ohh...! Who’s the brave person who is dealing out justice to the cruel golems? Goddess Rebecca heard our prayers and sent us a mighty warrior...!”

Earl Steim proudly explained.

“He’s my son-in-law.”

Earl Steim cleared his throat and proudly stuck out his chest.

CHAPTER 199

“Son-in-law?”

The fact that Earl Steim’s son-in-law was a commoner had now spread through the kingdom. The royal family and nobles thought that Earl Steim was crazy. What idiot would marry his successor to a commoner instead of a political force or a rich noble?

Earl Steim was over 60 years old, so they thought he had become senile. But now...

‘It was like this. Such a sly snake wouldn’t pass on his only successor to some rabble.’

‘Despite being a commoner, he has great abilities.’

‘So reliable... I’m envious.’

The nobles saw the black-haired man as a heroic warrior. Didn’t he defeat an ancient weapon that couldn’t be scratched by hundreds of thousands of troops?

King Wiesbaden was amazed. “Your son-in-law is a hero fighting for the kingdom! Earl Steim’s acumen is truly amazing! Your presence is the light of hope for this kingdom!”

There were two dukes and three marquises in the Eternal Kingdom, but Earl Steim had the highest authority. It was because his family was able to build up his power by defending and developing the north over three generations. Thus, many nobles were watching out for Earl Steim. The king praised Earl Steim, so the nobles became nervous.

‘There’s no way to stop the rise of Earl Steim.’

‘He might become a marquise due to this achievement.’

Several shrewd nobles started to flatter Earl Steim.

“It’s amazing. Having a heroic warrior as a son-in-law, your abilities are really impressive.”

“The power of the earl, who has obtained a heroic warrior, will affect other countries.

I respect you.”

Heroic warrior! This meant they were someone who was talented and brave, and who alone could exert the value of hundreds of thousands of troops. A person of this era who deserved to be admired.

Earl Steim was annoyed at the nobles who misunderstood Grid.

“My son-in-law isn’t a heroic level warrior...”

“Hahaha! Aren’t you too humble?”

The nobles thought that Earl Steim was being modest. They misunderstood and thought he was managing his image. But what was the truth?

“My son-in-law is a heroic warrior, but a legendary warrior! Hahahahat!”

“...”

It was the moment when Earl Steim’s pride in his son-in-law reached the peak. The king and nobles were embarrassed.

‘What is he saying now...?’

‘He’s too arrogant just because we flattered him a little bit.’

They thought Earl Steim was bluffing. It was natural. There were only nine legendary warriors in history. After Pagma and Sword Saint Muller, only one legendary warrior had appeared in the last 100 years. Now Earl Steim was calling his son-in-law a legend? Wasn’t this more arrogant than necessary?

“My son-in-law, isn’t he the greatest? Hahahat!”

“Hahaha...”

The king and nobles laughed at Earl Steim.



Reinhardt's West Street.

Kiyaaak!

"Ugh!"

The army from the north were facing a major crisis.

They were hit by rays fired by ancient weapons in succession, and had already lost one-third of their troops. The old golems were pushing the soldiers and the knights were struggling against the soul dolls.

Captain Phoenix, who they had been relying on, left for a while to save a boy and girl, so the situation become more desperate.

"H-Help me...! Kuak!"

"Ugh! My wife in Winston will become a widow today... Please remarry a better man..."

Kyaak!

Three soul dolls entered into the gap between soldiers and swung a sword made up of parts from their bodies. The series of assaults caused many victims.

"Ugh!"

Winston's knight, Romeo Laniche, had come as part of Earl Steim's troops. He was stabbed in the stomach by a soul doll.

Flop!

He fell to the ground and gazed up at the sky, thinking about his old colleague. Knight Deck, who lost his life while facing the Awakened Guardian of the Forest for Viscount Grid. Romeo smiled at the thought of reuniting with an old friend.

"Deck... I will be your sparring opponent again in the afterlife..."

He had stepped down from the line of succession for Viscount Laniche. He was

bachelor and only cared about training. He had no regrets about leaving this world because he didn't have a wife or child to worry about. Just,

'It is too bad that I haven't dated in awhile.'

Romeo lamented as he closed his eyes. He was prepared to accept death. But he couldn't die.

"I can't watch my wife's knight die before my eyes. She will be sad."

Jeeong!

It was Grid. He killed the soul doll with a blue greatsword and threw a potion at Romeo.

"Viscount Grid..."

Wasn't this an exquisite moment of salvation? Romeo and the Winston soldiers were thrilled.

"Thank you."

Romeo didn't expect it, but he was joyful after he was saved. He bowed to Grid who said, "Stay alive and pay me 50 gold. It's the value of the potion."

"...The price of this potion is 8 gold." Romeo said carefully, but it was useless.

It was because Grid had already left this place. He was heading towards the center of the gathered soul dolls and old golems that were slaughtering the northern army.

"Viscount Grid!"

The knights and soldiers were worried about Grid. It was hard to imagine that Grid would be safe alone against all those strong golems. However, Grid was a legend. He fought alone against Pope Drevigo, the Awakened Guardian of the Forest, Neberius of the Yatan Church and the great demon Hell Gao. The ancient weapons might be different, but the old golems and soul dolls couldn't do any harm to him.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link."

He dodged the golems' attacks while dancing. The muscles that squeezed during the dance were released at once. At the same time, the blue greatsword moved explosively. 21 blue and white energy blades sped through the air at a terrible speed, compressing all the air it passed through.

“...”

Silence fell. The knights, soldiers and golems were all silent.

“This is the time.”

After Grid spoke,

Pipit! Pipipipit!

The compressed air exploded, breaking the bodies of the old golems and soul dolls into dozens of pieces.

Kukukukung!

The golems scattered as pieces of stones. Grid stepped forward. This gaze was directed at the ancient weapon 100m ahead.

“My Lord! I’m ready!” Huroi shouted as he followed Grid.

Grid responded to him. “I am also ready.”

The voice of an orator rang through Reinhardt.

“The world is watching My Lord! Show them your dignity! I, Huroi, will help you with my strength!”

[Your morale has increased.]

[Your attack power and magic attack power will significantly rise for the next attack.]

[The next attack will be a critical hit!]

Huroi's 'Morale Boost' buff skill had a cooldown time of 10 minutes. It meant that 10 minutes had passed since the first ancient weapon was defeated, and it was the moment that Grid would turn the battlefield upside down again.

"Blacksmith's Rage! Fly."

Grid used his own buff skill and flew into the sky. It was the sight of a blacksmith holding a big sword in one hand while using magic. People witnessed it many times in the National Competition, but they were still impressed.

『 God Grid has come forward! 』

The cries of the program anchors relaying Reinhardt's war situation resonated through the TVs.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship!"

A white light surrounded the blue greatsword, like the sight of the universe in a dark night sky. Grid approached the ancient weapon from the sky, while unfolding a sword dance like a butterfly. The air around him was heavy, due to all the hatred and killing intent. It was a precursor of a disaster.

[Linked Kill]

A minimum of three to seven blows will be randomly generated that will deal 1500% damage per hit (the current damage of Kill -300%).

The hundreds of thousands of NPCs and users in Reinhardt. In addition, the hundreds of millions of viewers watching it in real time.

"Linked Kill!"

The greatest skill that he used to defeat Hell Gao was activated.

Roaaaaaar!

The ancient weapon whose height exceeded 8m. The white glow from the blue greatsword aimed at the giant's head.

Jjejeong!

[Critical!]

[Failure's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated.]

[You have dealt 6,250,900 damage to the target.]

The second blow.

Jjejejeok!

[The Holy Light Gloves's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated.]

[You have dealt 2,238,400 damage to the target.]

The third blow.

Jjeejeeong!

[You have dealt 445,200 damage to the target.]

The fourth blow.

Jjeejeeong!

[Failure's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated.]

[The Holy Light Gloves's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks'

to be generated.]

[You have dealt 4,851,000 damage to the target.]

“ ... ”

This was the perfect deadly move that made the world shocked. The head of the ancient weapon was completely destroyed.

Kung! Kukung! Kukukukung!

The scattered rocks fell like meteors, destroying the surrounding buildings.

Kukukukukung...

The ancient weapon sat down silently. Lael scratched his head while looking at the dust that rose. “This time, I didn’t have a chance to act.”

In fact, Lael was sweating. He didn’t know that Grid was this strong.

‘Did he not show all of his skills in the National Competition?’

Gulp.

Lael gulped while Sexy Schoolgirl shouted excitedly, “Oppa is so cool!”

This was the beginning.

“Waaaaahhhhh!”

Starting with the Sexy Schoolgirl’s cry, all the NPCs and users in Reinhardt started shouting.

“L-Legendary...!”

The mouths of the king and nobles on the walls looked like a goldfish’s mouth. Earl Steim’s power soared into the sky today. On the other hand, Grid was grumbling. “These damn golems don’t give items to the end. They also give less experience.”

Lauel clicked his tongue from his spot on the ground.

“Aren’t these golems quest monsters? Every time you hunt, you can earn 300 gold and 100 kingdom contribution. Isn’t this enough?”

Grid tsked. “Why can’t I be greedy? Isn’t it natural to wish for more?”

Lauel was amazed by his words.

‘It’s the first time I’ve seen someone like this.’

Indeed, there seemed to be no end to Grid’s greed. While they were caught off guard,

Kikik. Kik.

A strange sound was heard from the body of the ancient weapon.

“...?”

The seven golden blades moved before Grid could react. The moment that the golden blades gathered together to protect Grid.

Kuwaaaaaang!

A powerful explosion occurred around the body of the ancient weapon.

[You have suffered 591,140 damage.]

[A legend doesn’t die easily. You can resist all attacks for 5 seconds with a minimum of health.]

“Cough!”

Grid was swept away by the blast and crashed into the ground. The astonished Huroi, Lauel and Euphemina ran towards him. Ruby and Sexy Schoolgirl were pale and stuck in their place like a stone statue.

At the same time. In the golem labyrinths scattered all over the continent, Braham’s

murmur rang out.

[My golems will grow as they fight and will eventually destroy Grid. I will teach you a lesson. Then... Huh?]

The 28 scattered pieces of Braham's soul became agitated.

[What power is this?]

As Braham was feeling confused, a notification window appeared in front of all users connected to Satisfy.

[The Saintess, an existence with superior wisdom and virtue, has emerged.]

[The Saintess will be an example for the people and will benefit the whole world.]

“...Sehee?”

Reinhardt.

Grid was surprised. It wasn't because of the notification window in front of him, but because the status of the party window had changed.

Name: Ruby

Level: 1

Class: Saintess

“Don't hurt my brother!”

Sehee rarely showed her true feelings. Her warm touch started to heal Grid's ragged body.

[20% of your total health has been restored.]

"... Percentage heal?"

The strongest healer in Satisfy appeared.

CHAPTER 200

Kuaaaaaaang!

There was a flash of light from the ancient weapon and a powerful explosion occurred. Everything within a radius of 15m was destroyed.

“Oppa!”

Sehee became pale as she witnessed Grid being swept up in the explosion. Grid’s health in the party window was at the very minimum.

“My Lord!”

“Grid!”

Huroi and Lauel had only seen Grid’s invincible appearance. Grid dying in battle? They never even imagined it. The two people filled with severe confusion and the panicked Euphemina ran towards Grid. On the other hand, Grid was relieved and surprised.

“Ouch... Why did an explosion occur all of a sudden? I have a headache.” Grid questioned it. He grumbled as he rose from his spot.

Exactly one. He only had one point of health left. Thanks to this one point, he didn’t die. It truly was like a miracle.

The excited Huroi shouted, “The heavens helped you!”

Lauel was relieved. “It is hard to believe that you survived that explosion. What type of defense do you have?”

“It isn’t higher than most people. It is the power of items?”

Grid spoke with a smile, but he was inwardly uncomfortable.

‘I lost my insurance.’

The reason why Grid could be confident in battle every time was because he believed

in his invincible passive. Compared to ordinary users, he had two lives. Now that he lost his invincible passive, he was forced to cower.

‘The cooldown of the invincible passive is one day...’

Grid decided that he should be cautious. Then he asked Lael. “The first one didn’t explode. Then why did the second ancient weapon explode? What is the rule?”

“It is hard to guess accurately with only two examples. The best we can do now is fight with the assumption that the 10 remaining ancient weapons will explode after death.”

“That means we need to leave immediately after killing...”

Grid was looking troubled when the golems started to gather from all directions. It was the worst situation. The golems scattered throughout Reinhardt all started targeting Grid. There were 800 of them. Grid’s group had destroyed a lot, but there were still many of them left. It was a life or death crisis.

“It seems that you drew the aggro after successively killing the ancient weapons. Euphemina, have you duplicated Heal?”

“Unfortunately, I haven’t. The Rebecca priests are so precious that I didn’t have many opportunities to duplicate Heal.”

“Retreat.”

Grid needed time to recover. Huroi and Lael tried to get him to escape, but the soul dolls’ speed was too fast.

Kyaak!

Jjejeong! Jjeejeeong!

“Ugh...!”

Huroi barely prevented the onslaught from the soul dolls and sat down after being stabbed. It was difficult for him to deal with the soul dolls with his skills. He barely managed to survive thanks to the protection of his drake. Lael was also vulnerable when it came to close combat.

Euphemina tried to support the two, but it was no use because of the Anti-magic Shield.

In the end, Grid had only one way out. In the past, he would've saved his life by running away alone. However, now he had no thoughts of throwing away his companions.

“Support me from the rear.”

Grid had been sitting in order to speed up his recovery, but now he stood up. Then he stepped out in front of the part and took the finest potion.

[7,500 health has been be restored.]

“Che.”

If he combined all his items and titles, Grid's health was close to 60,000. The recovery amount of 7,500 wasn't great.

Chaaeng! Chaaeng!

Grid became aware of the danger of allowing attacks and his movements became very passive. He couldn't help sweating as 100 soul dolls and 700 old golems came at him. He defended with the pavranium while waiting for the cooldown time of the potion to run out.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The 10 ancient weapons in different locations fired their rays of magic power, further pushing Grid on the defensive.

“Protect Viscount Grid!”

The northern troops from Winston tried to help Grid's party. But it didn't help much. The casualties kept increasing. Grid felt regret.

‘I should've worn Doran's Ring in advance.’

Grid had become better at using Doran's Ring in battle. He wore Doran's Ring the moment the enemy used a powerful skill in order to maximize the recovery effect. But he didn't wear Doran's Ring in battle.

He was too overconfident. As a result, he couldn't cope with the sudden explosion of the ancient weapon and couldn't use Doran's Ring to restore his health. So now he was in a crisis.

"Oppa...!"

Grid was dealing with the golems with a low amount of health. He was visibly struggling to Sehee.

'I want to help.'

Sehee didn't want to see her brother being harassed. She also didn't want to ignore the soldiers dying for her brother. More power was needed.

"I will become a Saintess."

Immediately after the announcement that she could become a Saintess, a golden exclamation mark appeared on one side. Unlike her brother, Sehee immediately realized what this exclamation mark was.

'If I click on this, I can go through the process of becoming a Saintess?'

Ttalkak.

Sehee touched the exclamation mark. Then the warm voice of a woman started to flow into her brain.

[The Saintess must be a role model for everyone. If you become the Saintess, you are obliged to do 50 or more good works every month. If you violate this rule, you will be deprived of your status and won't be able to become a Saintess again.]

[It isn't possible for a Saintess to acquire any skills other than class specific skills.]

[A Saintess can one use class specific weapons.]

[Do you still want to become a Saintess after knowing these facts?]

“Yes.”

Swaahh!

After answering, Sehee’s body started to shine with a warm golden light. The notification windows flashed before her.

[You have become the growth type hidden class, a Saintess.]

[A Saintess class starts at the epic rating. You must meet certain conditions in order to raise the rating.]

[You have obtained the Saintess class weapon, Wooden Staff. As the class rating grows, the rating of the weapon will also grow.]

[The Goodness stat has been opened.]

[The Composure stat has been opened.]

[The skill Hope has been created.]

[The skill Discipline has been created.]

[The skill Benevolent Light has been created.]

[The skill Upright Heart has been created.]

[The title ‘Everyone’s Role Model’ has been obtained.]

[The skill Sacrifice has been created.]

[Congratulations! You are a unique existence in Satisfy. Your great power to heal others without borrowing from divine power is backed by a strong sense of responsibility.]

Sehee wasn’t a fool. She equipped the Wooden Staff and quickly discovered what skills could help her brother.

[Wooden Staff]

Rating: Epic

Durability: 200/200 Attack Power/Defense: 133

* All stats +50.

A staff made of unidentified wood. It is very hard and can't be cut by a sword.

There are no special features yet.

Conditions of Use: Saintess.

Weight: 180

[Hope]

Skill Rating: Epic

Randomly recovers 10~30% of the target's maximum health.

Skill Mana Consumption: 10% of your maximum mana.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 minute and 30 seconds.

* The skill rating will increase as the class rating increases.

[Discipline]

Skill Rating: Epic

After restoring the party member's condition, the status conditions immunity effect will be given for a certain period of time.

Skill Mana Cost: 2,000

Skill Cooldown Time: 5 minutes.

* The skill rating will increase as the class rating increases.

[Benevolent Light Lv. 1]

Restores the health of the party members, including yourself, by $3,500 + (\text{Goodness} \times 3 + \text{Intelligence} \times 2)$.

Skill Mana Cost: 1,500

Skill Cooldown Time: 3 minutes.

[Upright Heart Passive]

Skill Rating: Epic

Immune to all abnormal conditions.

You will give off a feeling of threat to vampires, demonkin and other such corrupt beings.

* The skill rating will increase as the class rating increases.

[Sacrifice]

Skill Rating: Epic

Resurrects the dead in return for your health and mana dropping to 1 point. This skill can't be used on NPCs.

This skill will do huge damage when used on a corrupt being.

Skill Cooldown Time: 12 hours.

* The skill rating will increase as the class rating increases.

She needed to use the Hope skill to help her brother. She was lacking mana at level 1, so Hope and Sacrifice were the only skills she could use. Sehee was determined to reach Grid, but Jude restrained her.

“Ruby. Sexy Schoolgirl. You shouldn't go to that dangerous place. You must be safe. It is Viscount Grid's command.”

Sehee saw that Jude was a simple person and easily convinced him.

“Do you think that our lives are more important than the life of Viscount Grid? We aren’t the ones in danger right now, it’s Grid. If we don’t help him, he might lose his life.”

“... Viscount Grid is more important.”

Jude grabbed the black greatsword with both hands. Then he ran 150m to the place where Grid was located, mercilessly breaking through the old golems and soul dolls.

Jjejeong! Jjejejeok!

Kiyaaaaak!

After Grid’s nurturing, Jude’s strength was now at 2,080.

“Ohhhhhh!”

Among the top rankers, it was extremely rare to have a strength exceeding 2,000. In addition, the power of the +8 Dainsleif that Jude wielded with all his power was comparable to Grid’s offensive power, making it difficult for the old golems and soul dolls to endure.

In the end, Sehee was able to approach Grid safely thanks to Jude.

“Sehee?”

“Don’t hurt Oppa!”

Sehee used the Hope skill and a warm light surrounded Grid’s body.

[20% of your total health has been restored.]

[The option effect of the Holy Light Armor has increased the power of recovery magic by 300%.]

[35,580 health has been restored.]

It was the moment when the strongest healer and the best armor evoked a massive synergy effect.

“... Percentage heal?”

Grid was astonished. His sister was a beginner, but then she suddenly became a Saintess and could use a healing skill?

Sehee shouted while he was confused, “Oppa, aren’t you the best? Go and smash these bad guys!”

The best? He was the pathetic person who did nothing for 28 years and worried his family. Grid was thrilled.

‘Thank you, Satisfy.’

He became the legendary Pagma’s Descendant in Satisfy and was able to change his life. The worst person turned into the best.

‘Without Satisfy, I would still be living a trivial life...’

At this moment, Grid was able to completely remove his shame at his pathetic past self and he felt his blood boiling. Aura sprang up around him. He felt stronger than when he received Huroi’s Morale Boost buff. Thanks to Sehee’s heal, he recovered 40,000 health. Therefore, he started his sword dance with confidence.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship! Wave!”

Roaaaaaar!

Hundreds of blue-white waves of energy spread all over the place. The golems directly attacked by him suffered great damage and suffered a slow debuff at the same time. But there were many more golems unaffected.

Kiyaaak!

The attacks of the soul dolls randomly struck Grid’s body. Grid didn’t shrink back. He kept attacking as he was being hit. Grid had the strong healer called Sehee behind him, so he was able to use his combat style that required no control to destroy the soul dolls.

[You have suffered 3,300 damage.]

[You have dealt 20,900 damage to the target.]

[You have suffered 2,930 damage.]

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 44,200 damage to the target.]

[You have suffered 3,080 damage.]

[Failure's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated.]

[You have dealt 101,500 damage to the target.]

[You have destroyed a soul doll.]

[15% of your total health has been restored.]

[The option effect of the Holy Light Armor has increased the power of recovery magic by 300%.]

[26,685 health has been restored.]

“Sehee! You’re really the best! The best! Puhat! Puhahahat!”

This synergy between brother and sister was truly good. Grid couldn’t stop laughing. His momentum increased as he fought.

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

Now Sehee was level 13. She got a lot of experience in return for using healing on the level 270 Grid.

“ ”
...

Huroi, Lauel and Euphemina were speechless at the sight. A class that could only use heals from level 1? Yet the amount of healing was so enormous? Didn't this rival the heals of high level priests? In particular, Euphemina received a great shock.

[You have failed to observe the target's skill.]

[You have failed to observe the target's skill.]

[You have failed to observe the target's skill.]

It has been a very long time since she failed to observe Grid and Agnus' skills.



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